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TRIBULATION. *Page 46.*

MARTIN LUTHER

Student, Monk, Reformer

BY

JOHN RAE, LL.D., F.S.A.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. A. VINTER

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CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

AT THE time when Luther was born, there was in all directions something that announced the Reformation. Warnings and events were hastening on which threatened to destroy the work of ages of darkness, and to make all things new. The hierarchical rule, which the efforts of many centuries had imposed upon the world, was shaken, and its fall drew nigh. The Latin Bible, the first complete printed book known, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, from the fact of its discovery in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, was issued by Gutenberg and Fust, at Mentz, about the year 1455.[1] Our own Caxton printed his first book at Cologne in the year 1471, and in course of a few years the new art, the pioneer of intellectual and spiritual emancipation, penetrated every country in civilized Europe. The long night of Ignorance and Apathy was passing away, and the dawn of the day of Knowledge, synonym of freedom and progress, was at hand. The old Apostolic Faith, long hidden from the people, crept from its priestly prison-house, and re-appeared almost as a new Revelation. In every grade of society a fresh life was in motion.

[1] A very fine copy of this treasure is in the British Museum.

"What an age!" exclaimed Hütten, "studies flourish: minds are awakening: it is a joy merely to be alive!" Minds that had lain dormant for so many generations, seemed desirous of redeeming by their activity the time they had lost. To leave them unemployed, and without food, or to present them only with such as had long supported their languishing existence, would have betrayed ignorance of man's nature. Already did the human mind clearly perceive what was and what should be, and surveyed with a daring glance the immense gulf which separated these two worlds. Great princes filled the thrones: the time-worn colossus of Rome was tottering under its own weight: the ancient spirit of chivalry was dead, and its place supplied by a new spirit which breathed at once from the sanctuaries of learning, and from the homes of the lowly. The printed Word had taken wings that carried it, as the wind wafts the light seed, even to the most distant places. The discoveries of the two Indies extended the boundaries of the world. Everything announced a great revolution.

But *whence* is to proceed the blow that shall throw down the ancient building, and raise a new one from its ruins? No one could tell. Who possessed greater wisdom than Frederick, more learning than Reuchlin, greater talents than Erasmus, more wit and energy than Hütten, greater valour than Sickingen, or was more virtuous than Cronberg? And yet none of these able and illustrious men overthrew the tottering and mouldering edifice! Scholars, princes, warriors, the Church itself, had weakened the foundation; but there they had stopped. In no direction could be seen the

powerful hand that was to be the instrument of God. And yet all men had a presentiment that it would soon appear. Many pretended to have discovered in the stars unerring indications of its approach. Some, as they looked upon the miserable state of religion, foretold the near advent of Antichrist. Others, on the contrary, predicted a revolution to be close at hand. The world waited anxiously.

Luther appeared.

All was ready. God, who prepares his work through ages, can accomplish it by the weakest instruments, when His time is come. To effect great results by the smallest means—such is the law of God. This law, which prevails everywhere in Nature, is found also in History. God selected the reformers of the Church from a class not unlike the class from whence he had taken the Apostles. He chose them from among that lower rank, which does not reach to the level of the middle classes. Everything was thus designed to manifest to the world that the work was not of man but of God. The reformer, Zwingle, emerged from an Alpine shepherd's hut; Melanchthon, the theologian of the Reformation, from an armourer's shop; and LUTHER, from the cottage of a poor miner.[1]

In the hamlet of Möhra,[2] or Mora, situated in Upper Saxony, in the vicinity of the Thuringian forest, and close to Eisenach, there lived a peasant named Hans (John) Luther, who followed the occupation of a miner, a similar calling to that of his father and grandfather before him.

[1] Shenkel's Ref., 15.

[2] See Mayhew's German Life, pp. 1—13, for a very full description of Möhra, the village on the Saxon Moors.

He was not the eldest son, but one of several others who, according to the custom of the Thuringian peasants, were compelled to leave the eldest in possession of the paternal property, and to gain elsewhere a livelihood for themselves. In the village of Neustadt, in the district of Würzburg, south of Eisenach, and west of Gotha, there dwelt Gretha (or Margaret) Ziegler, the eldest daughter of a thriving tradesman of that place. She held a high character as a diligent, virtuous, and God-fearing maiden, and was the pride of the village. An acquaintance sprang up between young Hans and Margaret which resulted in their marriage. The first fruit of the union was Martin, who was born at eleven o'clock in the evening of the 10th of November, 1483, at Eisleben, whither they had removed from the village of their first home. The house where the Reformer was born stands at the top of the street which bears his name, not far on the left as you enter the town. The old house, partly burnt years ago, was restored in 1817, and the lower portion remains unaltered. The entrance is surmounted by a badly executed bust, enclosed in a frame with the following inscription:—"In this house Dr. Martin Luther was born, the 10th of November, 1483. God's Word is Luther's lore; which abides for evermore." The child was taken by his father and baptized at St. Peter's Church the next day, receiving the name of the Saint whose festival was being then celebrated. It was for a long time asserted that a fair was in progress at Eisleben at the time of Luther's birth; but this has been shown to be incorrect.

Schlüsselburg states: "He had heard from Luther's

relations that his father would often pray aloud and fervently, by the cradle of his boy, that God would grant him His grace; so that bearing in mind his name (*Lauter, pure*) he might labour for the propagation of pure doctrine. This bears the marks of a story modified at least by subsequent events, but agrees well with what we know of Hans Luther's character."

Hans and his wife did not remain long at Eisleben: the place did not present opportunities for the prosecution of his business: so in less than six months from the birth of the child Hans Luther removed to Mansfeld, a town situated near the banks of the Wipper, and some six miles distant from Eisleben to the North-West, where he lived and died.

In Ratzeberger's manuscript we read: "Forasmuch as the mining business had for many years been in a prosperous state in the county of Mansfeld, Hans Luther, with his wife Margaret, betook himself to that place, and gave himself, according to his best ability, to mining, till he became owner of a share in the mines and of a foundry. There in the town of Eisleben, in the year 1483, was his son Martin Luther born . . . but his father removed with his household to Mansfeld, and was, on account of his knowledge and industry in mining, much beloved of the old Count Gunther."

Although the neighbourhood of Mansfeld was at that time rich in materials favorable for mining pursuits, poor Hans at first was not successful in obtaining profitable employment in the calling to which his early manhood was devoted. The struggle for existence was a very hard one.

"My parents," says Martin in a letter written some

years afterwards, "were very poor. My father was a poor miner (*hauer—a common miner*), and my mother has often carried wood upon her back, that she might procure the means of bringing up her children. They both endured the severest labour for our sakes."

But in spite of the pinch of German peasant poverty, the child grew stout and sturdy, blessed with fine exuberance of spirits and the promise of a vigorous constitution; which was apparently unaffected by exposure and many and severe privations.

The work of education was commenced by his parents in his earliest childhood. The cares attendant on their struggle for bread for the family, did not cause them to neglect their duty in the cultivation of the mind of their first-born. In their lowly way they endeavoured to lay the foundation of instruction. When little Martin had reached the age of six years he could read and write with ease. From the teaching at home he was sent to the free school at Mansfeld, where he rapidly learned the catechism, the ten commandments, the creed, and the Lord's Prayer. Instruction in the rudiments of the Latin grammar followed, and the proficiency soon gained by the boy in this humble seminary of learning was very considerable.

Mansfeld lies in a narrow valley along the Thalbach, (Valley-brook), skirted by hills on both sides, on the borders of the Hartz country. From that part of the town where Luther's father resided, it was some distance to the school, which stood on a hill. The house is still standing, and the first story of it remains unaltered.

One writer says that Luther commenced going to school at the age of seven. Certainly he was so young that he was carried thither by older persons. Years afterwards he wrote upon the blank leaf in the bible of Nicholas Emler, who had married one of his sisters, the twenty-fourth verse of the fourteenth chapter of John, and under it: "To my good old friend Nicholas Emler, who did, more than once, carry me in his arms to school and back again, when I was a little boy, neither of us then knowing that one brother-in-law was carrying another in his arms."

The discipline of the school, in accordance with the general character of these institutions, was of the severest kind. Punishments needlessly harsh and indiscriminate were inflicted for the most trivial faults, and poor Martin was frequently subject to chastisements which dwelt in his memory and provoked many bitter reflections in after years.

His parents' idea of correction was more than strict. "My parents used me harshly, so that I became very timid. My mother one day chastised me so severely about a nut, that the blood came. They seriously thought they were doing right; but they could not distinguish character, which, however, is very necessary, in order to know when, or where, or how, chastisement should be inflicted. It is necessary to punish; but the apple should be placed beside the rod."

In this respect matters were not mended at school. The high spirit and impetuosity of the poor boy often brought him within reach of the master's rod. The least

deviation from the rigid path of study, the least indulgence in the harmless and irrepressible outbursts of buoyant youth, brought upon the hapless boy the lash of punishment. Fifteen times successively in one morning did he receive a flogging at the hands of his tyrant mentor. To subdue and rule by terror and the infliction of painful bodily suffering upon boys of the tenderest age was the prevailing practice of this and like schools for the young. Love and Christian charity formed no element of their system, and the cold, harsh course of instruction could not reach the hearts of those whose young lives were forced into subjection by such unwise and persistent sternness.[1]

The school was in charge of the monks; but they, without the permission or knowledge of the bishop, or their superiors, employed inferior teachers, while they, neglectful of their duties, lived in indolence and luxury.

"The drones," said Luther in after years, "drove the honey bees out of the hive; and monk and canon divided the pay with the poor schoolmaster, as the beggar did, who promised to share equally with the Church the half of what he received, and gave the outward half of nuts and the inner half of dates for pious uses, and consumed the residue himself."

These were the arrangements of the school. The teachers, and the pupils from a long distance occupied

[1] Luther himself says, "My religious instruction was imparted with the same severity as my secular; I turned pale and was terrified at the very name of Christ. I regarded Christ as nothing more than a strict and wrathful judge."—Jürgen's *Luther's Leben*, 1.59.

large buildings with gloomy cells. A sombre monastic dress distinguished them from other persons. A large portion of the forenoon of each day was devoted to the Church, and all must attend High Mass. The boys were educated to perform Church ceremonies, while but little attention was given to what is now usually taught in schools. The assistant teachers, candidates for the clerical office, generally taught a few hours in the day, and performed, at the same time, some daily inferior Church service; for both of which they received but very trifling reward.

Thus the school was an integral part of the Church. The assistants were commonly taken from strolling young men who infested the country, going from place to place either as advanced students, and changing their abode at pleasure, or seeking some subordinate employment in the schools or in the Church. When they failed to find employment they resorted to begging, and even to theft, to provide for their subsistence. The older students would generally choose their younger companions as wards, and initiate them into the mysteries of this vagrant mode of life, receiving in turn their services in begging articles of food, and in performing menial offices.

But notwithstanding the objectionable treatment which supplemented the education imparted, Martin was no dull or inapt scholar. His desire for knowledge was remarkable, and before long he had mastered all that could be acquired from his teachers at Mansfeld.

Few, indeed, of the comforting associations generally inseparable from childhood clustered about this period of

his life. No tender, fond indulgences of a loving home; no long pleasant wanderings and enchanting frolics with companions of his own age, that bring to the heart a delicious sense of happiness which never seems to come when childhood is past; no kindly and sympathetic encouragement from his teachers, calculated and intended to make the acquisition of learning a pleasure and a delight. Nothing of this. The childhood of the Reformer was not nurtured tenderly, however studiously it may have been intended to prepare it for a future great fruition. The soft hand of encouragement was never laid upon his head; no loving cheek was pressed against his; and no sympathetic tears mingled with those of the young student; as he travelled upon, and essayed with faltering and wearied and bruised feet to climb, the steep ascent of knowledge. The natural wayward impulses of the child were not checked and overcome by the bright oving counsel of those whose hands were unused to severity. The dread of punishment was the weapon used to overawe, and no place was given to the large-hearted and loving Gospel of Christ, then unknown, untaught, and undesired.

And so the early childhood of Martin Luther passed away; his body too often smitten by the rod of the preceptor, and his mind uncheered, and his soul untouched by any of the vital and inspiring teachings of the christian religion.

About this time, the common belief in witches was at its height. Of the very celebrated work entitled the "Maul for Witches," instructing priests and magistrates

what rules to observe in their proceedings against witches, and circulated with both the Papal and Imperial sanction, three editions were printed while Luther was a boy residing in his father's house at Mansfeld. He tells the story of a witch that lived near, and who used to trouble his mother very much; also, of an attempt of the devil, in human form, to separate husband and wife; and, another story, of an instance where the devil actually entered the pulpit and preached for a minister!

Some of these stories he seems to believe, others he ridicules. "I myself," he says, "have seen monks, shameless and wicked fellows, who feigned to cast out the devil and then to sport with him as with a child."

During this period the circumstances of the family had somewhat improved.

Hans Luther was a man of hard inflexible character, honestly and doggedly working to maintain those dependent upon him to the utmost of his ability. Hard work and determination gradually, yet surely, met their reward.

He had established two smelting furnaces at Mansfeld, and the people of the place, learning to appreciate the force and honesty of his character, had marked their sense of his worth by appointing him one of their councillors. Hans had no desire that his son Martin should follow his occupation. His intention was that his son should continue his studies in a new and larger sphere. The educational means of Mansfeld being exhausted, the Franciscan School at Magdeburg was chosen as the theatre for the continuation and enlargement of his scholastic career. To Magdeburg, a large and famous town, at the age of fourteen

Luther was sent, accompanied by a fellow-student, John Reinecke.

In the month of May, 1497, two students, with the German Reisesack (knapsack) on their backs, wended their way along the high road from Mansfeld to Bernburg. They were despondent and sorrowful, having just quitted the paternal roof, and were proceeding on foot to Magdeburg, to avail themselves of the *Currend-schülen*, celebrated seminaries in the middle ages.[1]

Here he remained for more than twelve months, during which time the hardships of his life were in no way abated. Although his father had sent him to Magdeburg for the purpose of the better prosecution of his studies, he did scarcely anything in providing him with the means of subsistence. The family had increased in Mansfeld, and the worthy man had doubtless a difficult task to meet his growing home expenses; and he does not seem to have made any considerable endeavour to place his eldest son beyond the reach of privation and want. These were frequently of the most severe kind, and poor Luther, often in absolute need of bread, was glad to join other students, who, like himself, were thrown upon the cold charity of the world, in singing through the streets to supply the common necessaries of life. Possessing a sweet contralto voice, and having some knowledge of music, for a considerable time he obtained in this precarious way his daily bread.

[1] The *Currend-schülen*, where choral boys, not unlike the choristers of our Inns of Court, were both educated and trained in music, and at times, went in procession singing plain chants.

"I used to beg with my companions for a little food, that we might have the means of providing for our wants. One day, at the time the Church celebrates the festival of Christ's nativity, we went wandering together through the neighbouring villages, going from house to house, and singing, in four parts, the carols of the infant Jesus, born at Bethlehem. We stopped before a peasant's house that stood by itself at the extremity of the village. The farmer, hearing us sing our Christmas hymns, came out with some victuals which he intended to give to us, and called in a loud voice, and with a harsh tone, 'Boys, where are you?' Frightened at these words, we ran off as fast as our legs would carry us. We had no reason to be alarmed, for the farmer offered us assistance with great kindness; but our hearts, no doubt, were rendered timorous by the menaces and tyranny with which the teachers were then accustomed to rule over their pupils, so that a panic quickly seized us. At last, however, as the farmer continued calling after us, we stopped, forgot our fears, ran back to him, and received from his hands the food intended for us. It is thus," continues Luther, "that we are accustomed to tremble and fear, when the conscience is guilty and alarmed. In such a case we are afraid even of the assistance that is offered us, and of those who are our friends, and who would willingly do us every good."

Of course, there was then little of the odium attached to the practice of singing from house to house which is now generally supposed to be associated with it; and yet it was even then only used as the last means of gaining a living by the very humblest in ability and condition.

Luther, in telling this story of his early needs, begs the grace and mercy of the charitable in favor of the sons and daughters of poverty, who are forced to appeal to the benevolence implanted in the hearts of those called by God, and blessed with means to be the almoners of His all-compassionate care for his needy creatures, and without whose benign permission not even a sparrow "shall fall on the ground."

"Let no one before me speak contemptuously of the poor 'companions' who go from door to door, singing and crying 'Bread, for God's sake!' (*Panem propter Deum!*) You know the psalm which says

'Princes and Kings have sung,'

I, myself, was once a poor mendicant, begging my bread at people's houses, particularly at Eisenach; my own dear Eisenach."

This precarious mode of life continued the whole time he remained at Magdeburg, although he contrived, amid biting poverty, to persevere in the cultivation of all possible methods for gaining knowledge.

"The Franciscans," says Dr. Barnas Sears, "wore a gray robe with black scapularies, and were especially employed in attending on the sick, and in the burial of the dead. The boy in whose heart was a sealed fountain of fervent and joyous passion, found nothing under his new masters and in his new mode of life to satisfy his internal wants." The few incidents which he records, from his recollections of this period, are strikingly characteristic of the Order, and indeed of the Church at large. "I have seen," says he, "with these eyes, in my fourteenth year,

when I was at school at Magdeburg, a Prince of Anhalt, brother of Adolphus, Bishop of Merseburg, going about the street in a cowl, begging bread with a sack upon his shoulders, like a beast of burden, insomuch that he stooped to the ground . . . He had fasted and watched and mortified his flesh till he appeared like an image of death, with only skin and bones, and died soon after."

Luther, also, speaks of a painting symbolical of the teaching imparted by the Church. "A great ship was painted, representing the Church wherein there was no layman, not even a King or Prince. There was none but the Pope with his cardinals and bishops in the prow, the Holy Ghost hovering over them. The priests and monks with their oars at the side; and thus they were sailing on heavenward. The laymen were swimming along in the water, around the ship. Some of them were drowning; some were drawing themselves up to the ship by means of ropes, which the monks, moved by pity and making over their own good works, did cast out to them, to save them from drowning, and to enable them to cleave to the vessel, and so reach Heaven with the others. There was no Pope, nor cardinal, nor bishop, nor priest, nor monk in the water, but laymen only. This painting was an index and summary of their doctrine. I was once one of them, and helped to teach such things, believing them and knowing no better." This picture made a deep impression on his mind.

When the facts of his sufferings were pressed upon the attention of his parents, they bestirred themselves somewhat, and removed Martin from Magdeburg, transferring

him to the famous school at Eisenach. Many of his relations dwelt in this town, and it was naturally hoped that they would provide suitable companions for and extend seasonable care to the young student, deprived as he was of the guiding influence of his parents. But this expectation was not realised. Martin was entirely thrown upon such resources as he could find for himself, and the burden of self-help in procuring food and paying the necessary student's fees was cast upon his young and immature shoulders.

Dr. Stoughton in his recently published book, "Homes and Haunts of Luther," thus writes:—"We pass under the shadow of the old arch with only one remark, that through it the boy Martin passed when he was about fifteen years old. We think we see him running along at a brisk pace, humming the tune of a German chorael, dressed as a peasant lad, with big dusty shoes, but with a face of no common order—that nose and mouth indicating nobility and decision, and those great eyes revealing far-seeing thoughts, and flashing with purest affection—the lofty brow being surrounded by a head of thinnish crispy hair, which the young urchin, cap in hand, exposes to the freshening breeze. The boy is brave, yet withal just a little shy, for his exuberant spirits have been damped by too severe discipline."

As already remarked, Luther's poverty, like his shadow, followed him from Magdeburg to his new home; and the same expedients for his maintenance became necessary. He sought the society of those pinched by want like himself, and engaged in singing from door to door, often

with but disheartening result. But the charity so sparingly bestowed by many, found abundant expression at last in the person of one of whom poor Martin ever afterwards spoke in terms of gratitude and love; one whose memory is held in precious remembrance by all sections of Christians, and who live surrounded by the blessed freedom so heroically and successfully fought for by the future Reformer.

One day the forlorn wanderer had met with even unusual harshness. He had been coarsely repulsed from several houses; and, as the night was approaching, he was sorrowfully returning in the direction of his humble lodging, when he stopped before a large house in the square of St. George. This house belonged to Conrad Cotta, the descendant of a noble Italian family, which, like many others in that age, had amassed considerable wealth by maritime enterprise. His wife, Ursula, the daughter of the Burgomaster of Ilefeld, was distinguished for piety and benevolence. We are told[1] that while attending the services of the church in which Luther was a chorister, she was attracted by the sweetness of his singing, and was further impressed by the earnest devoutness of his demeanour. She had already bestowed upon him many tokens of charitable regard; and upon this occasion she invited him into her house, supplied his wants, and upon learning the extent of his destitute condition, received him permanently into her home.

At this time Luther did not possess resources sufficient for the continuance of his studies, and it is probable that

[1] Mathesius, p. .

without the timely assistance he received from Frau Ursula Cotta and her husband, he must have returned to his father's house at Mansfeld. Had this necessity arisen, the loss to humanity would have been incalculable. Many stirring chapters in the history of the world, recording events of paramount and ever extending influence, might never have been written. Martin Luther, engaged in mining pursuits, would have been a figure too insignificant for remembrance, and, in his individual person, posterity would not have known the grandly intellectual Preacher of pure Apostolic doctrine; the supreme spiritual liberator of the sixteenth century; and the creative modeller of the present history of mankind.

The old chronicles of Eisenach, in recording the shelter and protection given by her to the future Reformer, justly perpetuates the memory of Frau Cotta, likening her to the "pious *Shunammite*," who constrained the prophet Elisha to eat bread in her house. Luther himself was deeply touched by her generous hospitality, and throughout his life felt and acknowleged the moral force of her beneficence and devotion. Hitherto the severity of early training and the generally harsh and cheerless conditions of his life, had tended to give an unlovely and gloomy cast to his opening intellect; but in the pure family circle of the Cottas he quickly acquired softer and more truthful impressions, and for the first time he learned to recognise and appreciate the advantages of cultured and refined society. He saw generous affections strengthened by constant exercise, and the stimulating example of charitable and loving deeds conveyed important and lasting

lessons to his impressionable mind. Many years afterwards, in calling to remembrance the virtuous qualities of his protectress, he expressed this beautiful thought: "*There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which piety hath its dwelling.*"

The members of the family of Conrad Cotta, doubtless in accord with the accomplishment general amongst the higher orders in the land of his birth, were passionately devoted to music and song, and Luther, during his stay with them, learned to play upon the flute, and wrote his first musical compositions, frequently singing to the accompaniment of the lute, another instrument with which he acquired considerable proficiency. Although with humble simplicity he speaks of his voice as "slender and indistinct," yet in reality its quality was richly musical, and, says Melanchthon, "could be heard at a great distance."

Music, indeed, as we shall hereafter more fully point out, was his favourite art. He cultivated it assiduously all his life, and gave it a place next to theology. "Music," he says, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitations of the soul, and put the devil to flight. It is the most magnificent and delightful present that God has given to us. Satan is the inveterate enemy of music, for he knows that by its aid we drive away temptations and evil thoughts; he cannot make head against music. David found comfort and consolation in his harp. The soul of Saul, then his master and king, was invigorated by the same means. 'When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took an harp, and played with his hand; so

Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.'" He was himself destined at a later period of his life to feel its power in a remarkable way. He remained at Eisenach upwards of three years, during which time his understanding became vigorous and comprehensive; his imagination fertile and brilliant, and his memory large and retentive. These qualities soon carried him beyond all his school-fellows. [1]

Latin, eloquence and poetry were his favorite studies: the composition and declamation of verses and speeches also being a frequent and agreeable exercise for his growing powers. His happy and cheerful disposition not only endeared him to his associates, but also gained the favor of the various professors who assisted and directed his studies.

One of the masters under whose guidance Luther came, was the professor of grammar and rhetoric named John Trebonius, rector of the convent of bare-footed Carmelites.

It was the habit of this professor, in stricking contrast with the ceremonious and pedantic custom which generally prevailed, to uncover his head whilst giving lessons to his pupils. When asked the reason for this eccentric condescension, he replied "that he did it to honour the Burgomasters, Chancellors, Doctors, and Consuls who would one day proceed from his school; and that although you did not yet see them with the badges of their dignity, it was only right that you should treat them with respect."

Winning and inspiring as were the instructions Luther received from Trebonius and other learned men, Eisenach

[1] Melanchthon, Vita Luth.

itself was a priestly town, or, as a writer of that age designates it, "a nest of priests," and the religious teaching he received could not in any way develop those vital truths which, at a later and more mature period of his career, could alone content the deep craving of his spiritual nature. The religion of the place, in common with that generally prevailing, was altogether composed of numberless ceremonies and appliances of *external* godliness, with its attention fixed upon deeds, and not upon thoughts, feelings or purposes, and a most precise apportionment of punishments and purgatory for offences; but was wholly destitute of training calculated to satisfy the absorbing want of a sin-laden soul, and to impart the reality of a living and *internal* faith.

The debt of gratitude contracted at Eisenach, and which Luther, with exquisite feeling, so frequently in his writings amplifies and acknowledges, was many years afterwards fully discharged. The good Frau Cotta died in 1511, but in the year 1541, only a few years before his death, when Luther had risen to an eminence scarcely second to that of any man of the age, he received Henry Cotta, Ursula's grandson, into his own house at Wittenberg, and by generous devotion returned the goodness bestowed by Cotta's kindred on the friendless student a generation before. There is an epitaph on a monument erected to the memory of Henry Cotta, at Eisenach, which furnishes historical corroboration of this interesting and not unimportant fact.

CHAPTER II.

UNIVERSITY LIFE.

THE time of separation from his benefactress and all those choice companions in whose society had been passed the happiest hours of his briefly happy life had now arrived. Another step into the outer world must be taken. Luther's father, whose position and circumstances had greatly improved, urged his removal, at the same time supplying him with means for increased study.

On every side he heard the most glowing praises of the qualities and talents of his son, and pictures of his future eminence arose before him. Martin would attain greatness: he would discharge the most honorable offices amongst his fellow-citizens. Hans was now a magistrate of the province in which he laboured, and where his furnaces blazed, but the transcendent merits of his son should eclipse this and similar small distinctions; he should gain the favor of princes; in short, become a beacon light to the whole world. To the university of Erfurt, that most famous temple of learning, he should go; and, accordingly, in the summer of the year 1501, some few months before he had attained his eighteenth year, he entered the doors of the university of Erfurt.

The usual courses of logic and philosophy awaited him. His father had strongly recommended the study of law, as being more likely to lead to those distinctions which he coveted, and which he felt certain awaited his son's acceptance. But the law had few charms for the young student. Its study was most irksome and distasteful to him. To his mind, philosophy possessed infinitely more attractions, and he sedulously cultivated its study, under the instructions of a celebrated professor, Dr. Jodocus, of Eisenach, a man famous for his ability in teaching, and general erudition. Melanchthon, in his life of Luther, remarks that at that time nothing was taught at Erfurt but a system of dry dialectics, bristling with difficulties, and thinks that if Luther had met with other professors whose teachings inculcated a calmer and milder discipline of truer philosophy, the violence of his character, which so often broke forth in after years, might have been moderated and softened. Perhaps, however, in the order and dispensation of the things that fell within the strangely eventful life of the Reformer this was better arranged. The rough, untamed vigour of Luther's character was perhaps the very element most useful in the great Reform so soon to burst upon and astonish the world.

God speaks in a variety of ways, through many instruments, and in many tones. Sometimes He is heard in the "still small Voice"; sometimes in the thunder of the storm; sometimes His Word is like the soft sighing of the zephyr, by which the delicate flower is unshaken and unharmed; sometimes it comes with power, "as of a rushing mighty wind," tearing along and up-

rooting the giant monarchs of the forest. His ways are not our ways, and the instruments of His Will, in all ages of the world's history, have ever been men of like passions with ourselves, whose lives frequently are, even in human judgment, marred by grave faults and infirmities. He, the perfect One, does not seek perfection wherewith to work! His tools are humble, his materials often coarse and unattractive; but the wrought and perfect work —ah! who shall tell its grandeur, or estimate its worth!

Luther's course at Erfurt was eminently satisfactory, and he bid fair soon to become one of the shining lights of the university.

The study of the philosophy of the Middle Ages first gained his attention, and the masters of scholastic divinity contributed to the augmentation of his store of learning. But his capacious mind, athirst for knowledge, did not rest content with barren studies. He proceeded to the works of Cicero, Virgil, Livy, and other classic authors; not in a formal perfunctory manner, but in a spirit of appreciative and critical inquiry. His memory was in an extraordinary degree retentive, and almost everything he had read was at hand ready for use. Hence the superior genius of Luther became the admiration of the whole university.[1]

He now began to obtain honours. In 1502 he took his first academical degree, that of Bachelor of Philosophy, and everything seemed to indicate the speedy acquisition of further university distinction.

From every source he sought fresh supplies of mental

[1] Melanchthon.

food. He was constantly in the library at Erfurt. At that time every monastery in Germany had a library, partly composed of manuscripts, containing beautiful illuminations, enriched with gold and silver; laborious works, in which were reproduced the treasures of pagan antiquity, giving evidence of the surprising skill and assiduity of the monks in their production. But the new art of printing considerably detracted from the value of these works. Printed books now began rapidly to appear, and although most costly at first were obtainable at a tithe of the price of manuscripts. At considerable expense, however, the monastery had purchased several Latin Bibles, which were placed in the library for the use of the students. It does not seem that the study of the scriptures was recommended, nor did such study form any part of the university course.

"I was twenty years of age," says Luther, "before I had ever seen the Bible, and I had no notion that there existed any other gospels or epistles than those in the church service."[1]

The discovery came upon him by accident. Being in the library, as was customary with him, he one day came upon one of these printed Latin Bibles. He opened the volume, and alighted upon the beautiful history of Hannah and her son Samuel. This touching story wrought greatly upon the sensitive mind of Luther. He had never before seen it, and this and other parts which he rapidly glanced at of his newly-found treasure filled him with rapture.

[1] Mathesius in Luther's Leben bei Jürgens.

"Oh, God!" he exclaimed, "could I have one of these books, I would ask no other worldly treasure!"

A change of swift and powerful penetration was immediately wrought in his mind. Human words, clothed in poetry, however noble, seemed contemptible when compared with the sublime language of the Inspired Word.

The law, never a very favorite subject with him,[1] although he obtained a copy of the Corpus Juris, and attended lectures on the Canon Law, now became utterly distasteful; and all possible time was devoted to the sacred study of the treasure discovered in the library. He read this Bible again and again, and, in his astonishment and joy, returned to read it once more. The first glimmerings of a new and divine truth, to him till then unknown, began gradually to dawn upon his mind.

And now a crisis arose which had material influence in the development of this new truth in his heart. Luther possessed a surpassingly vigorous constitution; but the severe privations of his early years, and the excessive labours of his present life began to produce their effects. Pale and wasted, his strength was exhausted, a dangerous illness prostrated him, and for a long time his condition was most critical. His friends in the university heard of this with feelings of sorrow; his reputation was very great with them, and the modesty with which he had carried himself, won their sympathy and love. When apparently in extremity, a priest came to give him the consolation of confession. He doubtless well knew Martin, and earnestly

[1] Shenkel Ref. 17.

desired the restoration to health of one who promised to be their ornament and pride.

The sufferings of the sick youth were aggravated by a deep fit of depression. The priest endeavoured to remove this and to impart words of comfort and of good cheer. "Courage, my friend," he said, soothingly, "you will not die of this malady; God preserves you for a great end; he will make you a distinguished man, and you in your turn will console others, for God loves you since he chastens you."

The words of the priest received a verification of which he who uttered them could have had no conception. God did, indeed, preserve the life of the student who then lay sick unto death for a great end: he most certainly did become a distinguished man, and the source of spiritual consolation to others. Dr. Stoughton observes, "Even the honour done to Knox in Scotland is surpassed by the honour done to Luther in Germany. Wherever you go his name is a talisman; its inspiration is breathed over literature scarcely less than over religion. The Teutonic catholic is proud of him; no town or village associated with the events of his life but is ennobled by the circumstance, and in our time attracts to its precincts more visitors than ever."

The spiritual aid he received from the priest had much effect upon the mind of Luther. The disease was exhausted, and a rapid recovery followed.

When sufficiently restored, he set out upon a visit to Mansfeld. It was the third day of the Feast of Easter, and in the company of a friend he proceeded on foot to the city. He was dressed in the attire then usual with

the students, with a sword on one thigh, and a dagger in his girdle. On the way Luther made a stumble, and the dagger came out of the sheath and fell upon his foot, severing one of the large arteries. The blood flowed copiously, and fearing that he might bleed to death, his companion took him on his shoulders, and carried him back to Erfurt, where the services of a surgeon were obtained, and the wound properly attended to. A cure was soon effected.

Upon perfect recovery from his accident Luther applied himself with renewed resolution to his studies, and honours rapidly rewarded his zeal and devotion. In 1505, soon after he had attained his twenty-first year, he obtained the higher degree of M.A. and Doctor of Philosophy, and at once began his career of teaching the physics and ethics of Aristotle, with other branches of philosophy. But although he was thus engaged, his mind was not easy: his heart was not in his work. Since his illness, a great change had come upon him. That Latin Bible had wrought and powerfully stirred emotions in his heart, that he could neither stifle nor control. His father still strongly urged upon him the adoption of the profession of the law, commanding as it did the highest positions in the State; but the bent of his inclination was in favour of Theology. Some powerful workings of God's spirit were agitating his soul, and gradually leading him to an unexpected conclusion. His mind was just now in that condition when it could be strongly influenced by circumstances which at other times would not have possessed great power. His conscience was stirred and troubled by a conflict of questions all

relating to his future course. The claims of philosophy did not altogether harmonise and work pleasantly with the calls of religion. For some months the conflict continued, and the decision was brought about in a remarkable manner.

He had a friend named Alexis, his constant companion, and associate in all his studies. This friend was killed in some mysterious manner, and the terrible event made a deep impression upon the already agitated mind of Luther. Thoughts of death and of hereafter came upon him with disturbing force. He could not rest. Peace of heart and mind were banished; but still decision did not come.

The summer of the year 1505 arrived, and Luther taking a walk in a solitary path, was overtaken near Stotternheim by a terrific thunderstorm, and vowed to St. Anna that if he were rescued from the danger he would become a monk. This was merely the external cause, and not the real. Relinquishing his labours in the university for a brief period, he went on a visit to Mansfeld. The thought that possessed him was not communicated to any one. Luther was probably afraid that his father—cold, stern, and practical—would refuse to entertain any suggestion that the son of whom he had such great expectations and whose future life would be so famous and dazzling, should throw aside all these bright prospects, and find refuge and peace in the obscurity of the priesthood. During his university life, Luther had received great assistance from his father, who now felt the deepest interest in his progress. Although but in his twenty-second year he was already a public teacher in a most important university, and had

surrounded himself with an admiring and enthusiastic circle of pupils and friends. No prospect could better satisfy the ambition and love of a parent; and rudely to assail this ambition and destroy these hopes was beyond the heart of Luther. He failed to give expression to his deeply cherished resolution: he ventured not to pronounce the words that trembled on his lips. Filial love constrained him to be silent on a subject upon which he felt the whole issue of his life depended. Nothing to alarm his parents was uttered by him during his stay; and he finally left them without revealing the deep purpose of his heart. This was like Luther in after life, who when about to take another daring and most important step in life, his marriage with Catharine von Bora, did not mention it to his nearest friends, not even to Melanchthon.

On his return to the university he pondered upon the grave question that perplexed his soul, and endeavoured to shape a resolution.

In regard to his conversion, one thing at least is undisputed. Luther was in an agony of terror, and the dread of death smote him to the ground, as certainly as if a bolt from Heaven had suddenly smitten him. "Encompassed with the anguish and terror of death"—to use his own expressive language—"he earnestly prayed to God for deliverance from his present danger, passionately vowing to abandon all worldly pursuits, and to devote himself to the service of his Maker."

"In this," writes D'Aubigne, "we perceive the finger of God. It was God's powerful hand that on the highway cast down the young Master of Arts, the candidate for

the Bar, the future lawyer, and gave an entirely new direction to his life." Rubianus, one of Luther's friends at the University at Erfurt, wrote thus to him in after life: "Divine Providence looked at what you were one day to become, when on your return from your parents, the fire from Heaven threw you on the ground, like another Paul, near the city of Erfurt, and withdrawing you from our society, drove you into the Augustine Order." Analogous circumstances have marked the conversion of the two greatest instruments that Divine Providence has made use of in the two greatest revolutions that have been effected upon the earth: St. Paul and Luther.

The decision that Luther had formed, and the vow he had made did not pass away when the danger was over, and the storm had expended its fury. The intense longings for retirement from worldly toils, and the entrance into a rest where he thought his soul could be calmed and satisfied in the service of his great Master were deeply seated and rooted in his mind.

His resolution was made, and no one was consulted in its execution. But one step alone, and it was a most impressive one, was taken ere he closed the door of the world behind him, and shut out that world for ever from his life.

He invited all his friends to meet him at his house. Supper was prepared, and the usual innocent merriment and singing followed. Nothing unusual apparently was arranged, nothing unusual was expected; the purpose of the supper alone was present to one mind. It was to be the parting of Luther from his friends.

Partings in life are ever painful; but this separation

from those who were his companions, gloried in his success, and felt themselves bound up in his great and brilliant future; this must have caused a wrench inexpressibly sad and disquieting. In the midst of the songs, the merriment, the sparkling jests and flashes of wit that filled every moment with enjoyment, Luther simply announced his intention to retire from their midst, and to enter a monastery.

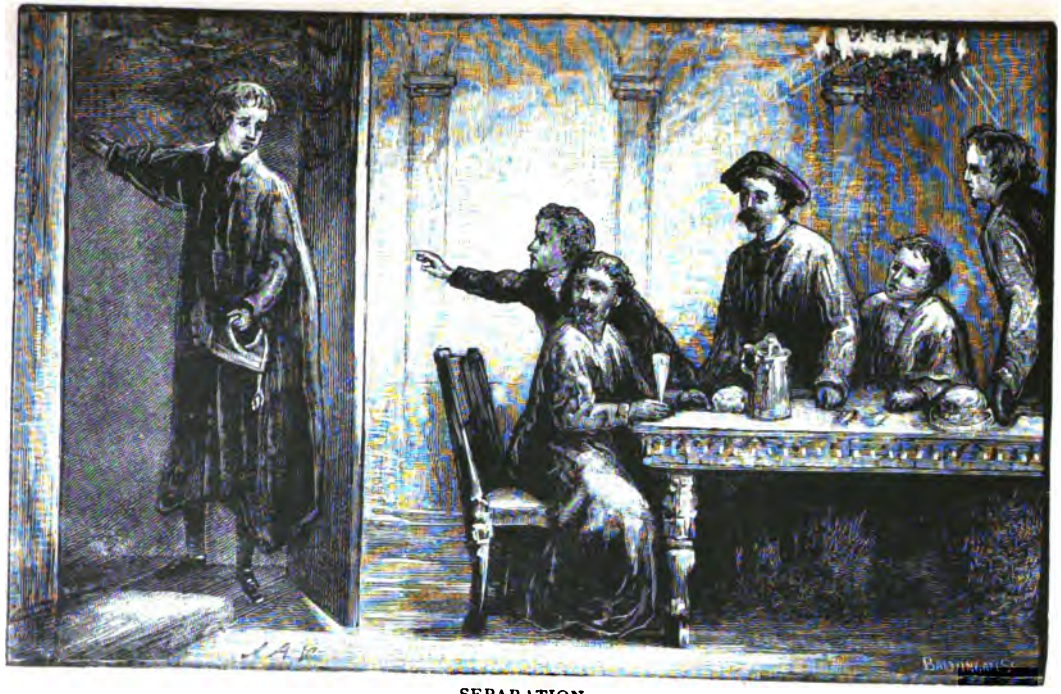
"To-day," said he, "you see me: after this you will see me no more."

He, the ripe scholar, the loved friend, the learned teacher, the hope and the pride of his University, will on the morrow take upon himself the life of a Novice in a monastery!

Does he know what that means? Perhaps not. But the words have been spoken. The ruddy, native hue of Resolution must not be

> "Sickled o'er with the pale cast of Thought."

The sacrificial knife is ready, the sacrifice must not be wanting: and with a pang that passes straight to his great heart, Luther bids his friends farewell! and passes forth nto the night.



SEPARATION.

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CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN THE MONASTERY.

THE ties which bound Luther to the university had been sundered, the sacrifice had been made but no particle of regret followed. His action was directly opposed to the wishes of his father, and he well knew that it would arouse his sternest anger. His friends, one and all, would condemn him, regarding his conduct as the work of one strangely insensible to the true and legitimate advantages of his toilsome study, his exceptional abilities and his enviable position. But Luther, in the face of all this, showed no hesitation. That night he repaired to the Augustinian convent at Erfurt, and craved admission. When his voice was recognized, and his wishes made known, the door was cheerfully opened, and Luther stepped within the portal of the building.

This, then, was the haven where he fondly hoped to find peace from the rough storms of the world. This the entrance-gate of that life to which, by a self-imposed vow, his future was to be devoted!

With a calm steady cheerfulness he took the position and the novicate of the monk commenced.

Some farewell letters to his friends; the return of the

ring which he had worn as Master of Arts at the university, together with his gown and other clothing, things that might remind him of the past, henceforth dead to him, and then the new life in that narrow world, whose confines were the walls of the convent.

His friends, their first astonishment passed, were clamorous to see him, and urge him to revoke his decision. They came to the place in which the young professor was immured, self-condemned to a living death, but the gate was closed against them.

Decision was the strong quality of Luther's mind; when Duty pointed the narrow road, neither entreaty nor menace could constrain him to swerve from its direction. He would see no one, and for the space of a whole month lived in the most absolute seclusion. The world had lost one of the choicest of her sons. Like a bright star which flashes across the firmament, and then disappears in the darkness, leaving no sign whereby the passage of its brilliant flight can be traced, the splendid genius of Luther had illumined for a moment the intellectual firmament and then descended to the gloomy grave of the monastery!

When the news of his son's unhappy retirement reached his ears, Hans Luther was speechless with indignation. The rough honest heart of the miner was bound up in his boy. Strict, upright, and conscientious in his dealings with all men; stern and cold in his judgments and conclusions; many bitter reflections passed through his mind on receiving the fatal intelligence. To a nature such as his in which harshness formed a dominant characteristic, this disobedience was terrible; nay, more; it was incompre-

hensible. Although no Reformation had as yet loosened the fetters which bound the private judgments of men, the very lives and surroundings of the priesthood practically denounced and condemned the whole system. The life and occupations of the monks as so charmingly imagined by the poet, did not quite describe their real lives in the days of Luther.

"— along the cloister's painted side
The monks,—each bending low upon his book,
With head on hand reclined—their studies plied;
Forbid to parley, or in fact to look,
Lengthways their regulated seats they took;
The strutting prior gazed with pompous mien,
And wakeful tongue, prepared with prompt rebuke,
If monk asleep in sheltering hood were seen;
He, wary, often peeped beneath that russet screen;
Hard by, against the window's adverse light,
Where desks were wont in length of row to stand,
The gowned artificers inclined to write;
The pen of silver glistened in the hand,
Some on their fingers rhyming Latin scann'd;
Some textile gold from balls unwinding drew,
And on strained velvet stately portraits planned;
Here arms, there faces, shone in embryo view;
At last to glittering life, their sober figures grew."

Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, says:—"Many wrote out manuscripts with their own hands in the intervals of the canonical hours, and gave up the time appointed for bodily rest to the fabrication of volumes; the sacred treasures of whose labours, filled with cherubic letters, are at this day resplendent in most monasteries."

It is certain that the present degenerate days preceding

the Reformation did not exhibit any such diligent and praiseworthy devotion. The monks had long since discarded all tender and silken refinements; and it is well established that their utter want of real sterling occupation led to the most deplorable and scandalous laxity of manners and morals.

The scandal, indeed, attached to the indolent, the dissolute, the arrogant, and the worthless lives of the monks had grown intolerable. Practices, under the venal shield of ecclesiastical countenance had sprung up, and were in strong and vigorous growth; repulsive and subversive both to decency and to morality; and constituting a standing reproach to the sacred name of Religion. The Gospel of Jesus Christ received its worst degradation at the hands of its apostate Ministers. A *sham* of holiness, was the judgment passed by the sturdy miner upon the profession of the Priesthood. And now his son, a treasure in his eyes of more surpassing worth than anything that passed through those furnaces of his wherein gold and silver were fused and freed from dross and impurity, his bright and manly and proudly intellectual boy was to be one of these *shams!*

Hot indignation took the place of mute amazement, succeeded by other and, perhaps, worse feelings. He wrote to his son a letter filled with upbraidings, in which contempt struggled with anger for the mastery. His wrath was over-mastering. The image of Martin was rent from his heart and memory and rudely cast to the winds. This letter reached the poor penitent in his retreat, and his cup of bitterness seemed to overflow. Kindred,

friends, learning, applause, all by his own act taken from him. In their place? the rigid rule of the cloister; the cheerless drudgery; the mortifications and penances; the menial service; the coarse frock; the scanty food; the narrow cell!

His heart, as yet unsanctified by God's grace, was filled with sorrow, and moved by nature alone rebelled against his condition. Although no words of complaint escaped his lips, it could scarcely be expected that much cheerful alacrity would distinguish his bearing. And now the test of fitness was applied. At his reception by the Prior the words "We receive you on probation for one year; and may God who hath begun a work in you, carry it on unto perfection," had, indeed, found cheerful acquiescence in his heart. The concluding words of that reception—"May God, who hath converted this young man from the world, and prepared for him a mansion in heaven, grant that his daily work may be as becometh his calling, and that he may have cause to be thankful for this day's doings,"—drew from his lips an unqualified *Amen!* The echo of the deepest feeling of his heart was there. He had given up all for God, and had entered His service with the cheerful joy of a bright and healthy intellect, acting upon and directing the impulses of a devoted heart. Every worldly interest was discarded. If ever man was sincere, Luther was that man when he entered the monastery at Erfurt.

And now the Cross of his election fell upon his shoulders. Intellectually he towered high above his new companions. He must be taught to stoop to their level, even to sink

beneath it. The pride of learning must be abased. Intellectual might must be paralysed. The strength and self-sufficiency of the man must be crushed into the submission of the feeble child.

And in this wise. His studies were as nothing in the estimation of his superiors. Work of the most menial kind fell to the share of the probationer. He was appointed porter and gatekeeper. The cleansing of the cells; the sweeping of the Church; the winding of the clock; the office of sexton; the attendance on the cloister; all fell within the order of duties delegated to the poor novice. Then followed the crowning indignity. Monks were ever the most inveterate beggars; often enforcing their supplications with an air of compulsory importunity. Wants arise in spite of idleness and uselessness; or rather, taking the ordinary common sense view, it may be said that those very vices call want into existence.

The monastery, like others of its order, was always in want; and to supply some of these Luther was deputed to go into the town to beg bread for its inmates.

"The poor monk, oppressed with toil, hastened to employ in study all the moments that he could steal from these mean occupations. He voluntarily withdrew from the society of the brethren to give himself up to his beloved pursuits; but they soon found it out, and surrounding him with murmurs, tore him from his books exclaiming, 'Come, come! It is not by study, but by begging bread, corn, eggs, fish, meat, and money, that a monk renders himself useful to the cloister.' Luther

submitted: he laid aside his books, and took his bag again."[1]

He, who for the space of four years had dwelt within that town, the delight and wonder of all who knew him, the sedulous student, the pleasant companion, the learned professor, a man in the first bloom of his strong early manhood, a giant in intellect, was reduced to be the despised drudge, the beggar of bread! No greater mortification could be placed upon the pride of man; and it would be beyond the limits of reason to imagine that a spirit such as that possessed by Luther, however softened by religious fervour, would submit in silence. For a long time he bore, without complaint, all these indignities but, at length, a protest issued from his lips.

The University of Erfurt at that time contained more than a thousand students, and its professors were men of world-wide reputation. Luther had been a great favorite with them, and when this treatment came to their knowledge they were exceedingly indignant and stoutly resented it. Although unhappily lost to their circle, he still dwelt in their memories. A strong and urgent protest was uttered, not without success. Their remonstrance, together with Luther's own complainings, came under the attention of the Prior, who was induced to mitigate the severity of the exactions. After a time Luther was altogether excused from these uncongenial and degrading toils, and, freed from their thraldom, brother Augustine, for such was the name given to him upon entering the convent, resumed his interrupted course of study.

[1] D'Aubigne.

The course of his life was still marked by the greatest asceticism. His own words afford clear testimony. "If," he says, "Augustine went straight to heaven from the walls of an abbey, I, too, ought to do so: all my brethren would give me this testimony. I fasted, I watched, I mortified, I practised all the cenobite severities; till I absolutely made myself ill. It is not our enemies who will believe this: the men only who talk of the pleasantness of the monastic life, and have never undergone any spiritual temptation." Sometimes he alleviated the monotony of his days by singing a hymn. He was particularly fond of the Gregorian chant; and his greatest delight was to take a part with some young chorister. His own voice, at that time, was a fine counter-tenor. Frequently he would leave the monastery at daybreak, proceed into the country, and at the foot of some tree, preach the word of God to the shepherds.[1]

About this time that terrible periodic scourge of Europe, the plague, spread abroad its devastating arms. Its ravages were fearfully severe in many towns and villages of the district. Death swept away its victims with startling suddenness: many homes were entirely desolated. A general and deadly terror fell upon the hearts of the people, and numbers fled from the town. The terror of the plague dealing terrible and swift death, transcended every other danger and every other terror. The calamity reached the household of Hans Luther at Mansfeld. Two of his sons died. The stricken father's thoughts were turned to his eldest born, then estranged from him. Affliction

[1] Walch VIII., 1191.

softened the obduracy of the stern man's mind, and he gave ear to the pleadings of friends who would gladly see the breach between father and son healed.

Martin's disobedience was a crushing blow to the fond hopes of the father, and it was difficult at once for him to offer forgiveness; but the grief that had now fallen upon Hans Luther when he saw two of his sons taken from him, tended to correct those bitter feelings, and inclined his heart to forgive his erring son. He sent a message wherein he offered reconciliation. Martin, in the monastery, had heard of the death of his brothers, and returned a sympathetic and consolatory letter; at the same time joyfully accepting pardon for his disobedience, and giving particulars of the immediate cause which led to his offence. Hans received this with an inward satisfaction, but could not altogether accredit its conclusion. His son was forgiven, that was accomplished; but the soreness of disappointed expectations still remained. When he afterwards saw Martin, and the reconciliation was complete, he uttered a characteristic reflection, exhibiting much of that dogged determination not to give up the truth when convinced that it was the truth. Resigning himself to circumstances, but with an immovable clinging to the principle he loved, and a douht that more than lingered of the wisdom of Martin's choice, he said, "God grant, my son, that you may not have taken for a sign from heaven what was only a delusion of the devil."

Burning with desire to attain that holiness, in quest of which he had entered the cloister, Luther gave way to all the rigour of an ascetic life. He endeavoured to crucify

the flesh by fastings, mortifications, and watchings. Shut up in his cell, as in a prison, he struggled unceasingly against the deceitful thoughts and evil inclinations of his heart. A little bread and a small herring were often his only food. Besides, he was naturally of very abstemious habits. Thus he was frequently seen by his friends, long after he had ceased to think of purchasing heaven by his abstinence, contenting himself with the poorest food, and remaining even four days in succession without eating or drinking. This we have on the testimony of Melanchthon. At this period nothing was too great a sacrifice that might enable him to become a saint, and to inherit heaven. Never did the Romish church possess a more pious monk. Never did cloister witness more severe or indefatigable exertions to purchase eternal happiness. When Luther had become a reformer, and had declared that heaven was not to be obtained by such means as these, he knew very well what he was saying. "I was indeed a pious monk," wrote he to the Duke George of Saxony, "and followed the rules of my order more strictly than I can express. If ever monk could obtain heaven by his monkish works, I should certainly have been entitled to it. Of this all the friars who have known me can testify. If it had continued longer, I should have carried my mortifications even to death, by means of my watchings, prayers, reading, and other labours."

Luther did not, however, find in the tranquility of the cloister, and in monkish perfection, that peace of mind which he had sought. He longed to have the assurance of His salvation: this was the great want of his

soul. Without it there could be no repose. But the fears that had agitated him in the world pursued him to his cell. Nay, they were increased. The faintest cry of his heart re-echoed loud beneath the silent arches of the cloister. God had led him thither, that he might learn to know himself, and to despair of his own strength and virtue. His conscience, enlightened by the Divine Word, told him what it was to be holy; but he was filled with terror at finding, neither in his heart nor in his life, that image of holiness which he had contemplated with admiration in the Word of God. A sad discovery, but one made by every sincere man. No righteousness within, no righteousness without. All was omission, sin, impurity. The more ardent the character of Luther, the stronger was that secret and constant resistance which man's nature opposes to good. He was plunged into despair.

The monks and divines of the day encouraged him to satisfy the divine righteousness by meritorious works. "But what works," thought he, "can come from a heart like mine? How can I stand before the holiness of my Judge with works polluted in their very source. I see that I am a great sinner in the sight of God, and I do not think it possible for me to propitiate Him by my own merits."

He was agitated, and yet dejected, avoiding the trifling and stupid conversations of the monks. The latter, unable to comprehend the storms that tossed his soul, looked upon him with surprise, and reproached him for his "silence and gloomy air." One day, Cochlœus tells us, as they were saying mass in the chapel, Luther had

carried thither all his anxiety, and was in the choir in the midst of the brethren, sad and heart-stricken. Already the priest had prostrated himself, the incense had been burnt before the altar, the *Gloria* sung, and they were reading the Gospel, when the poor monk, unable any longer to repress his anguish, cried out in a mournful tone, as he fell on his knees, "It is not I—It is not I."

All were thunderstruck: and the ceremony was interrupted for a moment. Perhaps Luther thought he heard some reproach of which he knew himself innocent; perhaps he declared his unworthiness of being one of those to whom Christ's death had brought the gift of eternal life. Cochlœus says: "They were then reading the story of the dumb man, from whom Christ expelled a devil. It is possible that this cry of Luther, if the account be true, had reference to this circumstance, and that, although speechless like the dumb man, he protested by such an exclamation, that his silence came from other causes than demoniac possession." Indeed, Cochlœus tells us that the monks sometimes attributed the sufferings of their brother to a secret intercourse with the devil, and this writer himself entertained the same opinion.

It may be here remarked that Luther seems ever to have possessed peculiar notions of supernatural agencies. Such notions were common in his day. In the Cotta family he doubtless gathered many such impressions; and much solitude and self-communing and sorrowings and spiritual conflicts tended to strengthen them. Indeed, in spite of his vast philosophical learning, mental apprehensions clung to him throughout his life.

A tender conscience made Luther regard seriously the slightest fault. He had hardly discovered it before he endeavoured to expiate it by the severest mortifications, which only served to point out to him the inutility of all human remedies. "I tortured myself almost to death," said he, "in order to procure peace with God for my troubled heart and agitated conscience; but surrounded with thick darkness, I found peace nowhere."

The practices of monastic holiness, which had lulled so many consciences to sleep; and to which Luther himself had had recourse in his distress, soon appeared to him the unavailing remedies of an empirical and deceptive religion. "While I was yet a monk, I no sooner felt assailed by any temptation than I cried out 'I am lost!' Immediately I had recourse to a thousand methods to stifle the cry of my conscience. I went every day to confession, but that was of no use to me. Still bowed down by sorrow, I tortured myself by the multitude of my thoughts. Look! I exclaimed, thou art yet envious, impatient, passionate. It profiteth thee nothing, O wretched man, to have entered this sacred order."

Luther, however, imbued with the prejudices of his time, had from early youth considered the observances, whose worthlessness he had now discovered, as a certain remedy for diseased souls. What can he think of the strange discovery he had just made in the solitude of the cloister? It is possible, then, to dwell within the sanctuary, and yet bear in one's heart a man of sin. He had received another garment, but not another life. His expectations are disappointed. Where can he stop? Can all these

rules and observances be mere human inventions? Such a supposition appears to him, at one time, to be a temptation of the devil, and at another, to be an irresistible truth.

By turns contending with the Divine Voice that spake to his heart, and with the venerable institutions that time had sanctioned, Luther passed his life in a continual struggle. The young monk crept like a shadow through the long galleries of the cloister, that re-echoed with his sorrowful moanings. His body wasted away; his strength began to fail him; it sometimes happened that he remained like one dead.[1]

One morning the door of his cell not being opened as usual, the brethren became alarmed; they knocked; but there was no reply. The door was burst in, and poor Fra Martin was found stretched on the ground in a state of ecstacy, scarcely breathing, well nigh dead. A friendly brother (Lucas Edemberger) knew something of the struggles that had been going on in the soul of the poor miserable monk, and the terrible effects they had produced upon his physical powers. Some of the chorister boys were with him, and after many efforts had been unsuccessfully made to recall Luther to sensibility, the boys began to sing one of their usual hymns. The sweet singing acted powerfully on the poor worn enthusiast. Music he ever loved; slowly his eyes opened; feeling and sense returned; and Luther painfully and wearily came back from the dim, unreal world of peaceful dreams, to a world, real and undoubted, filled with suffering, shadows, and unrest.

[1] D'Aubigne

Shortly after this incident, and when Luther had resumed his studies, and his health had somewhat improved, Dr. Staupitz, the Vicar-General of the Augustine Order, made his usual inspection of the monasteries in the district, and amongst others visited that at Erfurt. He was a learned, pious and amiable man, of no great strength of character, but devotedly attached to his order. He was extensively read in languages; eloquent in speech; and possessed a dignified manner and impressive appearance. Frederick, surnamed the Wise, Elector of Saxony, had employed him in several embassies, and acting upon his advice and direction had founded a new University at Wittenburg.

Dr. Staupitz was alive to the importance of placing men of suitable talents and character in the responsible positions constantly at his disposal, but such men could not always be secured, and the worthy Vicar-General was often compelled to accept devoutness and devotion to duty, when those qualities were not supplemented by the additional quality of distinguishable ability. "We must," he quaintly said, "plough with such horses as we can find; and with oxen, if there are no horses." Godliness was an indispensable condition. "It is in vain that we assume the name of Divine, if we do not confirm that noble title by our lives."

Dr. Staupitz made a stay of some duration at the monastery, and became familiar with its inmates. Luther particularly took his attention. The appearance of the young monk was striking and painful. Maimbourg, the Jesuit, in his History of Lutherism, describing the Luther of after years, says:—"He possessed a quick and pene-

trating genius; he was indefatigable in his studies, and frequently so absorbed in them, as to abstain from meat whole days together. He was remarkably strong and hearty, and of a sanguine bilious temperament. His eyes were piercing and full of fire. His voice sweet and vehement when once raised. He had a stern countenance, and was most intrepid and high spirited."

But no such stalwart form now stood before the Vicar-General. There stood a man, young indeed in years, but haggard and prematurely old. In the very early stage of manhood, study, fasting, mortifications, and a thousand agitations of the soul, had left their traces upon his countenance. Gravity and a pathetic melancholy were impressed upon his pale dejected face.

"Of the personal appearance of Luther about the time of this second year, this being the time of his most intense mental anguish, we have a representation in a portrait, preserved in a Church at Weimar, when the artist had the means of ascertaining how Luther appeared at the time referred to. This is furthermore supported by a letter of Luther's in which he describes his features as they then were. The youthful flush had disappeared from his countenance. His black, piercing and fiery eye was now sunken. His small and plump face had become thin and spare, but with all his sadness and dejection there was a solemn earnestness in his mien, and his look bespoke a mind in conflict and yet determined."[1]

His appearance, altogether so strangely different to the blooming faces of his companions, rivetted Dr. Staupitz's

[1] Dr. Sears.

attention. He spoke to the young monk, and with paternal tenderness drew from him something of his sad history. His manner was mild and gentle, and the words he addressed to Luther loving and sympathetic. The heart of the poor ascetic was touched at once. For this he had long yearned: for this, almost unknown to himself, he had inwardly prayed. So learned, and yet so ignorant of true knowledge: so pious and yet so upbraided by conscience: so solitary and despairing, although in the midst of men devoted to the religious life: alone, with no one to understand his misery, and the weight of wretchedness pressing at his heart. The sympathetic words of his superior brought tears to his eyes. His soul was won.

Timidity and hesitation were soothed away by the kindly voice of the doctor, whose age, experience, and position gave force to his utterances. Luther instinctively knew that this man was to be to him a comforter, and soon all the troubles that oppressed his soul were confided to him. Long, earnest, and solemn were their conversations, held together without the presence of others, in the seclusion of the cloisters. All reserve was abandoned and the young monk grew as the son of the older man, who, in his turn, became as the actual father of one until then, misunderstood, unfriended and despised.

Dr. Staupitz's early life had been full of the same distracting thoughts as those which now afflicted the mind of his young friend. He had found peace, and could from his own large experience administer balm for every wound. He was able to point out the way to the fountain of all peace. In the course of conversation Luther

said to him, "Ah, dear Doctor, our Lord God acts in an awful manner towards us! Who can serve him, if he thus strikes all around him?" Dr. Staupitz, who had gained a complete insight into the character, and well knew the great superiority of the intellect of his young charge, and fearing that this very loftiness of intellectual powers might exalt him above the lowly service of his Maker, expressively replied:

"My son, learn to form a better judgment of God; if he were not to act thus, how could he overcome the headstrong and wilful. He must give heed to the tall trees, lest they ascend to Heaven."

Once when Luther was silent and dejected at dinner, his food untasted, the doctor came to him and said:—

"How is it you are so sad, Brother Augustine?"

"Ah," replied Luther, "I am sad, indeed. I do not know what will become of me."

"You know not," Staupitz returned, "that such doubts and temptations are necessary for you. They are more necessary to you than eating and drinking."

Luther took these words, with others spoken in connection, to mean that—to quote his own words—"As I had some learning, I might, but for these trials, become haughty and supercilious; and I have felt since that what he said was, as it were, a voice and an inspiration of the Holy Spirit."

Referring to this time, he says:—"Ah, if St. Paul were alive now, how glad I should be to learn from himself, what sort of temptation it was he underwent. It was not the thorn in the flesh; it was not the worthy Tecla,

as the papists dream. Oh, no, it was not a sin that tore his conscience. It was something deeper than despair resulting from the sense of sin; it was rather the temptation of which the Psalmist speaks: *My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me;* as though the Psalmist would have said: *Thou art my enemy without cause;* and, with Job: *Yet I am innocent, nor is iniquity in me.* I am sure that the book of Job is a true history, of which a poem was afterwards made. Jerome and other fathers never experienced such trials. They underwent none but trivial temptations, those of the flesh, which indeed, have quite enough pains of their own accompanying them. Ambrose and Augustine, too, had trials, and trembled before the sword; but this was as nothing compared with the Angel of Satan, *who strikes with the fists.* If I live, I will write a book on temptations, for without a knowledge of that subject, no man can thoroughly understand the Holy Scriptures, or feel the due love and fear of the Lord."

Consolations and encouragements came with all the force of inspiration from the lips of Dr. Staupitz, whom Luther how began to love with all the warmth of his impulsive generous nature.

"There is no real repentance except that which begins with the love of God and of righteousness. What others imagine to be the end and accomplishment of repentance, is, on the contrary, only its beginning. In order that you may be filled with the love of what is good, you must first be filled with love for God. If you desire to be converted do not be curious about all these mortifications and all these tortures. Love him who first loved you!"

"O my sin! my sin! my sin!" cried the young monk one day, in the presence of the Vicar-General, in a tone of profound anguish.

"Well! would you only be a sinner in appearance," replied the latter, "and have also a Saviour only in appearance?"

"Then," added Staupitz, with authority, "know that Jesus Christ is the Saviour even of those who are great, real sinners, and deserving of utter condemnation."

These words sank into the heart of Luther. Sinners—great, real sinners; were the objects of Christ's great, real salvation. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Here is the disease; there the cure. Sin and its punishment—Christ and His atonement!

The visit of Dr. Staupitz drew to a close. Just before leaving he said to Luther, and his words, full of meaning and promise, in days of sadness and depression often comforted the young monk; "It is not in vain that God exercises you in so many conflicts: you will see that he will employ you, as His servant, for great purposes."

To his other encouragement and advice, he added this golden admonition:

"Let the study of the Scriptures be your favorite occupation."

On the day of his departure he gave Luther a Bible, the first he ever possessed. The Latin one in the convent, bound in red leather and chained to the desk, which had been the object of his desire, remained fastened in its place. That was indeed most familiar to him. All its passages were impressed on his memory; but this gift of the good

Doctor was to be his own. He could, at his pleasure, without hindrance, carry it to the assured peace of his cell, there to ponder to study and to feast upon its rich treasures! Never was gift to man made at a time more critical. This gift of a book, The Book, by a superior to his inferior; by the principal of an order to one of the youngest of his followers; these men humble and obscure instruments of God's will, may, in His providence, affect and determine the destinies of the whole world.

Still the work was not yet complete. Conviction of sin, and the acceptance of Christ as the Saviour needed, indeed, but little further confirmation. A means of ensuring it was, however, afforded, and that in a manner suggesting the correction of the rod in the hands of a loving Father.

Luther broke down thoroughly. His physical strength, long affected by his midnight vigils and his unceasing spiritual conflicts, at length gave way. Once again did an illness bring him to the brink of the grave; and now the chastening rod was turned into the golden sceptre of grace, mercy, and forgiveness. An aged monk, who himself had received richly of the consolation he strove to impart, came to comfort the sick brother.

While praying he repeated the Apostles Creed, "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins.*" The very subject of Dr. Staupitz's farewell words came now with irresistible power to Luther's heart.

"I believe," he presently said, fervently, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins!"

"Ah!" said the monk, "you must believe not only in the forgiveness of David's and of Peter's sins, for this

even the devils believe. It is God's command that we believe that our own sins are forgiven. Hear what St. Bernard says in his discourse on the Annunciation, 'the Testimony of the Holy Ghost in thy heart is this: *Thy* sins are forgiven thee.' "

"From this moment," says the Historian, whose account of this important event we have followed, "From this moment light sprung up in the heart of the young monk of Erfurt. The Word of Grace had been pronounced: he had believed in it. He disclaims all merit of salvation, and resigns himself confidingly to the Grace of God in Jesus Christ. He does not at first perceive the consequences of the principle he has admitted; he is still sincere in his attachment to the Church, and yet he has no further need of her; for he has received salvation immediately from God Himself, and henceforth Roman Catholicism is virtually destroyed in him."

The time between this and his ordination was spent by Luther in spiritual preparations for that event. His father had already been reconciled to the loss of his son, and now took great interest in his new life. Luther was most anxious that his father should set the seal of his forgiveness by being present at the ceremony.

To become a priest was to Luther's mind the perfection of human felicity, and he evinced extreme anxiety for the presence of all the cherished friends of his youth. His father, indeed, made no difficulty, although, if his feelings could be rigidly analysed, the sturdy miner had no great heart for the matter. Love for his son alone induced him to be present at the ceremony. John

Braun, the Vicar of Eisenach, from whom Luther had received many tokens of affection during his residence there, was invited. He was greatly excited by thoughts of the important event. "It was," he says, "a glorious thing to be a new priest, and to hold the first mass. Blessed was the mother who had borne a priest. His father, mother, and friends were now filled with joy." "A consecrated priest," he sincerely believes, "was as much above an ordinary Christian as the morning star was above a smoking taper."

The ceremony, which took place on the 2nd of May, 1507, was of the usual character; but the effect upon the highly-wrought mind of Luther was far greater than that usually experienced. The solemn and terrible charge given to the new-made priest shook his frame with terror. "Receive," said the Bishop, "the power of sacrifice for the quick and the dead."

This arrogation of Divine Attributes did not commend itself to Luther. "It is a wonder," he wrote afterwards, "that the ground did not open and swallow us both up." Trembling with fear he faltered, and would have fallen away from the altar had not assistance been at hand. To stand before God without a mediator was presumption in his eyes; and the words "the sacrifice which I offer now to thee," jarred upon his sincere and ingenuous mind. "From that time forth," he confesses, "I read mass with great fear." But, if this brought uneasiness and doubt to his mind, no such indecision followed the humble confession and resolution to serve God which formed part of the profession.

"God, who is glorious and holy in all his works, having most graciously condescended to raise me up—me, a wretched, and in all respects, unworthy sinner, and to call me by his sole and most free mercy to his sublime ministry; I ought, in order to testify my gratitude for such divine and magnificent goodness, as far, at least, as mere dust and ashes can do it, to fulfil with my whole heart the duties of the office intrusted to me."

After the ordination, dinner was given to those who were present at the rite. Hans sat by his son's side, and preserved the gravest countenance.

"My dear father," said the new priest, "why are you so sad? Why should you regret?"

The conversation was then in general praise of the priest's office, but Martin's misgivings were not without cause. Rising from his seat, and addressing the company, Hans observed, "Is it not written in the Word, that a man should honour his father and his mother?" "It is," said they. Thereupon Hans looked expressively at his son, who remained silent. The silence was broken by the guests, who began to talk of indifferent matters, with a view doubtless of saving a repetition of this searching question. At the conclusion of the feast, Hans presented his son with the sum of twenty florins, and then joining himself to the retinue of his friends who had accompanied him, took his departure.

Luther dreaded the ordeal through which he must pass before he could bring himself to preach in public. "Here, under this pear tree," he afterwards said, "I have, over and over again, argued with Dr. Staupitz, as to

whether it was my vocation to preach. He said it was. I had fifteen reasons against it, and fifteen more when they were done. 'Doctor,' I used to say, 'you want to kill me. I shall not live three months, if you compel me to go on.' 'Our Lord,' the doctor would reply, 'Our Lord requires the aid of able men; He needs your services, and must have them.'" The doctor was successful in his argument, and Luther essayed to preach, but at first before the brethren only.

"Oh, how I trembled when I was ascending the pulpit for the first time. I would fain have excused myself; but they made me preach. It was the regulation, that the junior brethren should preach to the rest."

Such was the modest beginning of one of the boldest and ablest preachers of the Reformation!

Some time after, when Luther had partially overcome his timidity about preaching, and was being initiated into the various duties of his office he received a shock which he thus describes in his Tischreden (Table Talk):[1]

"When I was young, it happened that I was taking part, in my priest's habit, in a procession on *Corpus Christi* day, at Eisleben. All at once, the sight of the Holy Sacrament, borne by Dr. Staupitz, so terrified me that I perspired at every pore, and I thought I should die with fear. When the procession was over I confessed to the doctor, and related what happened to me." He replied, "Thy thoughts are not according to Christ: Christ

[1] This famous work (Tischreden, oder Colloquia Doct. Mart. Luther) was first issued in folio size, at Eisleben, in 1566. The British Museum contains an original copy, in excellent preservation.

does not terrify, he consoles." These were a great relief to my mind, and filled me with joy."

It is most probable that Luther received his first impressions of the Reformation when Dr. Staupitz gave to him that famous and cherished Bible on parting with him at the monastery.

"Let the study of the Scriptures be your favorite occupation." The very thing to act mightily upon Luther. Without knowing it Staupitz struck the key-note of the Reformation. Study the Scriptures! and find in them a full and perfect destruction of the pretensions and daring impiety of the church in which you have been reared, and in whose services the freshness of your strength is now being expended.

"Staupitz," with sincere thankfulness he afterwards said, "Staupitz assisted me, or rather God through him. I lay wretchedly entangled in the Papal net. I must have perished in the den of murderers, if God had not delivered me. His grace transformed me, and kept me from going with the enemies of the Gospel, and from joining them now in shedding innocent blood. As soon as you receive the knowledge of Christ with sure faith, all anger, fear and trembling vanish in the twinkling of an eye, and nothing but pure compassion is seen in God! Such knowledge quickeneth the heart, and maketh it joyful and assured that God is not angry with us, but tenderly loveth us."

The study of the Scriptures was the principal and undoubtedly the most important occupation of Luther during the remainder of his continuance at Erfurt. Dr. Staupitz had been resolving in his mind upon some new position for

the young monk. His ability and sincere godliness must not be buried in obscurity. "Our Lord requires the aid of able men," such was his belief, and he was not slow in acting upon his conviction. In the judgment of the kindly Vicar-General, Luther, in his own person, combined all necessary qualifications. His merits were laid before the Elector Frederick, one of the richest and most powerful princes at that time in Germany, as well as one of the most magnificent, intellectual, and bountiful. The new University at Wittenberg was his great and enlightened work, and he was anxious that all the available learning of the time should be gathered within its walls. In the Charter confirming its privileges, Frederick declared that he and his people would regard its decision as they would those of an oracle, and this court of appeal, as it afterwards virtually became, did, on many and great occasions, pronounce decisions that affected Christianity and its professors with a force far beyond even the fondest dreams of its founder. The recommendation of Dr. Staupitz carried great influence and weight with the Elector. Luther was invited to take a position in the University at Wittenberg, then in the sixth year of its existence. The Chair of Philosophy was vacant, and at the age of twenty-five Luther was called upon to become its occupant. Not for a single moment did he hesitate in accepting the invitation. His preparations were of the simplest description, and without delay he left the place in which three years of his life had been spent, and proceeded to his new appointment.

The City of Erfurt was a large populous and attrac-

tive place. Wittenberg, on the contrary, was small, mean, and singularly unattractive. Dr. Sears gives the following description:—

"On the north side are seen plains broken by sand hills and copses of wood; on the south, a low flat heath, behind which flowed the broad Elbe, fringed here and there with willow and oak shrubs. Many wretched hamlets were seen in the distance, and the city itself, if we except the public buildings, was but little more than a cluster of mean dwellings. The people were warlike, but so sensual that it was thought necessary to limit their convivialities by law. At bethrothals, for example, nothing was allowed to be given to the guests, except cakes, bread, cheese, fruit, and beer. The last article so abounded at Wittenberg, that it was said, 'The cuckoo could be heard there in winter evenings,' speaking, of course, through the throats of the bottles. There were one hundred and seventy-two breweries in the city in 1513. Among the items of expenditure of the city, recorded in the treasurer's books, for the ten years before Luther's arrival, are moneys paid for fire-arms; for race grounds, where oxen were the prizes won in the race; for paintings and masks used in plays; for garments, masks, rings, scaffolding, linen dresses for Satan and his companions, for Judas and the two thieves; all to be used in the amusements of Passion week." Such was the place where Luther commenced his new labours, and where so many vast events of historical moment had their birth.

"I wonder," he remarks, "that a University should be

placed there," referring doubtless to the choice made by the Elector Frederick, who, in the midst of a town consisting for the most part of small houses of mud walls and thatched roofs, had founded a University, intended to rival that of Erfurt, and which, indeed, afterwards totally eclipsed it.

The commencement of his labours consisted of lectures upon Philosophy, and for these lectures he did not receive any emolument. It is not a little remarkable, and will be taken in evidence of the self-denying, unselfish character of the man, that throughout his life,—and that life was full of poverty and the vexation of limited means even to within a few years of its close,—he never received any payments from those he taught, and no remuneration from the booksellers for his writings. Once, indeed, the publishers sought to secure his manuscripts by the offer of an annual sum of four hundred florins, but Luther, with amazing nobility of soul, refused their money, with the full-hearted remark, "I cannot make merchandise of the gifts with which God hath endowed me!"

It may possibly be of interest to remember that before and at the dawn of the Reformation, the invention of Gutenberg and Fust at Mentz had proved of immense value in promoting the spread of literature in Germany. In 1513, thirty-five publications only appeared; thirty-seven was the number in 1517; but after Luther began to disseminate his views the increase was most rapid. In 1518 the number rose to seventy-one; in the following year it reached one hundred and eleven; and in 1520 no less than two hundred and eleven works were

issued. Succeeding years only showed further increase. 1521 yielded three hundred and forty-seven, and a total of four hundred and ninety-eight was reached at the end of the following year. The reformers contributed mainly to this result, and far more frequently than any other Luther displayed his untiring diligence. In 1522, he published one hundred and thirty, and in the following year so great was his marvellous industry that no less than one hundred and eighty-three of his writings and addresses spread their way, by the friendly and powerful aid of the press, throughout civilized Europe. To show the marvellous vitality exhibited by his productions, it may be stated that the latest collected edition of his works in the British Museum consists of as many as sixty-seven octavo volumes.

His work at Wittenberg at first was not congenial to the bent of his inclination, as may be gathered from his own remarks.

Writing on the 17th March, 1509, to his old friend and teacher, John Braun, Vicar of Eisenach, he says:—"That I came off without saying a word to you, you must not marvel. For so sudden was my departure that my choicest friends there hardly knew it. I would fain have written to you; but could not then for lack of time, and could only but grieve that I was constrained to fly away in such haste, without bidding you farewell. But now, at God's command, or by his permission, I am here at Wittenberg. Would you know my state and condition, I would say it is, by God's favour, very good, saving that I must force myself unto my studies, especially philosophy,

before which I preferred theology from the beginning. I mean that theology which seeketh for the inside of the nut, for the kernel of the wheat beneath the husk, for the marrow within the bone. But God is God, and man often, nay, always, erreth in his judgment. This is our God, and he shall guide us in his loving kindness for ever."

But, in a very little time, the nature of his occupation underwent a change, and the change brought the very thing he desired.

In the same month he took his first step in Divinity. The University book shows the following entry:—"On the ninth of March, Master (*i.e.*, A.M.) Martin was admitted to the Bible (*i.e.*, made *Biblicus*) but, being called away to Erfurt, hath not unto this time paid his fee." The "promotion-tax," as it is called, is always very carefully collected in a German university. The other matter on the document is amusing and characteristic of the future sturdy outspoken Reformer. In Luther's own handwriting, in the margin, appears this blunt reply, "And never will! I was then poor, and under the rule of monastic obedience, and had nothing to give. Let Erfurt pay!"

Luther rapidly gained his degrees in Theology. *Biblicus* was the first, and did not need any scriptural knowledge beyond a mere superficial acquaintance with some well known texts; *Sententiarius* the second; *Formatus* the third; and *Licentiatus* the fourth. This last qualified the possessor to teach general theology. The last and highest grade was that of Doctor of Divinity. When he had attained the necessary qualification, his theological

labours began, and this new direction of his great ability quickly became manifest.

The spot where the Reformer first delivered his Biblical address is thus described by Myconius:—"In the new Augustinian cloister at Wittenberg, the foundation of a chapel had indeed been laid, but the walls were raised no higher than to be level with the ground. Within, there was yet standing a little wooden chapel, about thirty feet long and twenty wide; the timbers thereof being laid in mortar, very much leaning, and propped upon all sides. In it was a little half-gallery, old and smoky, in which twenty men might perhaps stand. By the wall on the south side was to be seen a pulpit of old rough-hewn planks, raised about an ell and a half from the floor. The building may well be compared to the stable in which Christ was born. In this dingy little chapel did God cause his Holy Gospel and his dear child Jesus to be born anew. It was no Minster or great Cathedral, though there were many thousands of them, that God chose for this purpose. But soon this chapel was too strait, and Luther was called to preach in the parish church."

"When a preacher," says Luther, "for the first time goeth into the pulpit, no one would believe how fearful he is, he seeth so many heads before him. When I go up into the pulpit, I do not look upon any one. I think them to be only so many blocks before me, and I speak out the words of my God."

The Historian of the Reformation thus finely describes his preaching and its effect upon the minds of his hearers: "Luther preaches; everything is striking in the new min-

ister. His expressive countenance, his noble air, his clear and sonorous voice, captivate all his hearers. Before his time, the majority of preachers had sought rather what might amuse their congregation, than what would convert them. The great seriousness that pervaded all Luther's sermons, and the joy with which the knowledge of the Gospel filled his heart imparted to his eloquence a warmth, an unction, and an authority that his predecessors had not possessed. One of his opponents (Florimond Raymond), says, 'Endowed with a ready and lively genius, with a good memory, and employing his mother-tongue with wonderful facility, Luther was inferior to none of his contemporaries in eloquence. Speaking from the pulpit as if he were agitated by some violent emotion, suiting the action to his words, he affected his hearers' minds in a surprising manner, and bore them like a torrent wherever he pleased. So much strength, grace and eloquence are rarely found in these children of the North.' 'He had,' says Bossuet, 'a lively and impetuous eloquence that charmed and led away the people.' Sometimes eminent doctors came to listen to his course, and retired full of admiration. The venerable Pollich, known by the sobriquet of *Lux Mundi*, heard him, and struck with wonder exclaimed: 'This father has profound insight, exceeding imagination; he will trouble the doctors before he has done, and excite no slight disturbance.'

"Soon the little chapel could not hold the hearers who crowded to it. The Council of Wittenberg then nominated Luther their chaplain, and invited him to preach in the city church. The impression he there produced was greater

still. The energy of his genius, the eloquence of his style, and the excellence of the doctrines he proclaimed, equally astonished his hearers. His reputation extended far and wide, and Frederick the Wise, the Elector who had introduced him to the University, came once to Wittenberg to hear him."

The University was wholly under the controlling power of its founder, who did not in any way associate it with Rome. The students were, on the whole, somewhat inclined to exhibit wills of their own, and possibly in some sort were not much unlike those of our own time, who like to show a manly spirit, not without danger to an unpopular professor. In Luther's time these independent and law-defying young people had insulted some of the court of the Bishop of Brandenburg, who thereupon set a fine upon the city of two thousand gulden, and placed it under interdict until the sum was paid. Dr. Scheurl, their late rector, had rendered himself most obnoxious by imposing checks upon their constant and pernicious habit of excessive beer-drinking; and further incited their displeasure by forbidding their appearance in the streets armed with gun, sword or knife. One of the students who was expelled the University for some offence against its regulations, assassinated the rector in 1512, the year of Luther's visit to Rome. Melanchthon, too, having incited their displeasure many years after narrowly escaped with his life. Turbulent as they were, Luther did not throughout his career receive anything but affection and loving service from them; although indeed his opinion of the inhabitants generally was not too favorable. "These Saxons," he

says, "are neither agreeable nor civil;" and again, deploring their want of solicitude in the education of their offspring, he remarks, "The Wittenbergers trouble themselves neither about honour, courtesy, nor religion; they do not send their sons to school, though so many come here from abroad." Eisenach evidently was his favorite town, and no other place could supplant it in his affections —"Eisenach, my own dear Eisenach!"

CHAPTER IV.

LUTHER IN ROME.

IN 1512, an important commission was entrusted to Luther. Seven convents of his order had points of controversy with their Vicar-General. It being impossible to adjust these differences, it was decided to appeal to the judgment of Rome. Dr. Staupitz committed his cause to Luther, and the other side also willingly gave their interest to his charge; convinced as they were of his great intelligence, talent for discussion, general ability and scrupulous conscientiousness.

To Rome therefore he directed his steps; and in the knowledge and thoughts gained in the immortal city may clearly be traced the hand of God in guiding, without once leaving or seeming to leave the footsteps of the poor monk, then chosen by Him to be the grand central figure in that most sublime of all sublimities—the Reformation of Religion throughout the world!

Dr. Staupitz accompanied him as far as Heidelberg where he left him, and Luther proceeded on his way, having a Brother for his companion and associate.

"Behold!" says Michelet, in his life, "Luther in Italy! It is a moment of ineffable joy, of boundless hopes, in which we begin the descent of the Alps, to enter for the first

time that glorious land. And for Luther, there was the further aspiration to confirm his wavering faith in the holy city; and throw aside all the growing burden of uneasy doubt at the tomb of the apostles. Old Rome, too, the Rome of classic ages, was a powerful attraction to him, as the seat and sanctuary of the learning he had cultivated with such ardour in his poor Wittenberg."

He was received at Milan in a marble convent, and from that he visited one convent after another, or, rather one palace after another, for such they were. In each he found good cheer, sumptuous entertainment. The simple-minded German was somewhat astonished at all this magnificence of humility, at all this regal splendour of penitence. He once ventured to suggest to the Italian monks that they would do well, at least to abstain from meat on Friday: the impertinence was near costing him his life; it was with the greatest difficulty he got out of the hands of the offended epicures.

D'Aubigny gives a somewhat different and more detailed account. "The poor German monk was entertained in a wealthy convent of the Benedictines on the banks of the Po, in Lombardy. The revenues of this monastery amounted to 36,000 ducats; 12,000 were devoted to the table, 12,000 were set apart for the buildings, and the remainder for the wants of the monks. The splendour of the apartments, the richness of their dress, and the delicacy of their food, confounded Luther. Marble, silk—luxury in all its forms —what a novel sight for the humble brother of the poor convent at Wittenberg! He was astonished and silent; but when Friday came, what was his surprise at seeing

the Benedictine table groaning under a load of meat. Upon this he resolved to speak. 'The church and the pope,' said he, 'forbid such things.' The Benedictines were irritated at this reprimand of the unpolished German. But Luther having persisted, and perhaps threatened to make their irregularities known, some thought the simplest course would be to get rid of their importunate guest. The porter of the convent forewarned him of the danger he incurred by a longer stay."

Undeceived and sorrowful, he proceeded on foot over the plains of Lombardy. He reached Pavia in ill health; he went on, and when he entered Bologna, he was sick well nigh unto death. The traveller's head had been too violently assailed by the sun of Italy, and even more than by this, by the novel things, the foreign manners, the strange discourse he saw and heard around him on his way. He kept his bed for awhile in Bologna, once the throne of Roman law and of the legists, and looked upon himself for some time as a dead man. Ever and anon, in order to strengthen and confirm his mind, he whispered the words of the prophet and apostle: "*The just shall live by faith.*"

Luther's companion, too, did not escape a serious illness. Both his sufferings and the sufferings of Luther probably arose in a great measure from the fatigues of travelling and the difference of diet in the various places through which they passed. But Luther, in a letter sent to his friends, seems to have held an opinion that their illness was produced by injudiciously sleeping at night with the casement of their chambers open.

"The Italians," he writes, "only require you to look in a mirror to be able to kill you. They can deprive you of all your senses by secret poisons. In Italy, the air itself is pestilential: at night, they close hermetically every window, and stop up every chink and cranny."

A few days rest at Bologna brought about their restoration to health, and they resumed their journey, passing through Florence without stopping, and at length drew near the Eternal City of the Seven Hills.

Rome was before him! That Rome of which he had read so much; the first home of that religion so sacred to him; the place of the trial and martyrdom of some of the apostles; the birthplace and cradle and grave of martyrs, fathers, and saints loved and treasured in his heart of hearts!

"On arriving," he says, "I fell on my knees, raised my hands to Heaven, and exclaimed, 'Hail, holy Rome! made holy by the holy martyrs, and by the blood which has been spilt here.'"

When Luther reached Rome, he doubtless saw the guide book specially prepared for visitors, and entitled "*Mirabilia Romae*," (the Wonders of Rome). This book was full of the treasures of the papal city. The city does not appear to have struck Luther in a very favourable way. In his blunt, German-peasant manner he says: "Rome, is but a dead carcass compared with its ancient splendour. The houses now rest on ground as high as the roofs once stood. This do we perceive at the banks of the Tiber, where the ruins reach perpendicularly to the length of two spears, such as are used by our troops. Rome, where

the most magnificent buildings once stood, was razed to the ground by the Goths. On the hill, and the Capitol, stands a Franciscan convent. Rome, as I saw it, is full five miles in circumference. The vestiges where ancient Rome stood can scarcely be traced. The theatre and the Baths of Diocletian are still to be seen."

The new Cathedral of St. Peter's was then in course of erection, and upon it a large sum of money had already been expended by the Pope, Julius II., who had commenced the building.

He did not at this time think that in order to raise the necessary funds to complete this great work, an aggravated system of Indulgences would spring forth, and produce throughout Europe that loud protesting cry in which might be heard the doom of Papal supremacy!

Luther at this time fully believed in the Pope and the Papacy. He gazed, indeed, credulously and awe stricken at the heads of the apostles Peter and Paul in the court before the cathedral, although in after time when his mind was freed from the imposture, he said:—

"They boast at Rome of having the heads of Peter and Paul, and show them as sacred relics, although they are nothing but wooden heads, made by a bungling artist. I can boldly affirm, according to what I myself have seen and heard at Rome, that no one there knows where the bodies of St. Paul and St. Peter lie. The popes, indeed, show every year (on SS. Peter and Paul day) to the blind and silly populace two heads of Peter and Paul, carved in wood, and would fain make them believe that these are the

veritable skulls of Peter and Paul; and on the altar where these skulls are kept from injury the palliums of the bishops are also preserved."

But at this period no such convictions occupied his simple, confiding, and reverent mind. He saw all and believed much.

"In the Pantheon at Rome," he says, "now converted into a church, are representations in painting of all the gods. When I was there I saw this church. It had no windows, but was one high vault, with an opening above to admit the light. It had large marble pillars, which could hardly be compassed by two men with their arms extended."

The work cited tells of all the stations, the relics, the indulgences, and the rest of the favourite and wonder-striking but pretentious exhibitions of the Church.

One of the seven churches at Rome had power to grant as many days of indulgence as the number of drops of rain which could fall in three days and nights.

Luther, with the zeal of a good Catholic, swallowed all these idle tales; and so sincerely did he believe their lying inventions that he absolutely regretted, he tells us, that his father and mother were still living, so much did he burn to release their souls from purgatory! "Oh!" he exclaims, "what pleasure I should have in delivering them from the fire of purgatory by my masses, my prayers, and by so many admirable works."

When he had come to his right mind, and had became emancipated from this superstition, reproaching himself,

he says, "Such a foolish saint was I, running to all the churches and sepulchres, and believing all the pitiable stories that were told me."[1]

Any devout believer going up the staircase of Pilate on his knees was promised a thousand years indulgence in respect to penance imposed. Luther hastened to secure this tremendous reward, and to traverse again those sacred steps once trodden by his Lord and Redeemer; but while engaged in the act a sudden flash of enlightenment came across his mind. He thought he heard a voice of thunder crying from the bottom of his heart, as at Wittenberg and Bologna—"*The Just shall live by faith!*" These words, that twice before had struck him like the voice of an angel from heaven, resounded unceasingly and powerfully within him. He rises in amazement from the steps up which he was dragging his body; he shudders at himself; he is ashamed of seeing to what a depth superstition had plunged him. He flies far from the scene of his folly.[2]

An indulgence for a lengthened—it might almost be said an indefinite—term was to be the reward for looking upon the handkerchief of St. Veronica, on which it was said were the features of our Lord, miraculously impressed after the handkerchief had been used by Him in the agony in the Garden.

Dr. Sears says of this imposture; "There was never such a person as Veronica, and the name was unheard of till the middle ages. It is the corruption, as Mabillon and others have shown, of the two words *vera* (true), and

[1] Jürgens II., 268. [2] Seckendorf.

icon (image); words inscribed under paintings of Christ's countenance upon cloth."

Luther says of this relic :—"It is nothing but a black square board, with a cloth hung before it, and over that another, which is raised when the Veronica is shown. The poor besotted pilgrim can see nothing but a cloth before a black tablet."

The Pope, at this period, was no longer the scandalous Alexander VI., but the warlike and choleric Julius II. This Father of the Faithful breathed nothing but blood and ruin. We know that his great artist, Michael Angelo, represented him as overwhelming Bologna with his benediction. The pope had recently commanded the sculptor to prepare for him a funeral monument, as large as a church : of this projected monument, the *Moses*, with some other statues which have come down to us, were to have formed a part.

Luther related afterwards an incident in the life of this Pontiff. When intelligence once came to him that his soldiers, (for this blood-thirsty prelate, sometimes commanded his army in person, and even besieged towns), had been driven from Ravenna by the French with great slaughter, and the absolute loss of the place, he was engaged with his usual prayers. Flinging his book aside, he exclaimed, with a fearful oath, "And thou, too, art become a Frenchman ! Is it thus thou dost protect thy Church ?" This horrible impiety was followed by his turning in the direction of the country to whose arms he thought to have recourse, and with craven fears he cried out, "Saint Switzer, pray for us !"

Michelet, in recording and estimating his character, says, "This singular priest had refused to enter Mirandola otherwise than by the breach he had made in its walls. His cardinals, apprentice-officers under him, were politicians, diplomatists, or, more generally, men of letters, upstart *savans*, who read nothing but Cicero, and who would have feared to impair their Latinity by opening the Bible. When they spoke of the pope, it was of the *Pontifex Maximus;* a canonized saint was, in their language, a man *relatus inter Divos*; and if they at any time referred to grace, they phrased it thus:—*Deorum immortalium beneficiis.*"

During his stay in Rome Luther lived at the Augustinian convent, near the *Porto del Popolo*, and here the terribly loose and profane character of his brethren was but too painfully brought to his attention. With godly and devout earnestness he officiated at the Mass; but his decorous and dignified bearing provoked only the derision of the others. They laughed at his simplicity. One day, during the celebration of this sacred rite, he was surprised to find that during the time of his conscientious and impressive work, the priest at an adjacent altar had gabbled through no less than seven Masses before he had accomplished one. "Quick, quick," impiously urged one of the celebrants, "send Our Lady back her Son!" in allusion to the transubstantiation of the bread into the body, and the wine into the blood, of our blessed Redeemer.

On another celebration, Luther had only reached as far as the Gospel, while the priest by his side, commencing at the same time, had already completed the Mass. "Passa,

passa!" he cried, impatiently, "make haste, have done with it, at once."

Luther was inexpressibly shocked at this want of devotion and common decency in the celebration of what appeared to him to be the most sacred of all the Sacraments. He had gone to Rome moved by sincere and deep feeling. It was a last effort to appease conscience, and allay the growing storm of his soul. How great then was the shock and sorrow which he experienced, when he found the Mass mocked at by some of the very highest ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the solemn service of God transformed and degraded into a mere pageant and, at best, a theatrical spectacle.[1]

The utter want of piety and implied unbelief which existed amongst the lower grades of the priesthood found aggravated intensity in the dignitaries of the church. His standing in the order, and his present position as its ambassador, secured invitations to the houses of the higher order of ecclesiastics. Here, at least, Luther expected to find that superior culture would promote more regard for the sacred calling. But his belief was quickly and rudely dispelled.

Impiety and buffoonery, with an assumption of intellectual superiority that seemed to look down with scornful mockery upon the profession of religion, met him wherever he went. The very mysteries of their most holy calling were unblushingly ridiculed and degraded. Often, instead of the sacramental words used in the transformation of the bread and wine into the flesh and blood of our Lord, they jestingly

[1] Shenkel Ref., p. 20.

pronounced the words, "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain; wine thou art, and wine thou shalt remain" (*Panis es panis manebis; vinum es, et vinum manebis*). And the poor abused penitents bowed down in worship before this unconsecrated host. Luther reddened with shame at this, and held his peace, but the repose of his features only concealed the indignant emotions of his heart. The open and shameless parade of impiety jarred upon the integrity of his moral and religious nature. "I was," he writes, simply and earnestly, "a thoughtful and pious young monk. Such language grieved me bitterly. If it is thus they speak at Rome, freely and publicly at the dinner table, thought I to myself, what would it be if their actions correspond to their words, and if all—Pope, Cardinals, and Courtiers—thus repeat the Mass! How have I been deceived, who have heard them read with even apparent devotion!"

Shenkel says, he saw the Holy Mass was made a mock of at their merry carousals by the highest dignitaries of the Church: that the entire endeavour and aim of the Romish Court was directed towards worldly pomp, and the base lust of gold; whilst the open fraud, practiced with the pretended holy relics, the juggling, spiritual, and theatrical spectacles which were daily performed before the eyes of the ignorant mob, aroused his honest, pious German soul as completely, as these discoveries shook to its very foundation, his faith in the Papacy which hitherto had been as firm as a rock.[1]

The state of law and order in Rome was such as

[1] Shenkel's Ref., p. 20.

might fairly be supposed to exist where such degraded spiritual guides directed its administration. The prostitution of the sacred office tended to the immediate degradation of morals and undermined all social life.

"The police of Rome is very strict and severe," Luther writes. "The judge or captain patrols the city every night, on horse-back, with three hundred followers: he arrests every one that is found in the streets; if they meet an armed man he is hung or thrown into the Tiber. And yet the city is filled with disorder and murder; whilst in those places where the Word of God is faithfully preached, peace and order prevail, without calling for the severity of the law.

"No one can imagine what sins and infamous actions are committed in Rome; they must be seen and heard to be believed. Thus, they are in the habit of saying, 'If there be a hell, Rome is built over it;' it is an abyss whence issues every kind of sin!"

Severe and distressing as these statements must appear, they cannot truthfully be denied. Corruption reigned everywhere, and no effort on the part of those high in authority was made to restrain its growth, or effect its destruction. A general decadence was upon all things, and many there were who felt that the days of the Papacy were numbered—that the measure of its iniquity was full.

Machiavelli, the historiographer of the republic of Florence, a writer of the highest authority, of great ability, and deeply grounded in political science, also describes the impressions then very general. "The strongest symptom," he writes, "of the approaching ruin of Christianity,

is that the nearer people approach the capital of Christendom, the less Christian spirit is found. The scandalous examples and the crimes of the court of Rome are the cause why Italy has lost every principle of piety and all religious feeling. We Italians are indebted principally to the Church and the priests for having become impious and immoral."

Such was the deliberate conviction of one of the most profound and subtle thinkers of his age.

The business which brought Luther to Rome was dispatched without much regard being paid to its consideration. There was another matter on which all minds were fixed. At this juncture the war against the French, and the reverses experienced by the troops of the Papacy occupied all the attention of the Pontiff. The impoverished condition of the State was his pressing trouble. He had spent enormous sums in the rebuilding of St. Peter's. His ideas were magnificent. Once he is reported to have said of the Pantheon, "I will raise that temple three hundred feet in the air." But a court luxuriant and expensive beyond conception, and an exhausted treasury checked the execution of his ambitious and gigantic conceptions.

"The Pope moves," Luther says, "as if making a triumphal entry, with beautiful and richly caparisoned horses before him, and he himself bears the Sacrament upon a splendid white palfrey."

One ceremony forcibly took Luther's attention during his stay in the city. It was the terrible ceremony of excommunication.

"At Rome," he says, "when they pronounce the ban of excommunication, about twenty cardinals sit and throw from them burning torches, extinguishing them by the cast, thereby showing that the well-being and salvation of the persons so excommunicated will be extinguished in like manner. And, as a little bell was rung at the same time, this ceremony was called lighting and tinking a man."

"Lighting and tinking!" a process no doubt harmful enough if believed in, but, nevertheless, not always followed by irreparable hurt; a process under which, before many years shall elapse, Luther himself must pass: and to the full bear the awful curse of a Church, white with the frenzy of baffled and impotent rage, but red with the life blood of many brave hearts, whose cry had been Freedom!

What if foul Oppression fill the cup
Of crime, that Hell may have a deeper draught!

. . . . . .

From dungeon and from den there comes a voice
That supplicates for Freedom; from the tomb
Of Martyrs her transcendancy is told,
And dim'd she may be, but cannot be destroyed!
Who bends the spirit from its high domain,
Of God himself a sacrilege commits;
For soul doth share in His supremacy;
To crush it, is to violate His power,
And grasp a sceptre an Almighty wields!

CHAPTER V.

THEOLOGICAL TEACHING AT WITTENBERG.

HIS mission in Rome accomplished, Luther turned his back upon the Eternal City. Although his stay there did not exceed four weeks, in that brief time he had gained knowledge and had formed impressions which suggested and influenced many most important movements throughout his life. Lessons learnt in the "Holy City" were never forgotten. Not only was the veil before his mind withdrawn, and the sardonic sneer and mocking unbelief which lay concealed behind the Romish superstitions revealed to the future Reformer, but the living, saving faith that God had implanted was powerfully strengthened.[1]

Another important fact may be affirmed. One mighty element in his character was wholly created there. Whilst still at Rome, even though unconscious of it, Luther emancipated himself from the Papacy, and from its errors and sins.[2]

By the decision brought by Luther from the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal, the points of dispute between the

[1] D'Aubigny. [2] Shenkel, 20. Jürgen's Leben, II., 358.

Vicar-General and the complaining convents were happily arranged; and friendly relations, which had been somewhat strained by Dr. Staupitz's unwelcome reformations, and the opposition they invoked, were re-established; doubtless to the satisfaction and comfort of all parties concerned.

Having returned to his home in the convent at Wittenberg, Luther resumed his accustomed duties in the University.

The highest theological degree, that of Doctor of Divinity, was conferred upon him on the 19th of October, 1512. He greatly scrupled to take this distinction. His dear friend, Dr. Staupitz, who had befriended him, and to whom he owed his present advancement, had some time previously made him reader at the table in the monastery, substituting the Holy Scriptures which he loved so well in place of the writings of St. Augustine, which till then had been read to the monks during their meals. The Vicar-General was most anxious that this crowning honour should be placed upon his favorite. But Luther, with that strong modesty ever a distinguishing mark and token of true genius, shrunk from its acceptance.

"Upon my witless head was, at your expense, placed the Doctor's hat," he wrote to the Elector Frederick, to whom, on the grounds of discrimination, posterity owes not a little, and is now, indeed, paying its just debt, "an honour at which I blush, but which I am constrained to bear, because those whom it is my duty to obey would have it so."

The terms of the oath administered at the time of his

appointment were to "teach purely and sincerely according to the Scriptures," and it cannot be asserted that he failed to keep that oath in all the integrity of the light within him. For years he held his life in the hollow of his hand, and preached God's Scripture without counting the cost.

The ceremony, performed by Andrew Bodestein, of the city of Carlstadt, took place with great pomp and circumstance. There was a solemn procession, and the great bell of the University lent its impressive tones to the occasion.

The oath to teach according to the Scripture availed him greatly in his after-struggle with the papacy, as will, in due course, appear. The cost of the degree was fifty florins: this sum was paid by the Elector, as Luther writes; and his generosity was increased by the bestowal of a massive gold ring, worn by the doctor, and since shown in the library of Wolfenbüttel.

"Andrew Bodestein," writes D'Aubigny, "was at that time Dean of the theological faculty, and it is by the name of Carlstadt that this doctor is generally known. He was also called the A.B.C. Melanchthon first gave him this designation, on account of the three initials of his name. Bodestein acquired, in his native country, the elements of learning. He was of a serious and gloomy character, perhaps inclined to jealousy, and of restless temper, but full of a desire for knowledge, and of very great capacity. He frequented, in German fashion, several Universities to augment his stores of learning, and studied theology at Rome."

On his return from Italy, he settled at Wittenberg, and

shortly afterwards became a Doctor of Divinity. "At this time," he said afterwards, "I had not read the Holy Scriptures." This remark gives us a true idea of the theology of the age. Carlstadt, besides professor, was also a canon and an archdeacon. Such was the man who, in after-years, was destined to create a schism in the Reformation. At this time he saw in Luther only an inferior; but the Augustine ere long became an object of jealousy to him. "I will not be less great than Luther," said he one day, very far from anticipating, at that period, the great destinies of the young professor.

When Luther, bound by his oath to teach the Scripture purely and sincerely, was appointed to instruct, he himself was in sore need of instruction.

Mathesius, no bad authority on this subject, says "He was *spelling out* the words of the Bible" when he commenced its exposition; but whether this is literally true or not, it is certainly the fact that at about this time he zealously applied himself to the study of Greek and Hebrew, and before long was enabled to read the Scriptures in those languages.

The subject of his first lectures was the identical one which struck him so forcibly when at Rome, and which still exercised his mind—Justification by Faith. The Epistle to the Romans came first under exposition, and Luther must have felt that while expounding St. Paul to his hearers, he was also strengthening, and confirming, and justifying his own faith. Stroke after stroke he aimed at the fetters of the school-philosophy, and continued to penetrate into the inexhaustible depths of the Apostle Paul,

and of his Epistle to the Romans.[1] The doctrine of good works was Rome's favourite device to promote piety; but here, in Luther's initiatory discourses was its inspired antithesis—the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and by Faith alone! This is remarkable and well worthy of attention.

The earnest, devout mind of the Reformer dwelt lovingly on the Psalms of David: the Psalms forming a part of the course of lectures with St. Paul's Epistle. "These writings," says Melanchthon, "he explained in such a manner that, in the estimation of all pious and intelligent persons, a new day, succeeding a long night of darkness, was dawning upon the Christian doctrines."

"Let us," says Sears, "pause a moment and contemplate the position he now held. He had fully adopted the two great Protestant principles of Justification by Faith in Christ, and the right of private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures; but he was not aware that these were the germs of a new order of things which could not be developed without separating him from the Church. Meanwhile he was becoming a bold, strong, and independent thinker, and beginning already, without directly intending it, to wield a commanding and renovating influence over his pupils and friends."

Here was Luther's distinct and unmistakable call. To study and expound the Scriptures—this was his vocation the business of his life. No longer bound to treat upon the well-known and well-worn teaching of the Fathers; he went direct and untrammeled, freely and without any

[1] Shenkel, 21.

obstacle intervening, to drink from the living fountain of God's Word. The springs from that fountain would henceforth gush out freely for him and for all. Soon shall be heard the loud singing of Freedom's grand Hymn, the first words of which are, "No other Faith than that taught by Christ, his Apostles, and the Holy Prophets: no medley of Rome, brimming with superstition, idolatry and coercion: no fathers, with their strange and perplexing doctrines: nothing save the pure doctrine of Christ, and Him crucified!"

CHAPTER VI.

BEGINNING OF THE CONFLICT WITH ROME.

FOUR years had passed since Luther received his doctor's degree, when his father and superior, Dr. Staupitz, went to the Netherlands. The mission with which he was intrusted was a singular one, taken in connection with its author and promoter. It was to collect relics for the Elector Frederic!

He was absent for about eighteen months, and during that time the office of Vicar-General was filled by Luther.

Jürgens remarks on this selection, "This was a sign of great confidence on the part of Staupitz—a sign of Luther's high standing already in the order. Staupitz could not have committed his own office to so young a man, unless the intellectual superiority of the latter had been universally acknowledged, or at least felt. Otherwise, how could Luther venture to appear as overseer of the very cloister where not many years before he had been misused in his novitiate; where his singularities had been witnessed, but hardly approved of, and where, until very recently, an unfriendly feeling had been cherished against him."

The cause of the misunderstanding may be discovered

in a report put in circulation by some envious and calumnious people, that Luther had violated the principles of good taste and certain regulations which existed, in taking his degree at both the Universities, Erfurt and Wittenberg: it was affirmed that he should have confined himself to his own University. Luther fired up at the imputation made upon his integrity, and triumphantly refuted his traducers, thus giving "some indication of the slumbering lion that was in him." There were other distinguished and celebrated men at Wittenberg, such as Lange, Link, and Usengen.

Luther commenced the duties of his new office early in 1516, and it was in the very first stage of his work that he came in collision with the doctrines of the Church of Rome. The visitation of monasteries and nunneries of his district was his first labour. This visitation, a most necessary and imperative duty, consisted of the regulation of discipline, the promotion of study, especially that of the Bible, and the encouragement of education. In the event of any of the superiors being found ignorant of their duties, or unfaithful in their discharge, the new Vicar-General was entrusted with power to censure them, or to remove them and fill their places with suitable men. Dr. Staupitz accompanied Luther to the monastery of Grimma, near Leipzig, and performed the visitation there himself, in order, it may be supposed, to give his young friend confidence in, and knowledge of, his new work.

During the time of the visitation, in the town of Wurtzen, a place not far distant, the Dominican friar, acting on behalf of the Archbishop of Mentz, was engaged with his infa-

mous traffic in the Sale of Indulgences. Dr. Staupitz and Luther were indignant at the traffic, although Luther was not at first so strongly exercised upon its enormity. The hostile feeling grew upon him with something of a slow growth, long before it became one of mighty strength. At Grimma, indeed, he resolved, to quote his own quaint language, "to make a hole in Tetzel's drum"; but he did not for a long time come into open hostility with that redoubtable individual.

When Luther visited Erfurt in his new character he found no difficulty in making his position acknowledged and respected. He had appointed his friend, John Lange, of whom he entertained a very high opinion, to be the Prior.

In a noble letter addressed to Mutianus, a great classical scholar, who was the president of an Intellectual Society when Luther was a student at Erfurt, he says, "That I have not visited you, most learned and accomplished Mutianus, nor invited you to visit me, is owing first, to my haste and the stress of my business; and, secondly, to my high opinion and true veneration for you. Our friendship is of too short a standing to justify me in humbling your excellence so far as to request you to visit me. I must now go where my duty calleth me, but not without first saluting you; though from a sense of my ignorance and uncouth style, I shrink from it. But my affection for you overcometh my modesty; and rustic Corydon Martin, barbarous and accustomed only to cackle among the geese, saluteth you, the scholar, the man of the most polished erudition. Yet, I am sure, or certainly presume,

that Mutianus valueth the heart above tongue or pen; and my heart is sufficiently erudite, for it is sufficiently devoted to you. Farewell, most excellent father in the Lord Jesus, and be not forgetful of me. One thing I wish to say: Father John Lange, whom you have known as a Greek and Latin scholar, and, what is more, as a man of pure heart, hath now lately been made Prior of the Erfurt convent by me. Unto man commend him by a friendly word, and unto God by your prayers."

In the course of his official visitations, many irregularities came under his notice, and in some cases he had to use severe measures; but the forgiving gentleness with which he looked upon offences, may be gathered from a letter sent by him while at Dresden, to the Prior in Mainz; from whom a monk, fearing punishment for some offence, had run away.

"That lost sheep belongeth to me. It is my duty to find him and bring him back from his wanderings, if so it please the Lord Jesus. I entreat you therefore, reverend father, by our common faith in Christ, and by our profession, to send him unto me; if in your kindness you can, either at Dresden or Wittenberg; or rather persuade him, and affectionately and kindly move him to come of his own accord. I will meet him with open arms, if he will but return. He need not fear that he has offended me. I know full well that offences must come; nor is it strange that a man should fall. It is rather strange that he should rise again and stand. Peter fell, that he might know he was but a man. At the present time also, the cedars of Lebanon, whose summits reach the skies, fall. The angels

fell in Heaven, and Adam in Paradise. Is it then strange that a reed should quiver in the breeze, and the smoking lamp be put out?"

No one can read this letter without forming a favorable opinion of the loving feelings animating the new vicar of the Augustinian Eremites in Misnia and Thuringia, for so, for the first time, he styles himself. Again, in a letter addressed to Dressel, the Prior of the monastery at Neustadt (his mother's birthplace), the same feeling is exhibited. Dressel was a man of good intentions; but unfit to manage the various conflicting tempers of those under his control. Many things had arisen that were painful to Luther. With a view of bringing about a better state of things, he wrote, "You seek and strive for peace, but in a wrong way. You seek it as the world giveth it, not as Christ giveth. You cry with Israel, 'Peace, peace,' and yet there is no peace. Cry rather with Christ, 'The Cross, the Cross,' and yet there is no cross. The Cross ceaseth to be such as soon as you can say, 'Blessed Cross; among all the kinds of wood there is none like unto it.' Behold, then, how kindly the Lord inviteth you unto true peace, when he blesseth you all around with such crosses."

His letter did not effect its intention. The brethren and Dressel could not agree; and Luther, in the interest of peace and concord, was compelled to beg the Prior's resignation.

His tour of visitation over, Luther returned to Wittenberg, and resumed his position in the University.

The abuses he had witnessed made a deep impression on his mind. Many things deeply grieved and perplexed

him; but at the same time he acquired considerable experience and confidence; and many opportunities arose where the brethren of his order were exhorted by him and induced to live together in chastity, peace, and holiness.

He established several schools, in all of which he ordered that the Scriptures should be taught; convinced that the way of Salvation could be found in them alone.

He discovered many pious men, of educated and elevated minds, among the brethren of his order, and many of these rejoiced in the new dawn of Gospel-light which was slowly, but surely, breaking upon the world.

Luther, with his new ideas, was slowly impressing them on the public mind. At present his works were only discussed in the chapters and monasteries. But the time was approaching when all this was destined to be changed. The channel through which the Truth now trickled, was but of the narrowest; soon would its dimensions be widened and deepened, and the Truth flow more copiously and rapidly. There were signs and indications abroad that men were beginning openly to express views, amounting to discontent, about Rome and its authority. A change was impending. The storm was coming on apace. Many knew its signs and portents, and when it did burst, found them prepared.

Luther's voice rung out beyond the walls of Wittenberg, and like a battle-cry it struck upon many ears, and penetrated many hearts. Cloisters, which before had been given up to contemplation, profitable doubtless, but bearing no fruits of action, became the theatres of earnest absorbing discussions; wherein truths, not before known, were dis-

covered, and which ere long drove those who received them into the arena of useful, active life.

This year, memorable as it ever will be in church history, has been called the "Morning Star of the Gospel-day;" and it well deserves the name. Luther, unknown perhaps to himself, was, as one of God's watchmen, one of the first to mark its glorious appearance in the heavens.

The duties thrown upon him at this time were very onerous. It is a little amusing to learn from his own letters the nature and extent of his employment. Writing to his friend Lange at Erfurt, he says, "I have need almost of two scribes or secretaries. I do hardly anything the whole day but write letters. I therefore cannot tell whether I do always write the same things or not. See for yourself. I am the preacher of the cloister: I am reader at the table: I am required every day to be parish preacher: I am director of the studies of the brethren: I am Vicar, that is, eleven times Prior: I am inspector of the fish ponds in Litzkau: I am advocate for the Hertzebergers in Torgau: I am lecturer on St. Paul: I am commentator on the Psalms: and, as I have said, the greater part of my time is occupied in writing letters. I seldom have time for the canonical hours and for the mass, to say nothing of the temptation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. You see what a man of leisure I am! Concerning brother John Metzel, I think my opinion and reply have already reached you. Nevertheless, I will see what I can do. How do you suppose I can find a place for all your Sardanapaluses and Sybarites? If you have trained them up wrong, you must support them after thus training them. I have useless

brethren enough everywhere, if any can be useless to a patient mind. I am satisfied that the useless can be made of more use than the most useful. Support them, therefore, for the present. In respect of the brethren you sent to me, I think, but I am not sure, I lately wrote unto you. The old man with the young men I sent to Master Spangenberg, as they desired, to the end that they might escape from breathing this pestilential air. Two I have kept here, with two others from Cologne, in whose good parts I felt so deep a concern that I chose rather to keep them, at no little cost, than send them away. There are now twenty two priests, twelve youths, and others, making in all forty one persons who live upon our more than most scanty stores. But the Lord will provide. To-morrow I should begin to lecture on the epistle to the Galatians, albeit, I fear the plague will not suffer me to go on. It taketh away two or three each day. A son of a neighbour, Faber, opposite, who was well yesterday, is carried to his burial to-day. Another son lieth infected.

"What shall I say? It is already here, and hath begun to rage suddenly and vehemently—especially with the young. You ask me and brother Feldkirk to flee with you. Whither shall I flee? I hope the world will not fall to pieces, if brother Martin do fall. The brethren I shall disperse throughout all the country, if the pestilence should prevail. But I am placed here, and my duty of obedience will not allow me to flee, until the authority which commanded me hither shall command me away."

The plague was terrible, but not sufficiently so to cause

"brother Martin" to feel alarm before the stern, unyielding call of duty!

On the return of Dr. Staupitz from the Low Countries, he brought with him a much valued collection of relics, and the Elector was greatly pleased with them. Many were carefully conveyed to a new church just erected, where they became objects of interest to the curious, and of veneration to the devout.

The Vicar-General must be rewarded, and the Elector for some time thought of conferring a Bishopric upon him. The secretary to the Elector, George Spalatin, a good, simple-hearted man, possessing nothing of the ardent boldness which stamped itself upon the general character of the Reformer, was nevertheless one of Luther's intimate and most trusted friends. They corresponded daily, and some highly important letters are still in preservation. One of these was written by Spalatin to Luther, in which he was told what were the intentions of the Elector. The idea did not commend itself to Luther. Perhaps the service calling for the reward was distasteful to and beyond his belief. Luther had seen relics enough at Rome, and his strong, clear mind altogether held them in but slight estimation. Perhaps they provoked his contempt. In return he sent a letter to Spalatin, wherein the passage occurs:

"There are many things which please the Prince, but which, nevertheless, are displeasing to God. I do not deny that he is skilful in the matters of this world; but in what concerns God and the Salvation of souls, I account him, as well as his councillor, Pfeffinger, sevenfold blind. I do not

say this behind their backs, like a slanderer; do not conceal it from them, for I am ready myself, and on all occasions to tell it them both to their faces;" and here his love for his dear old friend, Dr. Staupitz, breaks out when he warmly adds: "Why should you surround this man, (Staupitz) with all the whirlwinds and tempests of episcopal cares?"

Spalatin was at best but a timid, irresolute man, but his goodness of heart served a great purpose. He was a striking example of Luther's own theory of useless things being made most useful. His nature was quiet and unobtrusive. Peaceful times would have suited his inclinations better than the changeful and warring period in which his life was cast. He was not a man to stand out as a leader of his fellows; but he carefully and conscientiously, and noiselessly did the labour that fell to his share. The elector desired relics of the saints, and the faithful Spalatin, to the utmost of his ability, furthered the acquisition of these interesting articles; and the Elector learnt to rely upon his judgment in almost all matters. He was constantly about the person of his master, and was ever regarded as a faithful friend. When the Elector travelled abroad Spalatin occupied the same carriage. So that the good man altogether exercised great influence at court, and this influence was always properly and usefully directed.

Every one seemed to esteem him. Learned and simple; prince, and those of mean estate were alike in their regard and affection. The testimony of Erasmus, a man of cynical, insincere character, not easily touched by sterling

worth, is conclusive on this point. "I inscribe Spalatin's name not only among those of my principal friends; but still further among these of my most honored protectors; and that, not upon paper, but on my heart."

When Luther differed from him on the subject of the worth of relics, and the consequent promotion of Dr. Staupitz, he took the matter without offence:—too noble and gentle-hearted to feel even the slightest annoyance.

"The Prince often speaks of you," kindly he writes, "and always on honorable terms;" and to still further show that Luther's words had not given him pain, he asks how he can be useful to him in his work. "Point out, I pray," he writes, "some work that I may translate into our mother tongue; one that shall give general satisfaction, and, at the same time, be useful."

Luther was by no means used to courtier-like habits of acting and thinking. So with much bluntness, and a share of irritability, he returns: "Agreeable and useful! such a question is beyond my ability. The better things are the less they please. What is more salutary than Jesus Christ? and yet he is to the majority a savour of death. You will tell me that you wish to be useful only to those who love what is good. In that case, make them hear the voice of Jesus Christ; you will be useful and agreeable, depend upon it, to a very small number only; for the sheep are rare in this region of wolves."

This letter reveals something of the thoughts that were even then agitating his mind. The seed had germinated, and events which were hurrying on would soon cause it to spring forth.

In the month of July, 1517, Duke George of Saxony, cousin of the Elector, requested Dr. Staupitz to recommend him an eloquent and learned preacher. Luther possessed both qualities, added to that of a blameless life. At the invitation of the Prince he proceeded to preach a sermon before him and his court in the castle chapel at Dresden. The day was the Feast of St. James the Elder, and the sermon made a strong impression on his hearers. The Madame de la Sale, one of the ladies in attendance on the Duchess, was profoundly affected. At dinner afterwards, when the ducal family were assembled, she said, "If I could hear but one more sermon like it, I should die in peace."

"And I," replied the Duke, with anger, "would rather give a large sum not to have heard it: for such discourses are only calculated to make people sin with assurance."

As might have been expected, the courtiers immediately became the echoes of their master's voice, and Luther's sermon was generally condemned. When, however, Madame de la Sale was taken ill suddenly about a month afterwards, her mind reverted to that sermon, and she died trusting in the merits of her Saviour.

Luther's work in Wittenberg included the preparation of young theologians. Six or seven were under his charge, and the work of their instruction greatly pleased him.

Theology was Luther's delight. About this time he published ninety-nine Theses (or short sentences), each containing some important truth. They were divided under two headings, and generally taught, firstly, the inability and powerlessness of man: and, secondly, that

the power and source of all good was in God. The claims of God were set forth in a way to promote discussion. In fact, this was Luther's intention.

To his friend, John Lange, Prior of Erfurt, to whom they were transmitted, he wrote: "My suspense as to your decision upon these paradoxes is great, too great perhaps, and full of anxiety. I strongly suspect that your theologians will consider them as paradoxical; even as unsound in doctrine. I consider them as very orthodox. Have the goodness to declare to the faculty of theology, and to all that I am prepared to visit you, and to maintain these propositions publicly, either in the University, or in the monastery." But the challenge fell upon deaf ears. Erfurt was displeased and remained silent.

Thoughts that inflamed the mind of Luther urged him to write these Theses; but the time for their reception had not yet come.

Two months must elapse ere the Church should be in commotion, and the onslaught made. Rome did not suspect her peril; but Luther was but waiting the time; the "solitary monk that shook the world" was even then about to strike the first blow in a conflict, in which men should be engaged to the death.

But all this time, he was not aware of the terrible war about to commence. A mere theological discussion—a thing familiar enough at all Universities, was all that seemed likely to come from his challenge. Dry, doctrinal propositions; they seemed only likely to elicit the limited attention of the learned. The people would not understand or regard them.

Still the Theses did not die out at Erfurt. Having passed through the hands of Christopher Scheurl, Secretary to the City of Nuremberg, they reached those of the learned Dr. Eck, of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria. Dr. Eck was a learned and popular man in the South, and held in something of the same regard as Luther, in North Germany. At this time he was the friend of Luther, who much admired his eloquence, intelligence, and great abilities. Before long this friendship was destined to be rudely assailed, for Eck lived to become his most bitter opponent upon the birth of the new, or rather, the resurrection of the old Faith!

One favorable trait in the character of Eck should be preserved. He had a student, named Urban Regius, who, getting into pecuniary difficulties, enlisted in the army then being raised against the Turks. Dressed in his military uniform, he appeared in the ranks at the review, previous to leaving the town. Just at this moment, Dr. Eck, with several of his colleagues, came into the square. His eyes fell upon his pupil among the recruits.

"Urban Regius!" he called authoritively.

"Here!" replied the young soldier.

"Pray, what is the meaning of this change?"

The story was soon told.

"I will take the matter upon myself," said the Doctor, depriving him of his halberd. The young man was bought off. His military career was saved; and Urban Regius afterwards became one of the main bulwarks of the Reformation.

The religion taught by Luther made everything to

depend upon Christ and Christ alone, without mediation either in heaven or upon earth. Connection with Christ depended upon the individual will, unassisted by rites, ceremonies, or anything else within the authority of ecclesiastical power to bestow. His teaching cut man away from the assistance of any power other than the merits and sacrifice of Christ who died for sinners possessed of no claims or merits of their own. The church was absolutely powerless beyond being the medium by which the sinner might be pointed to his Saviour!

The papacy assumed the power of remitting sins, which Luther held to be alone within the power of the Eternal. The agent of Salvation, according to Rome, was the church. "Not so," taught Luther, "it is Christ!" The church paraded means; the costly penance, the self-inflicted earthly suffering, leading to the release from eternal punishment. Luther preached Salvation by godly sorrow for sin and faith in the sin-bearer. With the one all was external, formal, and sacramental: with the other all was internal, heart-feeling, and spiritual. The system of indulgence was of great antiquity in the church, reaching back to its very earliest period. It had grown to vast dimensions, and was crowded with abuses and corruptions. Indulgences once granted sparingly and with discretion by the papal church and its officers, involving pilgrimages to sacred places, crusades against error, pecuniary contributions for religious purposes, soon grew to be the commonest and most profitable practice of the church.

Perhaps the most expressive description of them is that of a tax upon sin, and these taxes upon sin were eagerly

seized upon and multiplied with amazing ingenuity. The building and maintenance of churches was one of the favorite matters upon which the papacy called for the contributions of their faithful sons and daughters, and about this time St. Peter's at Rome was in course of erection. The great Saint Acquinas had propounded the theory that indulgences could be given in consideration of any "act performed for the glory of God, and the good of the church," and the building of churches and bridges, performance of pilgrimages to holy places, and giving alms are expressly mentioned as being things that would entitle those who so labored to the favor of an indulgence.

John XXII., in 1319, granted forty days' indulgence to all assisting in the building of a bridge across the Elbe at Dresden. In 1484 a similar offering was made to the contributors to a fund for rebuilding a church destroyed by fire at Freiberg in Saxony; while for another church in the same place the larger allowance of one hundred days was promised. In 1491, Innocent VIII. granted to all the inhabitants of Saxony a dispensation from the usual quarterly fasts for a period of twenty years, on a condition that each person would pay the twentieth part of a Romish florin every year towards building a church and chapel at Torgau, and a collegiate church at Freiberg. One condition attached to this indulgence did not please the people, and gave rise to opposition. One-fourth of the money raised was to be sent to Rome, for building St. Peter's. The faculty of law at Leipzig, and the Bishop of Meissen gave this every possible opposition; and the latter refused to permit the publication of the Bull in his see.

Upon the death of Innocent VIII., the next occupant of the papal chair endeavoured to arrange the matter, and to allay the opposition. This kind of indulgence, if only then permitted, should not be renewed in Saxony. But upon the accession of his successor, Julius II., the indulgences were revived. Luther went to Rome in 1509, and in that very year a twenty years further indulgence was offered for the acceptance of the people of Saxony. This does not appear to have provoked much opposition, but in 1512, the year when Luther became Doctor of Divinity, the most extraordinary extension of the system took place. It was unparalleled in the history of Indulgences, although the principle itself was old enough.

Leo X., of the illustrious family of the Medici, succeeded Julius II. in March, 1513. The new pope was clever, sincere, full of gentleness and meekness. His manners were affable; his liberality unbounded; his morals greatly superior to those of his court, which were corrupt beyond description. His amiability was linked with other qualities worthy of a great prince. He was a friend to the arts and sciences; was passionately attached to music, and devoted to magnificence; spared no expense in festivals, sports, theatres, art and its professors. No court in Europe presented such barbaric splendours, and such intellectual luxury as that of the Sovereign Pontiff. Possessing exquisite taste and refinement himself, he was a lover and patron of learning and learned men, whose presence he attracted from all parts of Europe. His aim was to make the Medici family monarchs. He himself played the part of the first King in Christendom. He maintained costly

diplomatic relations with all the states of Europe, and his scientific correspondence reached the most distant regions. The extreme North of Europe was not too far for his unsatisfied researches, and his collectors brought to Rome monuments of Scandinavian history.

One of England's greatest poets thus celebrates his praises :—

> "But see! each muse in Leo's golden days,
> Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
> Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
> Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
> Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive;
> Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live;
> With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
> A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung."

Religious feeling, however, found no place in Leo's mind.

"He would have been a perfect man," said Sarpi, "if he had had some knowledge of religion, and greater inclination to piety; about which he never troubled himself."

Money was Leo's great and urgent need. He had to meet vast expenses; find means to supply extensive liberality; fill the purse of gold which he flung daily among the people; keep up the licentious shows of the Vatican; satisfy the numerous calls of his relatives and of his courtiers, who were addicted to pleasures; endow his sister upon her marriage; and defray the cost of his taste for literature, the arts, and general luxury. His cousin, Cardinal Pucci, a skilled financier, whose strength lay in an ability to amass that which Leo could so readily squander, advised him to

have recourse to indulgences. Leo eagerly caught at the suggestion. This might retrieve the past and furnish future means to remove all difficulties.

"He had," said Michelet, "commenced his pontificate with selling to Francis I. what did not belong to him, the rights of the Church of France."

At a later period, as a means of raising money, he created thirty-one cardinals at once.

This event took place on the 13th of June, 1517, and on the same day, we are informed, a storm overthrew the angel that stood at the top of the Castel di San Angelo, struck an infant Jesus in a church, and knocked the keys out of the hands of a statue of St. Peter.

But these ways of raising money were insufficient to meet his lavish requirements. No Mexico, it is true, yielded its treasures; but prolific mines were at his command. The old faith of the nations, their easy credulity, were sources exceeding all others in richness and uninterrupted supply. The impious Pope, Leo X., is said to have exclaimed: "What an inexhaustible mine of wealth do we find in the *fable* concerning Jesus Christ!"

A Bull was therefore issued announcing a general indulgence, the whole produce of which should be devoted to the building of that grand sacredotal triumph of architecture, the Cathedral of St. Peter.

This indulgence was forwarded to Germany, and committed to the charge of the young Archbishop of Mentz, Albert of Brandenburg.

Albert was the younger brother of the Elector of Brandenburg, and at the age of twenty-four had been created

Archbishop and Elector of Mentz and Magdeburg, and was shortly afterwards made a cardinal. Without being actively vicious, he was marked by worldly frivolity, and irreligion, and, of course, unfitted for the sacred offices he filled. He well knew Luther, and on the whole greatly admired his character, if he did not himself embody the principles which guided the doctor's life and actions.

"He did not despise the Gospel," says Capito, his chaplain, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished reformers; "on the contrary, he highly esteemed it, and for a long time prevented the monks from attacking Luther."

When the trial came, he was most desirous that he should not be compromised by the teaching of Luther and his fellows, and, through his chaplain, urged upon the Reformer to be content with simply denouncing doctrinal errors and the vices of the inferior clergy. The larger and more weighty failings of bishops and princes must not be exposed; and, most important of all, his name must not be mentioned.

His profane and frivolous disposition, much more than the susceptibilities and fears of his self-love, was destined to alienate him from the Reformation. Affable, witty, handsome, sumptuous, extravagant, delighting in the luxuries of the table, in costly equipages, in magnificent buildings, in licentious pleasures, and in the society of literary men, this young Archbishop-Elector was in Germany what Leo X. was in Rome. His court was one of the most magnificent in the Empire. He was ready to sacrifice to

pleasure and to greatness all the presentiments of truth that might have stolen into his heart.[1]

Leo's Indulgence reached Albert at a time when the need of money was very pressing. To meet his enormous expenses, large debts had been incurred, and payment of these debts must be made. The wealthy Fugger family of Augsburg had advanced large sums of money. His cardinal's hat had just cost 30,000 florins, and other expenses threatened to engulph him. Money must be obtained, and when the pope's commission came, there was the promise of obtaining it ready to his hand. From "the sins of the Germans"—for thus at Rome was the matter described—must the debts of the Archbishop be paid.

At his request Leo X. placed the indulgence wholly at his command, and with power to realize it in manner best agreeable to his judgment. The arrangement was that the money was to be equally divided: one half to the Archbishop and the other to the Papal treasury. These terms were acceptable to both parties, and the scandalous business of realization was to commence.

Here a difficulty at once arose. Who should work the indulgence? It was a thing in bad repute, and nobody seemed anxious to be concerned in it. The Franciscans regarded it unfavourably; while the Augustines, their superiors in general intelligence, and of which body Luther was an increasing light, were altogether hostile.

The Archbishop endeavoured to obtain the countenance of both these orders, but failed signally. The Franciscans did not give a direct refusal to accept the work of collec-

[1] D'Aubigne.

tion; but they hesitated and urged every possible objection, while the Augustines assumed the bolder attitude, and reprobated the whole matter in the most unqualified terms. There were three other orders of monks, the Dominicans, the Benedictines, and the Carmelites.

An appeal was made to the Dominicans, and here the question was settled. Their greed of gain drove them into the enterprise. They had a member of their order who had already gained a reputation as a master in this unholy traffic. His services must be secured. It is true, his hands were not unstained; his life was not exemplary; but at least they had the proof that this unscrupulous creature of their order was, above all others, best fitted for the unrighteous work.

Without hesitation, the Dominicans began their task, and the shameful traffic commenced. And now John Tetzel, a priest of the Dominicans, a bad man and a notorious indulgence-dealer, sprang to the position of chief salesman for that monstrous papal arrogation—the Forgiveness of Sins!

Tetzel was born at Leipzig, in the year 1460, and after receiving some education in the gymnasium there, entered the University and took his degree at the age of twenty seven. His great accomplishment was oratory, and he provoked considerable surprise amongst his friends by entering the Dominican monastery, called the Paulinum. When in due course he was made priest, he proceeded to Zwickau, and soon acquired great popularity on account of his oratorical powers. But he early exhibited a most scandalous lack of principle. An old Zwickau chronicle gives a record

which exhibits a distressing picture of his life and character.

The sexton of the place was of a convivial turn, and Tetzel, notwithstanding his sacred calling, was also addicted to the society of what are known as "boon companions." He proposed to the sexton to avail himself of his hospitality on a certain evening. The sexton protested that his means did not admit of the entertainment of so great a man. "No matter," replied Tetzel, "we will easily provide ourselves with the money. Look at the calendar, and see what Saint's day it is to-morrow."

It happened to be that of Juvenal, "a Saint," said the sexton, ruefully, "very little known."

"'Tis no matter," rejoined Tetzel, "we will make him known. To-morrow ring the church bell, and we will hold high mass."

His orders were obeyed: the bell was rung, as on occasions of high festivals, and the mass was duly held.

At its close, Tetzel mounted the pulpit, and addressed the people. "Dear friends, I have something to say to you. If I should withhold it your eternal welfare would be in danger. You know how often we have prayed to one Saint and another, but they have grown old, and are tired of attending to us. To-day is the festival of Juvenal, and though he hath not yet been known to us, it is all the better. He is a new Saint entirely, and will listen to us all the more patiently. Juvenal was a holy martyr, who shed his innocent blood for the truth. If you would enjoy the benefit of his innocence lay something, each one of you, upon the altar, on this day of high mass. You that are

rich and noble, go forward and give the rest a good example."

His unblushing impudence was rewarded by a large collection. Receiving the money, he placed a portion on the altar, and took the rest himself.

"Now we have got enough for an evening cup," and smiling with ill-concealed satisfaction, he went with the sexton to his house.

Talents such as these stamped him as suitable for a work just then very popular. The sale of indulgences was the prevailing fashion of the time. In 1502 he was selected for this work, and to the people of Nuremberg, Leipzig, Magdeburg, and other German cities who had not visited Rome during the jubilee recently held there, Tetzel offered his indulgences. When the business was pretty well exhausted, he found employment in raising money by the sale of indulgences to promote the crusade contemplated by the Teutonic Knights against the Tartars and Russians.

Between 1507 and 1513 we find him again in Saxony at his old work. He made his head-quarters at the mining town of Annaberg.

"Purchase indulgences," he said to the people, "and all the surrounding mountains shall be turned into silver."

Amongst those who listened with rapt attention was a young student named Myconius, who afterwards became the Historian of the Reformation.

His education had been gentle and liberal, his father being a Franconian of enlightened views. "My son," he said, when the young Myconius was about to proceed to Annaberg to continue his education, "pray frequently; for

all things are given to us gratuitously from God alone. The precious blood of Christ is the only possible ransom for the sins of a world universally corrupt. O, my son, though only three men should be saved by Christ's blood, believe, and believe with assurance, that thou art one of those three men. To doubt the Saviour's power to save is to insult the blood he shed. Roman forgiveness of sins, sold in the market-places, are nets spread out to catch the silver of the foolish. The simple-minded alone are deceived. Remission of sins and eternal life are not to be purchased with money."

At this time the indulgence-sellers were in full traffic.

His father's wise remarks dwelt in his remembrance. On the occasion we are now considering, and when Tetzel in his usual manner had been addressing a large crowd collected to listen to his noisy declamation, and when, to quicken their purchases, in threatening tones he had shouted, "soon, I shall take down the cross, shut the gates of heaven, and extinguish the brightness of the sun of grace that beams before your eyes," the young Myconius was amongst his hearers.

Approaching nearer to the preacher, he spoke to one of the commissaries, who was busy among the crowd pushing the sale of the indulgences so highly recommended by the blatant orator. "I am a poor sinner," said Myconius, "and I am in sore need of a free pardon."

"Those alone," returned the commissary, "can have part in Christ's merits who lend a helping hand to the church, that is to say, who give money."

At this time, there were large printed notices posted on

the walls and gates of the church, in which it was stated that for the love of God the poor would receive these Indulgences gratuitously.

"What is the meaning, then," asked the young man, "of these promises of a *free* gift to the poor?"

"Give at least a groat," said one of the commissaries, after Tetzel had declined to recognise the young student as belonging to the poor.

"I cannot." "Only six deniers, then." "I am not worth so many."

The Dominicans who had crowded about when the bargaining was going on, began to imagine that he came merely to entrap them.

"Will you buy an indulgence if we make you a present of the six deniers?"

"I will not," said the youth, stoutly, "I will have no bought indulgences. If I wanted to buy them, I could sell one of my school books. A free pardon is what I want; and one for the love of God alone. You will be called to account for the soul you have allowed to be lost for the sake of six deniers."

"Who sent you to entrap us?" they asked, angrily.

"Nothing but the desire to receive God's pardon could have induced me to appear before such great gentlemen," replied the youth.

In a letter the young Myconius gives a most interesting account of the change which the transparent imposture of the Indulgence-agent wrought upon his mind.

"I was very sad at being thus sent away unpitied. But I felt a Comforter within me, which said that there

was a God in heaven who pardons repentant souls without money and without price, for the love of His Son Jesus Christ. As I took leave of these folks, the Holy Spirit touched my heart. I burst into tears, and prayed to the Lord with anguish. O God! I cried, since these men have refused to remit my sins, because I wanted money to pay them, do thou, Lord, have pity on me, and pardon them of thy pure Grace. I repaired to my chamber. I prayed to my crucifix which was lying on my desk. I put it on a chair, and fell down before it. I cannot describe to you what I experienced. I begged God to be a father to me, and do with me whatever he pleased. I felt my nature changed, converted, transformed. What had delighted me before, now became an object of disgust. To live with God, and to please him, was my earnest, my sole desire."

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAFFIC IN INDULGENCES.

THE Sale of Indulgences was everywhere provoking discontent and hatred. The most bigoted advocates of the system were compelled to admit that the greedy commissioners unblushingly sought the money rather than the confession and godly sorrow of the penitent. But Tetzel, the appointed Indulgence-chief, gave no heed to the growing opposition. With a conscience hardened against shame, he continued his mercenary trade.

Daringly piling one lie upon another, he set forth in reckless display the long list of sins which his remedy could remit. He did not content himself with enumerating known sins, but set his foul imagination to work and invented crimes, infamous atrocities, strange, unheard-of, unthought-of; and when he saw his auditors standing aghast at each horrible suggestion, he would calmly repeat the burden of his everlasting theme, "Well, all this is expiated the moment your money chinks in the Pope's chest!"

On one occasion, wishing to quicken the devotions of the people, and stir up their interest in his proceedings, he promised to exhibit the next day a feather which the devil had plucked from the wing of the Archangel Michael. During the night, however, some rogues made their way

into his room, found the box of relics, took out this wonderful feather, and put some coals in its place.

Morning came, and Tetzel, carrying his box, went to the church. Before opening the box, he spoke of the surpassing virtues of this celestial feather, and greatly incited the wonder and curiosity of his hearers. When the box was opened, the feather was gone!—and nothing but the coal met his view.

Without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, he exclaimed, "No wonder, that with such a treasure of relics, I have chanced to take the wrong box"; and went right on to explain the value of these coals which the people were now looking upon: "coals," said Tetzel, with daring readiness of invention and consummate effrontery, "which are the remains of the burnt body of St. Laurentius."

His low and depraved habits at length brought him into trouble He committed a terrible act of immorality, was seized and conveyed to prison. At his trial he was sentenced to be put in a sack, and cast into the river.

This well-deserved punishment was not inflicted; many friends, evil-minded and vicious like himself, contrived to interest the Elector Frederick in his favour, and by his intercession, the punishment was commuted to one of imprisonment only.

After a long time he was released, on condition that he should proceed to Rome and obtain absolution from the Pope himself.

Nothing was too great or gross in the way of crafty wickedness and unblushing hypocrisy for Tetzel: he promised obedience to this condition, and took the road to

Rome. His way lay through Mainz. He proceeded to the Convent of his order, and there a thought came into his fertile brain, and a bright prospect for the exercise of his infamous talents presented itself. Albert, the ambitious and accomplished Archbishop of Mentz, sorely pressed by his debts, had just bestowed the collection of the Pope's newest Indulgence upon the Dominicans, of which order Tetzel was so conspicuous a member.

The acute mind of Tetzel took in the position at a glance. His misdeeds had brought him into a disgrace for which his misused talents must atone.

During many years, dating as far back as 1229, the lucrative commission attached to the sale of Indulgences had fallen to the Dominicans. This new Indulgence promised to yield large profits. The principals of the order were desirous to get as much money and as much reputation out of the transaction as possible. They endeavoured to secure the services of the best master they could obtain. In the person of their own priest they found one ready and unrivalled. Every qualification for a successful Indulgence-vendor was to be found in the man before them. A Bachelor of Divinity, Prior in their order, an Apostolic commissary, an erstwhile inquisitor and condemner of heretics, and for the past fifteen years thoroughly versed in all the iniquity of the Indulgence-dealers' craft, Tetzel was the very man for the office of collector. His offences should be condoned by the praiseworthy service that now could be rendered by him.

A bargain was soon made. The immediate business of Tetzel—the obtaining pardon from the Pope for the

horrible crime he had committed—could be arranged by the superiors of the Dominican body. That need not trouble or distress or delay him. Tetzel took upon himself the entire management of the traffic. The Indulgence of Leo X., the culmination of the shameless eminence of dishonesty and delusion, so long emanating from Rome to insult the intelligence and rob the pockets of the faithful, was now presented to the world.

D'Aubigne, in his history, gives the most vivid description of the Indulgence traffic. He says:—

The Church had opened a vast market upon earth. From the crowds of purchasers, and the shouts and jokes of the sellers, it might have been called a fair, but a fair conducted by monks. The merchandise they were extolling, and which they offered at a reduced price, was, they said, the salvation of souls.

These dealers traversed the country in a handsome carriage, accompanied by three horsemen, living in great state, and spending freely. One might have thought it was some Archbishop on a progress through his diocese, with his retinue and officers, and not a common chapman or a begging monk. When the procession approached a town, a deputy waited on the magistrate and said, 'The Grace of God and of the Holy Father is at your gates.'

Instantly everything was in motion in the place. The clergy, the priests and nuns, the council, the schoolmasters and their pupils, the trades with their banners, the men and women, young and old, went out to meet these merchants, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, and advancing to the sound of music and of all the bells, so

that, says one historian, they could not have received God himself with greater honour. The salutations being exchanged, the procession moved towards the Church. The Pontiff's Bull of grace was carried in front of a velvet cushion, or on a cloth of gold. The chief of the indulgence-merchants came next, holding a large red wooden cross in his hands.

All the procession thus moved along amidst singing, prayers, and the smoke of incense. The strains of the organ and loud sounding music welcomed the merchant-monk and his attendants. The red cross that he had carried was placed in front of the altar: on it was suspended the arms of the Pope, and so long as it remained there, the clergy of the place, the penitentiaries and the under-commissaries with white wands, came daily after vespers, or before the salutation, to render it homage.

The instructions of the Archbishop of Mentz to the under-commissaries of Indulgence were most explicit and imperative as to this observance.

One person in particular attracted the attention of the spectators at these sales.

It was he who carried this red cross, and who played the chief part in the unholy farce. Robed in the Dominican dress, he moved about with an air of arrogance. His voice, deep and sonorous, was exerted to its full strength.

The voice was that of John Tetzel.

Raising it, and displaying the turgid and bombastic eloquence of a mountebank, he offered his Indulgences to all comers. He knew better than a common-chapman how to extol his wares. The cross erected, the

arms of the Pope suspended from it, Tetzel went into the pulpit, and with a tone of assured impudence extolled the value of his Indulgences, in the presence of the crowd which the ceremony had attracted to the church.

The people listened and stared as they heard of the admirable virtues that he announced. Let us listen to what the imposter says:—

"Indulgences," said he, "are the most precious and the most noble of God's gifts.

"This cross," pointing to the red cross, "has as much efficacy as the very Cross of Jesus Christ.

"Come, and I will give you letters, all properly sealed, by which even the sins that you intend to commit may be pardoned.

"I would not change my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven; for I have saved more souls by my Indulgences than the Apostle by his sermons.

"There is no sin so great, that an Indulgence cannot remit." (Here follows an assertion so horribly impious that the pen of the Historian dare not write it.)

"Reflect then, that for every mortal sin you must, after confession and contrition, do penance for seven years, either in this life or in purgatory; now, how many mortal sins are there committed in a day? How many in a week? How many in a month? How many in a year? How many in a whole life?

"Alas! these sins are almost infinite, and they entail an infinite penalty in the fires of purgatory. And now, by means of these letters of Indulgence, you can once in your

life; in every case except four, which are reserved for the Apostolic See; and afterwards in the articles of death; obtain a plenary remission of all your penalties and all your sins."

Amongst the treasures of the British Museum, the original of one of these letters of Indulgence may be seen. The document is printed on vellum, about 8 inches by 6½ in size, and bears the name of the recipient, "Philippus Kessel, Presbyter," in MS., together with the date of issue, 15th April, 1517, likewise in MS. The name inserted was originally "Keschel," altered to "Kessel."

The historian thus continues; "Tetzel then passed to another subject.

"But more than this, Indulgences avail not only for the living, but for the dead.

"For that, repentance is not even necessary.

"Priest! Noble! Merchant! Wife! Youth! Maiden do you not hear your parents and your other friends who are dead, and who cry from the bottom of the abyss: 'We are suffering horrible torments! a trifling alms would deliver us; you can give it, and you will not!'"

All shuddered at these words uttered by the thundering voice of the imposter-monk.

"At the very instant," continued Tetzel, "that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies liberated to heaven!

"O stupid and brutish people, who do not understand the grace so richly offered! Now heaven is everywhere opened! Do you refuse to enter now? When, then, will you enter? Now you can ransom so many souls!

Stiff-necked and thoughtless man, with twelve groats you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are ungrateful enough not to save him! I shall be justified in the day of judgment; but you,—you will be punished so much the more severely for having neglected so great a salvation! I declare to you, though you should have but a single coat, you ought to strip it off and sell it, in order to obtain this grace. The Lord our God no longer reigns. He has resigned all power to the Pope."

"Do you know," he further urges, "why our most Holy Lord distributes so rich a grace? It is to restore the ruined church of St. Peter and St. Paul, so that it may not have its equal in the world. This church contains the bodies of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and those of a multitude of martyrs. These saintly bodies, through the present state of the building, are now, alas! beaten upon, inundated, polluted, dishonoured, reduced to rottenness, by the rain and the hail. Alas! shall these sacred ashes remain longer in the mire and in degradation?"

Then addressing the docile souls, and making an impious application of Scripture, he exclaimed, "Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see: for I tell you that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them!"

Satan himself could, upon a momentous occasion, quote the words of Holy Writ; and this base imposter, like a fiend-incarnate, well imitated his fallen prototype.

In conclusion, pointing to the strong box in which the money was received, he generally finished his pathetic dis-

course by three appeals to his auditory: "Bring, bring, bring!"

"He used to shout these words with such a horrible bellowing," wrote Luther, "that one would have said it was a mad bull rushing on the people and goring them with its horns."

When his speech was ended, he left the pulpit, ran towards the money-box, and, in sight of all the people, flung into it a piece of money, taking care that it should rattle loudly.

In regard to the benefits to be derived from the Indulgence thus introduced by Tetzel into Germany, the historian writes:—

"Four precious graces were promised to those who should aid in building the basilic of St. Peter. 'The first grace that we announce to you,' said the commissaries, in accordance with the letter of their instructions, 'is the full pardon of every sin.' Next followed three other graces: '*secondly*, the right of choosing a confessor, who, whenever the hour of death appeared at hand, should give absolution from all sin, and even from the greatest crimes reserved for the apostolic see: *thirdly*, a participation in all the blessings, works, and merits of the Catholic Church, prayers, fasts, alms, and pilgrimages: *fourthly*, redemption of the souls that are in purgatory.' To obtain the first of these graces, it was requisite to have contrition of heart, and confession of mouth; or, at least, an intention of confessing. But as for the three others, they might be obtained without contrition, without confession, simply by payment. Christopher Columbus, extolling the value of

money, had said ere this with great seriousness, 'Whoever possesses it can introduce souls into paradise.' Such was the doctrine taught by the Archbishop of Mentz and by the papal commissaries. 'As for those,' said they, 'who wish to deliver souls from purgatory and procure the pardon of their offences, let them put money into the chest: contrition of heart or confession of faith is not necessary. Let them hasten to bring their money; for thus will they perform a work most useful to the souls of the dead, and to the building of the Church of St. Peter. Greater blessings could not be offered at a lower rate.

"The confession over, and that was soon done, the faithful hastened to the vendor. One alone was charged with the sale. His stall was near the cross. He cast inquiring looks on those who approached him. He examined their manner, their gait, their dress, and he required a sum proportionate to the appearance of the individual who presented himself. Kings, queens, princes, archbishops, bishops, were, according to the scale, to pay twenty-five ducats for an ordinary Indulgence. Abbots, counts, and barons, ten. The other nobles, the rectors, and all those who possessed an income of five hundred florins, paid six. Those who had two hundred florins a year paid one; and others, only a half. Moreover, if the tariff could not be carried out to the letter, full powers were given the apostolical commissionary; and all was to be arranged according to the data of 'sound reason,' and the generosity of the donor. For particular sins Tetzel had a particular tax. For polygamy it was six ducats;

for sacrilege and perjury, nine ducats; for murder, eight ducats; for witchcraft, two ducats.

"The apostolical commissaries sometimes met with difficulties in their trade. It frequently happened, both in towns and villages, that the men were opposed to this traffic, and forbade their wives to give anything to these merchants. What could their pious spouses do? 'Have you not your dowry, or other property, at your disposal?' asked the vendor; 'In that case you can dispose of it for so holy a work, against the will of your husbands.'

"The hand that gave the Indulgence could not receive the money; this was forbidden under the severest penalties; there were good reasons to fear lest that hand should prove unfaithful. The penitent was himself to drop the price of his pardon into the chest. The commissaries showed an angry countenance against all who daringly kept their purses closed.

"If among the crowd of those who thronged the confessionals there should be found a man whose crime had been public, although it might be one that the criminal law could not reach, the offender was to begin by doing public penance. He was first led into a chapel or the vestry, there was stripped of his garment, also his shoes, and nothing was left him but his shirt. With crossed arms over his bosom, a taper placed in one hand, and a rod in the other, the penitent then walked at the head of a procession to the red cross. Here he remained kneeling until the chants and the offertory were over. After this the commissary struck up the psalm, *Miserere Mei!* The confessors immediately drew near the penitent,

and conducted him through the station towards the commissary, who, taking the rod and striking him thrice gently on the back, said to him, 'God have pity on thee, and pardon thy sin!' He then began to sing the *Kyree eleison* ('Lord have mercy upon me'), a penitential hymn in the Roman mass; the penitent was led to the front of the cross, where the confessor gave him the apostolical absolution, and declared him reinstated in the communion of the faithful. The subjoined is one of these letters of Absolution:

"May our Lord Jesus Christ have pity on thee, N. N., and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy Passion! And I, in virtue of the apostolical power that has been confided to me, absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, judgments, and penalties, which thou mayst have incurred; moreover from all excesses, sins, and crimes that thou mayst have committed, however great and enormous they may be, and from whatsoever cause, were they even reserved for our most holy father the pope, and for the apostolic see. I blot out all the stains of inability and all marks of infamy that thou mayst have drawn upon thyself on this occasion. I remit the penalties that thou shouldst have endured in purgatory. I restore thee anew to participation in the sacraments of the church. I incorporate thee afresh in the communion of saints, and re-establish thee in the purity and innocence which thou hadst at thy baptism. So that in the hour of death, the gate by which sinners enter the place of torments and punishment, shall be closed against thee; and, on the contrary, the gate leading to the paradise of joy shall be open. And if thou

shouldst not die for long years, this grace will remain unalterable until thy last hour shall arrive. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen. Friar John Tetzel, Commissary, has signed this with his own hand."

At Magdeburg, Tetzel refused to absolve a rich lady, unless, he declared to her, she would pay one hundred florins in advance.

She requested the advice of her usual confessor, who was a Franciscan.

"God grants the remission of sins gratuitously," replied the monk, "he does not sell it."

He begged her, however, not to communicate to Tetzel the counsel she had received from him.

But Tetzel upon hearing this opinion so contrary to his interests, exclaimed:—"Such a counsellor deserves to be banished, or to be burnt."

Tetzel rarely found men enlightened enough, and still more rarely, men who were bold enough, to resist him. In general, he easily managed the superstitious crowd. He had set up the red cross of the Indulgences at Zwickau, and the worthy parishioners had hastened to drop into his strong box the money that would save their souls.

He was about to leave with a well-stored purse, when on the eve of his departure, the chaplain and his acolytes asked him for a farewell supper. The request was just. But how was it to be managed? The money was already counted and sealed up.

On the morrow he caused the great bell to be tolled. The crowd rushed into the church: each one imagined

something extraordinary had happened, supposing that the business was over.

"I had resolved," said he, "to depart this morning, but last night I was awakened by groans. I listened attentively. The groans came from the cemetery. It was some poor soul calling upon me, and earnestly entreating me to deliver it from the torments by which it was consumed! I shall stay, therefore, one day longer, in order to move the compassion of all Christian hearts in favour of this unhappy one. I myself will be the first to give, and he that does not follow my example will merit condemnation!"

What heart would not have replied to this appeal? Who knows, besides, what soul it is thus crying from the cemetery?

The offerings were abundant, and Tetzel entertained the chaplain and his acolytes with a joyous repast, the expense of which was defrayed by the offerings given on behalf of the soul of Zwickau.

A good story is told of these frauds.

The indulgence-merchants had visited Hagenau in 1517. The wife of a shoemaker, taking advantage of the authorization given in the Commissary-General's instructions, had procured a letter of Indulgence, contrary to her husband's will, and had paid a gold florin. She died shortly afterwards. As her husband had not caused a mass to be said for the repose of her soul, the priest charged him with contempt of religion; and the magistrate of Hagenau summoned him to appear in court. The shoemaker put his wife's Indulgence in his pocket, and went to answer the accusation.

"Is your wife dead?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," replied he.

"What have you done for her?"

"I have buried her body, and commended her soul to God."

"But have you had a mass said for the repose of her soul?"

"I have not; it was of no use; she entered heaven at the moment of her death."

"How do you know that?"

"Here is the proof."

As he said these words, he drew the Indulgence from his pocket, and the magistrate, in the presence of the priest, read in so many words, that, at the moment of her death, the woman who had received it would not go into purgatory but would at once enter heaven.

"If the reverend gentleman maintains that a mass is still necessary," added the widower, "my wife has been deceived by our most holy father, the Pope; if she has not been, it is the priest who deceives me."

There could be no reply. The shoemaker was acquitted.

A Saxon nobleman, who had heard Tetzel at Leipzig, was much displeased by his falsehoods. Approaching the monk, he asked him if he had the power of pardoning sins that men had an *intention* of committing?

"Most assuredly," replied Tetzel, "I have received full powers from his holiness for that purpose."

"Well, then," answered the knight, "I am desirous of taking a slight revenge on one of my enemies, without en-

dangering his life. I will give you ten crowns if you will give me a letter of Indulgence that shall fully justify me."

Tetzel made some objections. They came, however, to an arrangement by the aid of thirty crowns. The monk quitted Leipzig shortly afterwards.

The nobleman and his attendants lay in wait for him in a wood between Jüterbock and Treblin; they fell upon, gave him a slight beating, and took away the well-stored indulgence chest the ex-inquisitor was carrying with him.

Tetzel made a violent outcry and took his complaint before the courts. But the nobleman showed the letter which Tetzel had signed himself, and which exempted him beforehand from every penalty.

Duke George, whom this action had at first exceedingly exasperated, no sooner read the document than he ordered the accused to be acquitted.

The traffic everywhere, continues D'Aubigne, occupied men's thoughts, and was everywhere talked of. It was the topic of conversation in castles, in academies, and in the burghers' houses, as well as in taverns, inns, and all places of public resort. Opinions were divided; some believed, others felt indignant. As for the intelligent part of the nation, they rejected with disgust the system of Indulgences.

This traffic was so opposed to the Holy Scriptures and to morality, that any man who had the least knowledge of the Bible, or any conscience, condemned it at once, and only waited for a signal to oppose it. On the other hand, scoffers found ample food for raillery. The people, to whom the dissolute lives of the priests had given great

irritation, but whom the fear of punishment still kept within certain bounds, gave vent to all their hatred. Complaints and sarcasms might everywhere be heard on the love of money that debased and corrupted the clergy.

It was against this atrocious and blasphemous traffic that Luther arose in righteous indignation. His spirit burned within him. Further repression was impossible. The flame blazed forth with terrible energy.

He took a step at which the whole civilized world stood still to gaze upon.

He, a poor obscure monk, a doctor known not much beyond the confines of his University, arose and challenged the teachings of the Arch-priest of the Vatican!

Luther was one day in the confessional-box at Wittenberg, where, as usual, confessions of misdeeds were made. Adultery, licentiousness, usury, illgotten gains, and many other offences were poured in his ears. He administered rebukes, instruction, corrections. Penitence for the past: godliness and reformation for the future. His consolations and admonitions fell upon corrupted ears. Those who sought the confessional did not heed his admonitions. Repentance for the past they might indeed feel; but they did not wish for a new life, and, their sins they did not intend to abandon.

Light dawned upon Luther. Some corrupting influence, sufficiently strong to overcome the dictates of common sense itself, had been at work. What influence? It was clear enough.

"You must change your manner of life," he said.

"It is not necessary," they returned, showing him the

letters of Indulgence they had bought and paid for.

Luther took them in his hand, and with a deep expression of indignation and disgust upon his countenance, he exclaimed, "There is no virtue in these. They are all a cheat and a delusion. Except ye Repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

They told him of Tetzel's words, wherein absolute and entire forgiveness from sins had been sold to them.

Luther was sad at heart. His poor neighbours cheated and cajoled by a mountebank! The only really precious thing of their lives: Salvation, bartered and sold in a public place, like an article of merchandise! This, to his mind, was a terrible thing. His duty was clear—his resolution taken.

He gave them back the parchments.

"There is no virtue in them," he repeated, "You must cease to do evil, and learn to do well, or there can be no absolution. Have a care! God is not mocked. Listen not to the clamours of these lying indulgence-dealers. Their trade is vile, and you have been deceived. God alone can forgive sins!"

Greatly alarmed at the words, which they knew came from his heart; Luther's tone and character told them that; they hastened back to Tetzel.

He inquired the cause of their alarm. They told him Luther's words.

Luther, the Augustinian doctor, treated his Indulgence—the Pope's Indulgence—with contempt. In his eyes it was a useless and pernicious thing.

The Dominican priest grew furious with anger, and

mounting his pulpit, bellowed forth insults and curses against the daring Augustine.

From loud and terrible words, he proceeded to like impressive and terror-striking actions.

A great fire was made in the market-place, and its meaning suggested, when he roundly declared that he had received the Pope's commands to burn all heretics who presumed to oppose his most holy Indulgence.

The war was declared: the first blow struck.

Without hesitation Luther plunged into the strife. He ascended the pulpit of the Castle chapel, erected at the cost of the Elector, and enriched by him with those priceless relics, the fruits of Dr. Staupitz's collection in the Netherlands, and for which he had obtained special Indulgences from the Pope.

No considerations of policy weighed in the resolute mind of Luther. He had a message to deliver: the message of Eternal Life; and he delivered it.

No matter where the blow he was about to deal might fall; the message must be pronounced.

"No one can prove by Scripture," and this was the solid foundation of his argument, "that the righteousness of God requires a penalty or satisfaction from the sinner. The only duty it imposes is a true repentance; a sincere conversion; a resolution to bear the Cross of Christ, and to perform good works. It is a great error to pretend to oneself to make satisfaction to God's righteousness for our sins. God pardons them gratuitously by his inestimable grace.

"The Christian Church, it is true, requires something of the sinner, and which consequently can be remitted. But

that is all. Then, Indulgences of the Church are tolerated only because of idle and imperfect Christians who will not zealously perform good works; for they advance no one to sanctification, but leave each man in his imperfection."

Turning to the ostensible reason advanced for Indulgences, he destroys the necessity, and boldly tells them, "You would do much better to contribute for the pure love of God to the building of St. Peter's, than to buy Indulgences with this intention. But, say you, shall we never purchase any? I have already told you, and I repeat it, my advice is that no one should buy them. Leave them for drowsy Christians: you should walk apart and act for yourselves! We must turn the faithful aside from Indulgences, and exhort them to the works which they neglect."

Other and powerful words he spoke, concluding his discourse in this manner:

"And should any cry out that I am a heretic, for the truth I preach is very prejudicial to their strong box, I care but little for their clamours. They have gloomy and sick brains; men who have never tasted the Bible; never read the Christian doctrine, never comprehended their own doctors, and who lie rotting in the rags and tatters of their own vain opinions. May God grant both them and us a sound understanding! Amen."

His sermon was immediately printed; and the effect it produced was profound. Tetzel read it, and replied; but his practice continued in full play.

Luther went to his study and boldly followed up the blow dealt in the pulpit of the Castle chapel.

The festival of All Saints was at hand: a very important festival at Wittenberg. People from the surrounding neighbourhood flocked there, in order to obtain the special Indulgences at that time granted for sins.

The news of the sermon preached by Luther had reached the ears of the Elector Frederick, and it had greatly disturbed him. His belief in the Pope was very firm, and his own conviction of the value of Indulgences clear and decided. The opposition displayed by Luther both vexed and distressed him.

He well knew the decisive force and rectitude of Luther's character; the extent and brilliancy of his talents; and the firmness and faithfulness with which he preached to the people. And yet the position taken by the doctor did not meet the views held by the Elector. These thoughts disturbed him not a little.

Full of the painful subject, he retired to rest in his palace at Schweinitz, situated a few miles from Wittenberg.

When he had composed himself to sleep, he dreamed a strange dream, and in the morning told it to his brother, Duke John, at that time co-Regent with him, and who afterwards succeeded to the Electorate. The dream was a very remarkable one, and is well worthy of historical notice. It is contained in a MS. among the State papers of Weimar, taken down from the mouth of Spalatin.

"I must tell you of a dream, brother, which I had last night and of which I should like to know the meaning. It is so firmly graven in my memory that I shall never forget it, even were I to live for a thousand years; for it came three times, and always with new circumstances."

Duke John.—"Was it a good or a bad dream?"

The Elector.—"I cannot tell; God knows."

Duke John.—"Do not be uneasy about it; let me hear it."

The Elector.—"Having gone to bed last night, tired and dispirited, I soon fell asleep after saying my prayers, and slept calmly for about two hours and a half. I then awoke, and all kinds of thoughts occupied me till midnight. I reflected how I could keep the festival of All Saints: I prayed for the wretched souls in purgatory, and begged that God would direct me, my councils, and my people, according to the Truth. I then fell asleep again, and dreamt that the Almighty sent me a monk, who was a true son of Paul the Apostle.

"He was accompanied by all the Saints, in obedience to God's command; to bear him testimony, and to assure me that he did not come with any fraudulent design; but that all he should do was conformable to the Will of God. They asked my gracious permission to let him write something on the doors of the palace-chapel at Wittenberg, which I conceded through my chancellor. Upon this the monk repaired thither, and began to write: so large were the characters that I could read from Schweinitz what he was writing. The pen he held was so long that its extremity reached as far as Rome, where it pierced the ears of a lion which lay there, and shook the triple crown on the Pope's head. All the cardinals and princes ran up hastily and endeavoured to support it. You and I both tendered our assistance. I stretched out my arm. That moment I awoke with my arm extended, in great alarm and very

angry with this monk, who could not guide his pen better. I recovered myself a little. It was only a dream!

"I was still half asleep, and once more closed my eyes. The dream came again. The lion, still disturbed by the pen, began to roar with all his might; until the whole city of Rome, and all the States of the Holy Empire ran up to know what was the matter. The Pope called upon us to oppose this monk, and addressed himself particularly to me, because the friar was living in my dominions.

"I again awoke, repeated the Lord's prayer, entreated God to preserve his holiness, and fell asleep.

"I then dreamed that all the princes of the Empire, we along with them, hastened to Rome, and endeavoured one after another to break this pen; but the greater our exertions, the stronger it became; it crackled as if it had been made of iron; we gave it up as hopeless.

"I then asked the monk, for I was now at Rome, now at Wittenberg, where he had got that pen, and how it came to be so strong.

"'This pen,' replied he, 'belonged to a Bohemian goose a hundred years old: I had it from one of my old schoolmasters. It is so strong, because no one can take the pith out of it, and I am myself quite astonished at it.' On a sudden I heard a loud cry, for from the monk's long pen had issued a host of other pens. I awoke a third time; it was daylight."

Duke John.—"What is your opinion, Mr. Chancellor? Would that we had here a Joseph, or a Daniel, taught of God."

The Chancellor.—"Your highnesses know the vulgar

proverb, that the dreams of young women, wise men, and great lords, have generally some hidden meaning. But we shall not learn the signification of this for some time; until the events have come to pass to which it relates. For this reason, confide its accomplishment to God, and commit all things into His hands."

DUKE JOHN.—"My opinion is the same as yours, Mr. Chancellor; it is not proper for us to rack our brains to discover the interpretation of this dream: God will direct everything to his own glory."

THE ELECTOR.—"May our faithful God do even so! Still, I shall never forget the dream. I have thought of one interpretation; but I shall keep it to myself. Time will show, perhaps, whether I have conjectured right."

In the British Museum there is an old engraving representing the incidents of this strange dream. Luther with a volume in the left hand, is writing on the door of the church at Wittenberg with a pen of great length, which passing through the head of a lion, emblematical of the Church of Rome, knocks the tiara off the head of Pope Leo X. From this pen smaller ones are being drawn by other Reformers, and on the right two men are drawing feathers from a goose which is being burnt, and is intended to represent John Huss. The engraving is a very fine one, and well worthy of inspection.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NINETY FIVE THESES.

ON THE day following, being the day preceding the festival, which was held on the 1st of November, Luther took his way to the church, and the result of his labours in the study was revealed.

Crowds of pilgrims were in the town waiting the ceremony of the morrow.

Taking a document from his pocket he posts it upon the door of the church.

It contains, boldly printed in fair good type, Ninety-five Theses or Propositions against the Doctrine of Indulgences and other points; wherein he declares that with the view of elucidating and setting forth the Truth he has written these Propositions, and is prepared to defend them against all the world.

The document opens thus:

"From a desire to elicit the Truth, the following Theses will be maintained at Wittenberg, under the presidency of the Reverend father Martin Luther, of the order of the Augustines, master of arts, master and lecturer in theology, who asks that such as are not able to communicate verbally

with him will do so in writing. In the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Amongst the doctrines contained in these important Propositions are the following:

"When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says, 'Repent,' he means that the whole life of his followers on earth shall be a constant and continual repentance.

"This word cannot be understood of the sacrament of penance; that is to say, of confession and satisfaction, as it is administered by the priest.

"Yet the Lord does not mean, in this, to speak only of internal repentance: internal repentance is null, if it does not produce externally all kinds of mortification of the flesh.

"Repentance and grief, true penitence, last as long as a man is displeased with himself; that is to say, until he passes from this life into the life eternal.

"The pope cannot and will not remit any other penalty except that which he has imposed at his own good pleasure; or in conformity with the canons, namely, with the papal orders.

"The pope cannot remit any condemnation; but only declare and confirm the remission that God himself has made of it; unless he do so in the cases that pertain to himself. If he should do otherwise, the condemnation remains wholly the same.

"The laws of ecclesiastical penance should be imposed only on the living; and in no respect concern the dead.

"The commissioners of indulgences deceive themselves when they say, that by the pope's indulgence man is delivered from all punishment, and thereby saved.

"The same power which the pope has over purgatory throughout the entire church, every bishop has in his own diocese: and every vicar in his own parish. Besides, who knows whether all the souls in purgatory desire to be redeemed? They say St. Severinus did not.

"They preach devices of human folly, who assert; that the moment the money sounds at the bottom of the strong box, the soul flies away out of purgatory.

"This is certain, to wit, that as soon as the money sounds, avarice and the love of gain spring up, increase, and multiply. But the succour and the prayers of the church depend only on the good pleasure of God.

"Those who think themselves sure of Salvation with their indulgences will go to the devil with those who taught them so.

"They teach doctrines of Antichrist who assert; that to deliver a soul from purgatory; or to buy an indulgence; there is no need of contrition or repentance.

"Every christian who feels a true repentance for his sins has a full remission of the penalty and of the transgression, without it being necessary that he should have recourse to indulgences.

"Every true christian, living or dead, has part in all the good things of Christ or of the church, by the gift of God, and without letter of indulgence.

"Still we must not despise the pope's distribution and pardon; regarded as a declaration of God's pardon.

"True repentance and sorrow seek and love chastisement; but the pleasantness of indulgence detracts from chastisement; and makes one conceive a hatred against it.

"Christians must be taught, that the pope thinks not, nor wishes, that any one should in any wise compare the act of buying indulgences with any act of mercy.

"Christians must be taught, that he who gives to the poor or who lends to the needy, does better than he who buys an indulgence.

"For the work of charity, enlarges charity, and makes the man more pious; whereas indulgences do not render him better, but only more confident in himself and more self-secure from punishment.

"Christians must be taught, that he who sees his neighbour in want, and who, in spite of that, buys an indulgence, does not buy the pope's indulgence, but lays upon himself the wrath of God.

"Christians must be taught, that if they have nothing superfluous, it is their duty to reserve what is required for their houses to procure necessaries; and that they ought not to lavish it on indulgences.

"Christians must be taught, that to buy an indulgence is a free-will act, and not one by command.

"Christians must be taught that the pope, having more need of a prayer offered with faith than of money; more desires the prayer than the money when he distributes indulgences.

"Christians must be taught, that the pope's indulgence is good, if one does not put one's trust in it; but that nothing can be more pernicious if it should cause the loss of piety.

"Christians must be taught, that if the pope knew of the extortions of the indulgence-preachers; he would rather

the metropolitan church of St. Peter were burnt and reduced to ashes than see it built with the skin, the flesh, and the bones of his sheep.

"The change of the canonical penalty into the purgatorial is a tare, a darnel of dissension; the bishops were manifestly asleep when this pernicious weed was sown.

"The pope must needs desire, that if these pardons, things so trivial, are celebrated with bell, ceremony, and solemnity; the Gospel, a thing so great, should be preached with a hundred bells, a hundred ceremonies, a hundred solemnities.

"The true treasure of the church is the thrice holy Gospel of the Glory and the Grace of God.

"Many have reason to hate this sacred treasure of the Gospel, for by it the first become the last.

"Many have reason to love the treasure of indulgences, for by them the last become the first.

"The treasures of the Gospel are the nets with which we fish for men of worth.

"The treasures of the indulgences are the nets with which some fish for men worth money.

"To say that the cross placed on the arms of the pope is equivalent to the Cross of Christ, is blasphemy.

"Why does not the pope, in his very holy character, clear out purgatory at once, wherein so many souls are suffering? This would be bestowing his power far more worthily, than for him to deliver souls for money; money so gained brings calamity with it: and for what purpose, moreover? For a building!

"What is this strange compassion of God and of the

pope, which, for so many crowns, changes the soul of an impious wretch, enemy of God and man, into a soul holy and agreeable to the Lord?

"Cannot the pope, whose treasures at this time exceed the most enormous accumulations elsewhere; cannot he with his own money, rather than with that of impoverished Christians, raise a single church, for the metropolitan cathedral?

"What does the pope remit, what does he give, to those who by their complete contrition, have already purchased a right to plenary remission?

"Fie on the prophets who say to Christ's people; *The Cross! the Cross!* and show us not the Cross.

"Fie on the prophets who say to the people of Christ; *Peace! Peace!* and give us not peace.

"Christians must be taught to follow Christ, their Chief, through pain and punishments, and through hell itself; so that it is far better to enter the Kingdom of Heaven through much tribulation, than to acquire a carnal security by the consolations of a false peace."[1]

The challenge had boldly enough been thrown down The morrow came; but brought no disputant.

But though no one came to take up the challenge, the effect of the publication was astounding. "It was," says Michelet, "as if a thunderbolt had fallen, and struck the whole of Germany." This sacrifice of liberty to Grace, of man to God, of the finite to the Infinite, was at once recog-

[1] A copy of these Theses, printed at Wittenberg in 1517, may be seen in the British Museum. The type is bold and well cut, and would not discredit a modern foundry.

nised by the German people as the true national religion: as the Faith which Gottschalk proclaimed in the time of Charlemagne, from the very cradle of German Christianity: the Faith of Tauler and of all the mystical preachers of the Low Countries. The people, accordingly, threw themselves with the most hungry avidity upon this religious pasture, from which they had been shut out ever since the fourteenth century. The Propositions were printed in thousands; devoured, spread abroad, diffused in every direction. With the most inconceivable rapidity they were circulated, and reached the most distant lands.

"In a fortnight," says Myconius, the historian, who was himself a disciple of Luther, "they were in every part of Germany, and in four weeks they had traversed the whole of Christendom; as if the very angels had been their messengers, and had placed them before all men. No one can believe the noise they made. Somewhat later they were translated into Dutch and Spanish, and a traveller sold them in Jerusalem."

This wide and rapid circulation surprised even Luther himself. He had spoken out of the fulness of his heart, guided by a spirit higher and stronger than his own; and if he even knew the full import of the words, he could form no comprehension of the effect those words would produce. "Every one," he said afterwards, modestly setting aside the renown cast upon him by their publication, "Every one complained of the Indulgences; and as all the bishops and doctors had kept silence, and nobody was willing to bell the cat, poor Luther became a famous doctor; because there came one at last who ventured to do it. But I did

not like this glory, and the pitch of the tune was too high for my voice."

Of a truth Luther did speak out the long conceived thoughts of thousands in Germany, who had groaned for years in spirit against the thraldom of the papacy.

Of all the great and learned men of his day, he was the first who dared to give utterance to the unexpressed but general convictions of thousands.

The effect produced upon the mind of the people, and the expressions they called forth were visible on every hand.

The learned Reuchlin gave the Theses a glad welcome. He had long been engaged in disputations with the monks; and old and worn in body and mind, was sincerely glad to find a new combatant who could worthily sustain the conflict.

"Thanks be to God! the monks have at last found a man who will give them so much to do; that they will be compelled to let my old age end in peace."

Erasmus clearly saw the evil of the traffic in indulgences; but was too cautious to speak out with much clearness. Although greatly opposed to the doctrines taught by Luther, he could not withhold a tribute of admiration at the intrepidity of the man who could boldly attack the system of Indulgences. He candidly admitted that Luther's courage was undoubted, and continued, "God has given us a physician, who cuts deeply into the flesh, because the malady would be incurable without." When the Elector asked his opinion of the Propositions, he replied, "I am not at all surprised that they have made so much noise; for

Luther has committed two unpardonable crimes; he has attacked the pope's tiara, and the monk's bellies."

At another time, when writing to Cardinal Campeggio, Erasmus says, "The greater their evangelical piety, and the purer their morals, the less are men opposed to Luther. His life is praised even by those who cannot endure his faith. The world was weary of a doctrine so full of puerile fables and human ordinances; and thirsted for the living, pure, and hidden water which springs from the veins of the Evangelists and Apostles. Luther's genius was fitted to accomplish these things, and his zeal would naturally catch at so glorious an enterprise."

The Theses reached the palace of the Emperor Maximilian. He read and admired the boldness of the writer, whose reputation had preceded his work. Maximilian saw in Luther a powerful ally in the impending struggle with Rome. To the Elector of Saxony he said;—

"Take great care of the monk, Luther, for the time may come when we shall have much need of him."

At another time, when speaking to Pfeffinger, the Elector's privy councillor, he remarked;—

"Well! what is your Augustine doing? In truth, his Theses are not contemptible. He will play the monks a pretty game."

When Leo X. received the daring Propositions, he did not exhibit any considerable feeling of rancour. He did not, by any means, anticipate the success they would achieve; and he did not know that they only expressed the feelings of thousands amongst the German people. He was disposed to treat them with a good humoured

tolerance; not to be expected when his interests were thus roughly assailed. When his secretary, Sylvester Prierio, who was in charge of the books, suggested that Luther's propositions should be burnt, and the writer proceeded against as a heretic, he responded, with wonderful moderation :—

"Brother Martin is a man of fine genius: all that is said against him proceeds from monkish jealousy." Leo was, or affected to be, persuaded that the whole matter was but a trifling squabble between the two rival orders, the Augustines and the Dominicans; an occurrence not by any means infrequent when their respective orders were in rivalry over some pecuniary benefit to be secured, and that the commotion would speedily subside.

The first edition of the pamphlet written by Luther, at Wittenberg, against the Sale of Indulgences, is preserved in the British Museum. The work is 4to size, and the front page contains a portrait of Luther, probably the earliest one known. The face, that of a man very naggard and disturbed, is surmounted by the tonsure of his order; and the figure is robed in the usual monkish fashion.

Enemies, however, bitter and unrelenting, were not long before they made their appearance. Tetzel, whose sole means of living, in vagabond-luxury, were now menaced, replied from Frankfort-on-the-Oder; and endeavoured, with but poor success, to answer some points in the sermon preached by Luther at the Castle church. The Theses he did not touch beyond a general notice of them, but he invited Luther to meet him at the University of Frankfort; where they could be disputed; and "where," he said,

smarting doubtless beneath the conclusions arrived at in the sermon, "each man will be able to judge who is the heresiarch, heretic, schismatic; who is mistaken; rash and slanderous; and where it will be clear to the eyes of all who it is that has a dull brain; that has never felt the Bible; never read the Christian doctrines; never understood his own doctors. In support of the propositions I advance, I am ready to suffer all things: prisons, scourgings, drowning, or the stake."

This readiness to suffer all these things could very safely be paraded; seeing that there was no one amongst the friends of Luther and of the new doctrines, who possessed the inclination or the power to inflict such punishments, and Tetzel had the whole authority of the papacy at his back. Luther quickly replied. One point in Tetzel's letter called for attention. He had endeavoured to confound the repentance required by God with the penance imposed by the church: and by showing the impossibility of attaining to the perfection set forth by God, recommended the remedy suggested by the church, and so easily exhibited in his indulgences.

"To save words," returned Luther, "I throw to the winds, which besides have more leisure than I, his other remarks, which are mere artificial flowers and dry leaves, and will content myself with examining the foundations of his edifice of burs.

"The penance imposed by the holy father cannot be that required by Christ; for what the holy father imposes he can dispense with; and if these two penances are one and the same thing, it would follow that the pope takes

away what Christ imposes, and destroys the commandment of God. Well! if Tetzel likes it, let him abuse me. Let him call me heretic, schismatic, slanderer, and whatever he pleases. I shall not be his enemy for that, and I shall pray for him as for a friend. But I cannot suffer him to treat the holy Scriptures, our consolation, as a sow treats a sack of oats."

He then proceeds to discuss the points of Tetzel's letter, urging the great importance of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and the exercise of other good actions; as far before the purchase of indulgences. He rather roughly talks of Tetzel's invectives as the braying of an ass, and says "I am delighted with them, and I should be very sorry were such people to call me a good christian."

Then in return to the invitation given by Tetzel, he responds: "Although it is not usual to burn heretics for such matters, here am I at Wittenberg; I, Doctor Martin Luther! Is there any inquisitor who is determined to chew iron, and to blow up rocks? I beg to inform him that he has a safe conduct to come hither: open gates, bed and board secured to him, and all by the gracious care of our worthy prince, Frederick, Elector of Saxony, who will never protect heresy."

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

AMID all the jubilation and admiration evoked by Luther's intrepid action, there were many expressions of alarm at its temerity. The timid were afraid of the consequences of a collision with the papacy. The bishops even, men who had been foremost in their dislike to the disgraceful practices of the Indulgences, wavered: not indeed in their inward belief, but in its bold outward expression. Fear of offending the powers of the church made men dumb. Friends fell away from the Reformer, and few seemed desirous of sharing the perilous position in which by his boldness he was placed. Attacks and opposition came from all sides, and in less than a fortnight he stood almost alone to confront the storm that had gathered about him.

Friends are ready enough to be our friends when all is smooth weather; but when the storm-cloud is breaking, and the deluge of water falls therefrom, these insincere and time-serving people look to their own security and shelter. Friendship is then but a word; a word without essence or meaning.

Luther now experienced a great change. His friends fell away. In the time of his fair and growing reputation, friends were his luxury; but now in the hazard of impending trouble, when they became his necessity, he found them not.

One, however, remained faithful throughout. Spalatin did not shrink away as others did. Letters between Luther and Spalatin were not interrupted for a single day. Luther, in face of the general desertion, was touched by this mark of true friendship. On the 11th of November, just eleven days after the memorable publication, Luther wrote to his friend in this strain: "I thank you from my heart; but what am I not indebted to you for? We can do nothing of ourselves: but we can do everything by God's grace. All ignorance is invincible to us: no ignorance is invincible to the grace of God. The more we endeavour of ourselves to attain wisdom, the nearer we approach to folly. It is untrue that this invincible ignorance excuses the sinner; otherwise there would be no sin in the world."

Spalatin proved a true friend during this critical time. When Luther boldly posted his Theses on the door of the Castle church, he had consulted no one, and with the silent promptness that marked his memorable entry into monastic life, none knew his purpose until it was accomplished.

Spalatin used his influence to remove any bad impression that might affect the mind of the Elector, who had hitherto expressed a very high opinion of the doctor. Probably at his suggestion he wrote a letter explanatory of his action. "I was unwilling that my Theses should

reach our most illustrious prince, or any of his court; before they had been received by those who think themselves especially designated in them, for fear they should believe I had published them by the prince's order; or to conciliate favour, and from a feeling of hostility to the Bishop of Mentz.

"I understand there are many persons who dream such things. But now, I can positively swear, that my Theses were published without the knowledge of Duke Frederick."

Luther well knew how active in misrepresentations his enemies would be; and therefore, in justification of his conduct, he sent a letter to the Archbishop of Mentz himself. In this letter he displays the utmost moderation, and tender-hearted love for the poor, the simple, and the unlearned.

"Venerable father in Christ, most illustrious prince; vouchsafe to cast a favorable eye on me, who am but dust and ashes; and to receive my request with pastoral kindness. Persons are now hawking through the country, under the name and august title of your Highness, papal Indulgences for the erection of the cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome. I say nothing about the vapourings which I have not myself heard; but I complain bitterly of the preachers, and the fatal errors by which they are influencing the poor, the simple, and the unlearned; who are everywhere openly avowing their fond imaginations on the subject. This pains and sickens me. They believe that souls will be delivered from purgatory as soon as their money chinks in the preacher's bag. They believe an Indulgence to be powerful enough to save the greatest sinner. Great God!

these poor souls, then, are to be led, under your authority, to death, and not to life. You will incur a fearful and heavily-increasing responsibility. Be pleased, noble and venerable father; to read and take into consideration my *Propositions*, showing the vanity of the Indulgences which the preachers proclaim as a certainty."

It ought perhaps to be noted that the Archbishop, who it will be remembered had agreed to take one half of the net proceeds of this infamous traffic; was sufficiently honest to content himself with the acknowledgment of Luther's letter; and to beg him to defer any further propositions, expressing his strong wish that all discussions about Indulgences should be avoided.

Luther also wrote to several noble and reverend prelates, to all of whom he was anxious fairly to represent his action, and to refute the calumnies by which he was assailed on all sides.

To his friend, Christopher Scheurl, the secretary of the City of Nuremberg, he expresses thanks for some little favor he had received at his hands, and carries himself with great humility.

"You entertain a high opinion of my studies; but I have a very mean opinion of them. I have sought among my writings, which I have never found so meagre before, for something to dedicate to your friend Jerome Ebner (a celebrated Nuremberg lawyer). Nothing presents itself worthy of being dedicated to so great a man by so mean a person as myself. I did not design to give my Theses such publicity. I only desired to confer on their subject-matter with some of those who remain with, or near us.

If they had been condemned, I should have destroyed them. If they had been approved, I proposed publishing them. But they have now been printed over and over again, and circulated so far beyond all my hopes, that I repent of my offspring: not because I fear lest the Truth should be made known to the people, for *'twas this alone I sought*; but that is not the way to instruct them. They contain questions that are still doubtful to me, and if I had thought my Theses would have created such a sensation, there are some things I should have omitted, and others I should have asserted with greater confidence."

To the Elector he also wrote, but the subject of his letter did not concern himself. In it he pleaded the cause of those dear to his heart; his suffering fellow men. Surrounded as he was at this time by enemies longing for his disgrace, his letter and spirit reflect upon him infinite honour.

"I beseech your highness despise not the prayer of a poor beggar: do not, in God's name, impose a new tax. My heart has been bruised as well as the hearts of many of those who are most devoted to you, when they saw how far the tax has injured your good fame, and the popularity your highness enjoyed. It is true the Lord has given you an exalted understanding, so that you can see into these matters farther than I can or any of your subjects. But perhaps it is God's will that a mean understanding should instruct a greater, in order that no one should trust to himself, but solely in the Lord our God, whom I pray to preserve your health of body for our good, and your soul for eternal blessedness."

Meanwhile Tetzel, pushed forward by his order, the Do-

minican, quickly took measures to recover the ground he had lost. He felt that the Elector Frederick in his secret soul favoured the opinions put forth by Luther, and he longed not only to humiliate one whom his arguments could not confound, but to hold over the Elector himself the dreaded displeasure of the Pontiff. The infamous trade was disturbed: his receipts were seriously affected; and this consideration alone filled the heart of the Dominican with rage. To assail Indulgences, he declared, was to attack the Pope himself.

Burning with exasperation, and feeling how feebly he could answer the calm, logical words of his powerful adversary, he called to his aid all the culture and learning he could find in his order. He repaired to Frankfort, and placed himself in communication with Conrad Wimpina, a distinguished theologian, and professor at the University there.

Wimpina, to whom the reputation of Luther was a subject of most unworthy jealousy, penned two lists of anti-Theses; the one devoted to a defence of the doctrine of Indulgences generally, and the other, setting forth the supreme authority of the Pope.

Armed with these Tetzel, with great parade, commenced the disputation. All the monks of his order were present, and strong in their numbers and influence, the Indulgence-chieftain assumed high authority.

"Whoever says that the soul does not escape out of purgatory so soon as the money tinkles in the chest is in error," he boldly asserted.

"We should teach Christians that the Pope, by the

greatness of his power, is above the whole universal church, and superior to the councils; and that we should implicitly obey his decrees.

"We should teach Christians that the Pope alone has the right of deciding in all matters of Christian faith. That he alone and no one else besides him has the power to interpret the meaning of Scripture according to his own views; and to approve or condemn all the words or writings of other men; the judgment of the Pope cannot err; that those who injure the honour and dignity of the Pope are guilty of high treason, and deserve to be accursed; that all who declare by their words, acts, or writings, that they will not retract their heretical propositions should be treated as heretics, even should excommunication after excommunication fall upon them like hail or rain; and, finally, that all those who protect the errors of heretics, and who, by their authority, prevent them from being brought before the judge, who has a right to hear them, are excommunicated; that if in the space of a year they do not change their conduct, they will be declared infamous, and cruelly punished with divers chastisements according to the law, and for a warning to all men."

The whole matter ended with their favourite argument.

The burning of the heretical writings was the nearest approach they could, at this time, make to the actual infliction of the fire upon the heretics themselves. Tetzel went to the full measure of his ability. A scaffold was erected in one of the suburbs of the town, and thither in solemn state he and his numerous followers proceeded Getting into his pulpit, which he had caused to be conveyed

to the place; he fulminated his anathema against the devoted head of the heretic Luther, only regretting that a like fate could not immediately be bestowed on the writer as now awaited his heretical writings. The sermon and propositions were placed on the scaffold; a great fire was kindled, and amid shouts of rejoicing the offending works were consumed by the flames. This over, Tetzel and his friends marched back to Frankfort in triumph.

The students of the University at Wittenberg heard of the insult given to their beloved master with feelings of the keenest anger. Their passions were aroused, and the spirit of retaliation came strongly upon them. Nothing could restrain the impetuosity of their proceedings. Inflamed beyond control, they seized upon a luckless agent employed by Tetzel in the circulation of his Theses in Saxony, and uttering threats of instant destruction against the unhappy man, took from him the whole parcel of his papers, amounting to eight hundred copies.

They then wrote on the walls of the University—"Whoever desires to be present at the burning and funeral of Tetzel's Theses, must come to the market-place at two o'clock!"

At the appointed time, these generous-hearted but excited youths, faithful to their outraged master, assembled in great force; kindled the flames, and forthwith the whole bundle of Tetzel's papers fell into the fire. One copy alone escaped the fury of their destruction. It was given to Luther himself, and he sent it to his friend Lange, of Erfurt.

Luther has been accused of being a party to this pro-

ceeding; but we have his own assurances to the contrary: and although it is difficult to understand how he could have restrained the students in their desire to avenge the indignity placed upon him, even had he known of their intention; it is certainly most consistent to believe that he knew nothing of their proceedings until the mischief had been accomplished.

We may be assured that the circumstance gave him pain; and in a letter addressed to his old master, Jodocus, his instructor while at Eisenach, he asks, "if he thought he had taken leave of his senses in causing Tetzel's Theses to be burnt?" adding, with great truth, "But what could I do? Where I am concerned, everybody believes whatever is told of me. Well, let them say, hear, and believe what ever they like concerning me. I shall work as long as God gives me strength, and, with His help, I shall fear nothing!"

More important adversaries quickly appeared. The fight hitherto had been but light skirmishing, in comparison with the force it would presently acquire. The dispute ceased to be one between the Indulgence-chief and Luther; it soon became one between the doctor of Wittenberg and Rome itself.

The interested Dominicans zealously fanned the flame. In all pulpits, and on all occasions, Luther was furiously assailed and denounced. Madman, seducer, demoniac! were the names bestowed upon him.

"Heretic!" said they, "in less than a month thou shalt be burnt!"

The University at Wittenberg, where Luther was ex-

ceedingly popular, was proclaimed to be foully tainted with heresy; and its inmates were denounced unsparingly. The worst passions of the people were appealed to, and disturbances became frequent.

The strife grew apace: every moment added strength to its fury, and extended the area of its operations.

A member of the Dominican body, a friar preacher, one Jacob Hochstraten, or Hogostratus, a violent bigot and Prior at Cologne, was one of the first to fulminate his contribution of condemnation. Calmness and decency of argument by no means distinguished his style, and in a document of much violence and noise, he urged His Holiness of Rome to put the heretic, who had disturbed men's minds, to instant death.

"It is high treason against the Church," he raved, "to allow so horrible a heretic to live one hour longer. Let the scaffold be instantly erected for him!"

Luther quickly disposed of this truculent foe. There was no argument to meet and refute: so Luther simply returned the complimentary terms applied to him. "Go," he contemptuously said, "Go, thou raving murderer, thou who criest for the blood of thy brethren; it is my earnest desire that thou forbearest to call me christian and faithful, and that thou continuest, on the contrary, to decry me as a heretic. Understandest thou these things, blood-thirsty man? enemy of the truth! if thy mad rage should hurry thee to undertake anything against me, take care to act with circumspection, and to choose thy time well. God knows what is my purpose, if He grant me life. My hope, and my expectation, God willing, will not deceive me."

No sooner was this noisy adversary silenced, than one of a totally different calibre appeared. The great and learned Professor of Ingolstadt, Dr. Eck, Luther's recently acquired friend, issued a paper entitled *Obelisks*; in which he mercilessly assailed the Propositions and the new doctrines. The friendship that existed was put aside, and a very unfair inference was drawn from the writings of "his feeble adversary," whose doctrines, said he, "savoured of the Bohemian poison." The malice of this thrust may be seen when it is remembered that John Huss was burnt by order of the Council of Constance more than a century before, for opposing the doctrine of transubstantiation; and his memory and doctrines were just then particularly the objects of hatred in Germany generally. It is, however, remarkable, and shows the malice and subtlety of Eck's mind in the strongest and most discreditable light; that the very truth for which John Huss suffered martyrdom, was one which Luther never did and never could fully grasp, during the whole period of his life. The new foe found Luther fully prepared for the combat. Before replying to the book, he laments that its writing is the writing of a friend.

"In the *Obelisks* I am styled a venemous man, a Bohemian, a heretic, a seditious, insolent, rash person. I pass by all minor insults, such as drowsy-headed, stupid, ignorant, contemner of the Pope, &c. The book is brimful of the blackest outrages. Yet he who penned them is a distinguished man; with a spirit full of learning, and a learning full of spirit; and, what causes me the deepest vexation, he is a man who was united to me by a strong

and recently contracted friendship. If I did not know Satan's thoughts, I should be astonished at the fury which has led this man to break off so sweet and so new a friendship; and that, too, without warning me, without writing me, without saying a single word." But, however unfair was Eck's attack, Luther did not lack the ability or the courage to return the blow.

He immediately printed *The Asterisks*, wherein, he said playfully, he should oppose the light and brightness of his *Asterisks* (* stars, used in printing and writing), to the rust and livid hue of his opponent's *Obelisks* (tall four-sided pillars, generally monolithic, tapering as they rise, but in writing and printing, marks of reference, thus †). Although the work was at first only circulated among his friends, and not published till a long time afterwards; Dr. Eck quickly found out what manner of adversary he had so rashly called to battle.

"As for malicious reproach of Bohemian heresy," Luther declared, "I bear this calumny with patience through the love of God. I am indifferent to it. I live in a celebrated University, in a well-famed city, in a respectable Bishopric, in a powerful Duchy, where all are orthodox, and where, undoubtedly, so wicked a heretic would not be tolerated."

In the book he boldly affirms the broad principle: "The supreme Pontiff is a man, and may be led into error; but God is Truth, and cannot err. Where," he asks, perhaps wishing to provoke the disputation which afterwards took place, "where is it found in the Bible that the treasure o Christ's merits is in the hands of the Pope?"

Dr. Eck was not alone in his assault; another came from Rome itself.

A Dominican, by name, Sylvester Prierias, or Prierio, filled the office of master of the palace, and censor of books. He published an attack upon Luther's Theses, in the form of a dialogue, in which ridicule, abuse, and threats were freely employed. It was asked whether this "Martin had an iron nose, or a brazen head, which cannot be broken;" whether "My dear Luther, if you were to receive from our lord the Pope a good bishopric, and a plenary indulgence for repairing your Church, you would sing in a softer strain, and extol the Indulgences you are now disparaging!"

His tirade of abuse, embracing such elegant remarks as "If it is the nature of dogs to bite, I fear you had a dog for your father," was fitly concluded by that most powerful of all Romish arguments—a threat.

"The Romish church," says he, "the apex of whose spiritual and temporal power is in the Pope; may constrain by the secular arm those who, having once received the faith, afterwards go astray. It is not bound to employ reason to combat and vanquish rebels."

Although the arguments in Prierio's book were scarcely worthy of reply, it did not pass unnoticed; coming, as it did, from one of the dignitaries of the Romish court.

Luther, in noticing the strongest argument it contained, asserted his firm belief that Popes and councils could very easily err in their interpretation of the Christian doctrine; that the Church virtually only existed in Christ alone; and that the assertion of unlimited temporal and spiritual

power in the person of the Pope had been greatly favored by the flatteries of the courtiers and other creatures of the Roman See.

"No doubt you judge me after yourself; but if I aspired to an episcopal station, of a surety I should not use the language that is harsh and grating to your ears. Do you imagine I am ignorant how bishoprics and the priesthood are obtained at Rome? Do not the very children sing in the streets—

> 'Of all foul spots the world around,
> The foulest spot in Rome is found.?'"

"You say," continues Luther, "that the Pope is at once Pontiff and Emperor; and that he is mighty to compel obedience by the secular arm. Do you thirst for blood? I protest that you will not frighten me. If I am put to death, Christ lives. Christ my Lord, and the Lord of all, blessed for evermore. Amen."

CHAPTER X.

FRIENDLY DISPUTATION. ROME AROUSED.

OF ALL the adversaries by whom Luther was attacked at the very earliest stage of the battle of the Reformation; Dr. Eck was by far the most formidable; his great learning rendered him a doughty antagonist; but his bitter implacable spirit shed upon his opposition a malevolence utterly opposed to Christianity. This implacability before long was abundantly shown.

A general Chapter of the Augustine order was to be held at Heidelberg in the early part of 1518, to which Luther, as one oftheir most distinguished men, was invited.

The members of the University fearing that his enemies might molest and injure him on his way, urged him not to undertake the journey; but Luther, who was the embodiment of personal courage, rejecting their timid counsels determined to take his place at the conference.

He set out on foot on the 13th of April, accompanied by a guide named Urban.

On his way he passed through Weissenfels. As soon as the pastor saw Luther, he invited him to the hospitality of his house. Proceeding on his way, he came to Erfurt.

where he was joined by two of the brethren of his order.

The company having reached Judenbach, they were met by Degenhard Pfeffinger, privy-councillor of the Elector Frederick.

Pfeffinger was a man of most penurious habits, and in a variety of small ways endeavoured to effect great saving in his master's expenditure. His parsimony was sometimes contagious, and on one occasion Luther, who was always kept very poor, had to remind the Elector that he had not received the new coat promised to him.

"If it is Pfeffinger who has charge of it," he wrote to the Elector, "let him give it to me in reality, not in protestations of friendship. He knows how to spin fine speeches, but they never produce good cloth."

The councillor invited Luther and his companions to his inn, and a sly spirit of fun seized upon Luther. "I had the pleasure," he wrote to his friend Spalatin, "of making the rich lord a few groats poorer. You know I like on every opportunity to levy contributions on the rich for the benefit of the poor, especially if the rich are my friends."

When he reached Coburg, there being no room in the conveyance, he was compelled to continue his journey on foot. He was tired and footsore, and wrote, "All goes well, by God's grace, except that I acknowledge to have sinned in undertaking this journey on foot. But for that sin I have no need, I think, of the remission of indulgences. My contrition is perfect, and the satisfaction plenary. I am overcome with fatigue and all the conveyances are full. Is not this enough, and more than enough, of penance, contrition, and satisfaction?"

At Würzburg, his guide left him, and Luther took his place in the carriage of his old friend, Dr. Staupitz; wherein another dear friend, Lang, the prior of Erfurt, was also seated.

When they arrived at Heidelberg, Luther repaired to the convent of his order, not far from the Hauptshasse, the gateway of which is still viewed as an object of interest. He shortly after presented a letter of introduction, given to him by the Elector of Saxony to Count Palatine Wolfgang, Duke of Bavaria.

Passing up the long narrow way, he presented himself at the castle, then a noble and richly carved structure built of red sandstone. Still beautiful, and the most perfect in Germany, though battered by the Austrian Tilly in the thirty years war, for its moss-grown disbevelled tower, and for its splendid outlook on the silver Neckar, winding through the plain, until, at Mannheim, it flows into the blue waters of the Rhine.

Simler, the duke's steward, received the letter, observing, "In truth, you have here a valuable letter of credit."

At the castle he was most graciously received, and with Dr. Staupitz and Lange partook of the Count's sumptuous hospitality.

"We were very happy, and amused one another with agreeable and pleasant conversation; eating and drinking, examining all the beauties of the palatine palace, admiring the ornaments, arms, cuirasses; in fine, everything remarkable contained in this celebrated and truly regal castle."

Upon his arrival at the University, Luther affixed his

Theses, in the usual manner, to the walls, and on the 26th of April the disputation began. Under the title of *Paradoxes*, they presented some startling truths, and provoked five Doctors of divinity to join in the friendly discussion.

"The law of God," said Luther, "is a salutary doctrine of life; man's works are nothing but deadly sins. God's works have an everlasting merit; free-will is an idle word, and man, in spite of doing all he can, still sins mortally. Imagining to come to a state of grace by works, a man adds sin to sin. A theologian of the world calls evil good, and good evil. The wisdom which endeavours to learn the invisible perfection of God in his works, puffs up, hardens and blinds a man. The law calls forth God's anger, kills, curses, accuses, judges and condemns whatsoever is not in Christ; yet the wisdom is not evil, the law is not to be rejected. Man is not justified who performs many works: faith in Christ is all in all. The law says Do this! and what it commands is never done. Grace says, Believe in Him! and immediately all things are done. The love of God finds nothing in man; but creates in him what he loves."

The disputation was conducted with moderation and mildness, one young divine alone provoking laughter by exclaiming at one stage of the argument, "If our peasants heard such things stated, they would stone you to death." Luther joined in the pleasantry that ensued.

The disputation was not without many permanent advantages. Three young men, who afterwards became famous professors of divinity, and teachers of the Truth,

were induced, by Luther's bold expositions of the doctrine of free justification of the sinner, to embrace, and afterwards preach the new but really old faith.

Ehrhard Snepf here first heard the famous Doctor of Wittenberg; and John Beritz and Martin Bucer, also now first made his acquaintance.

It may not be uninteresting to remind the reader that the works of Martin Bucer afterwards obtained great distinction in England. At his death, he was buried at St. Mary's, in Cambridge. When the insensate hate which marked the persecutions under Queen Mary was at its height, his body was taken from its resting place and publicly burnt. This disgraceful event took place on the 6th of February, 1557, in the market-place, where the body, the coffin, and a number of bibles and prayer books were placed upon a pile of fagots, and all consumed to ashes.

Upon Luther's departure, some of the seed sown by him yielded fruit through the labours of these three young men, all of whom taught those truths, the germs of which were first planted in their souls by the great Reformer.

He too, himself, gained by the discussion. "I belong to those," he said, speaking a great truth very quietly, "who improve by writing and by teaching others; and not to those who from nothing become on a sudden great and learned doctors."

Luther returned from Heidelberg in a carriage with some members of his order, who were proud of his increased reputation: and Count Palatine gave him a letter to the Elector, in which Luther was pronounced to have

shown great skill in disputation, and contributed to the honour and the reputation of his University.

While passing through Erfurt he visited his old teacher, Dr. Jodocus. The professor, now grown old, had not approved the path taken by his former pupil, and had placed against his famous Propositions a *Theta*, a Greek term of condemnation. Luther endeavoured, but ineffectually, to soften the doctor's disapproval. The prejudices of old age could not be lightly removed: the principles of a life commenced in darkness, continued in the same darkness to the end. The light in the heavens shines upon all; but darkened eyes bent down to the earth, refuse to look upon the beams of His all-comforting and shadowless Life.

From Erfurt he travelled in the carriage of the Augustines to Eisleben, his native place, and thence back to his home at Wittenberg, where all received him with joy and gladness. The journey had lent colour and animation to his face, and his bodily strength was improved. While at Heidelberg, he wrote a letter, dated 30th May, 1518, to Dr. Staupitz, with the view of representing his actions fairly to the Pontiff. The letter was a long one, and some passages only can be given in this place.

"I remember, reverend father, among the many most delightful and pleasing conversations with which, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I was often peculiarly edified by you, to have occasionally heard you observe respecting the doctrine of penitence, as connected with Indulgences, especially referring to those who are troubled in conscience, and those pretenders who torture them with innumerable and burdensome advices, on the manner of confession.

"Your observation made as deep an impression on my mind, as though I had been pierced with the sharp arrow of a hunter, and I

began to consult the Scriptures as to the real nature of penitence. The declaration rendered this occupation in many respects most pleasant and delightful to me, and I became satisfactorily convinced that whereas formerly there was no term in Scriptures at which I felt more uneasiness than that of penitence, even when I would have attempted diligently to please God, and to exhibit a fixed and determined love to Him, now there is none which yields me greater pleasure and delight. Thus the commandments of God become enticing, not only as they are made known to us in His holy Word, but as we see them exemplified in the obedient sufferings of our blessed Saviour. While thus mediating, certain individuals began to tune their pipe, and to give us some strange music, and with much parade they sounded their new instruments respecting Indulgences, which drew me into the field of controversy. In short, by neglecting or perverting the true doctrine of penitence, they had the presumption to enhance, not repentance, not even its most worthless part, which is called *satisfaction*, but the remission of that to me most worthless part, as it never had been previously held and estimated. And now they teach those impious, false, and heretical tenets with such boldness—I had almost said insolence—that he who presumes to express an opinion to the contrary, is forthwith branded as a heretic, and as one who should be consigned to the flames of hell, to be eternally punished.

"Unable to restrain the ravings of these men, I resolved in the gentlest possible manner to dissent from them; to call in question mildly their headstrong and impious assertions, trusting to the authority of all learned men and of the church. I therefore disputed with and differed from them, and because I did so, I provoked their utmost resentment against me; my sole offence being in my interference with these zealots in their schemes for obtaining money from the people. And these men, so well practised in their profitable knavery, when they could not refute me, pretended that I was injuring the authority of the Pope.

"This is the reason, reverend father, why I am now talked of malignantly in public, who have always been a lover of retirement, choosing rather to attend to the improvement and cultivation of the

mind, than to make myself at all an object of public observation. But it behoves me to take these things patiently, and so far, I would rather be the topic of their slander than of their praise.

"I request, therefore, that you will accept these my brief explanations, and transmit them as soon as possible to the holy father Leo X., because the representation of these malignant men may be injurious to me, and I have no other advocate in that quarter. I do not wish you, however, to be brought into trouble on my account; I desire to answer for myself, and to bear the whole responsibility. Our Saviour Christ knows whether what I have advanced be of myself, or agreeable to His will; without whose approbation the sanction of the Pope is of little avail; nor that of any prince whom he guides and commands. But, nevertheless, I expect a decision to be pronounced at Rome.

"To the threatenings with which I am assailed, I have little to say, except with Reuchlin, that he who is poor has nothing to fear, because he has nothing to lose. He who is deprived of fame and rewards, loses what I neither possess nor desire. One unworthy thing remains, my humble body, fatigued by cares and anxieties; so that whatsoever with God's permission, they may do by force or stratagem, they can only deprive me of a few hours of life. It is sufficient for me to know my blessed Lord and Saviour, to whom I shall sing praises as long as I live: if any one will not sing praises with me, that is not my concern: he may growl by himself if he pleases. May the Lord Jesus Christ preserve you, my beloved father, in His holy keeping for ever.

"MARTIN LUTHER."

A still longer letter he sent direct to Leo at Rome, but as it contains much of the same argument as that sent to Dr. Staupitz, it is not necessary to give the whole of it. Luther writes:

"To the most blessed father, Leo X., sovereign Bishop; Martin Luther, an Augustine friar, wishes eternal salvation. I am informed, most holy father, that wicked reports are in circulation about me, and that my name is in bad odour with your highness. I am called a heretic, apostate, traitor, and a thousand other insulting names. What

I see fills me with surprise; what I learn fills me with alarm. But the only foundation of my tranquility remains; a pure and peaceful conscience. Deign to listen to me, most holy father: to me who am but a child and unlearned . . . .

"In all the taverns nothing but complaints have been heard against the avarice of the priests, and attacks against the power of the Keys, and of the sovereign Bishop. Of this the whole of Germany is a witness. When I was informed of these things, my zeal was aroused for the glory of Christ, as it appeared to me; or, if another explanation is sought; my young and warm blood was inflamed. I forewarned several princes of the church; but some laughed at me, and others turned a deaf ear. The terror of your name seemed to restrain every one. I then published my disputation.

"And behold, most holy father, the conflagration that is reported to have set the whole world on fire. Now, what shall I do? I cannot retract, and I see that this publicatiou draws down upon me an inconceivable hatred from every side. I have no wish to appear before the world; for I have no learning, no genius, and am far too little for such great matters: above all, in this illustrious age in which Cicero himself, were he living, would be compelled to hide himself in some dark corner. But, in order to quiet my adversaries, and to reply to the solicitations of many friends, I here publish my thoughts. I publish them, holy father, that I may be in greater safety under the shadow of your wings. All those who desire it will thus understand with what simplicity of heart I have called upon the ecclesiastical authority to instruct me; and what respect I have shown to the power of the Keys. If I had not behaved with propriety, it would have been impossible for the most serene lord Frederick, Duke and Elector of Saxony, who shines among the friends of the apostolic and christian Truth, to have endured in his University of Wittenberg a man so dangerous as I am asserted to be.

"For this reason, most holy father, I fall at the feet of your holiness, and submit myself to you, with all that I have, and with all that I am. Destroy my cause, or espouse it: declare me right or wrong: take away my life or restore it, as you please. I shall acknowledge your

voice as the voice of Jesus Christ, who presides and speaks through you. If I have merited death, I shall not refuse to die. The earth is the Lord's and all that is therein. May He be praised throughout all eternity! Amen. May He uphold you for ever! Amen. Written the day of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1518.

"MARTIN LUTHER, Augustine Friar."

After the despatch of these letters, Luther applied himself sedulously to his teaching. He delivered a course of lectures on the commandments, and gave four discourses: 1—On the Efficacy of Excommunication; 2—On Preparations for the Holy Sacrament; 3—On Threefold Justice and 4—On Twofold Justice. An exposition on a passage in Ecclesiastes, and instructions for the confession of sins, also formed part of his labours.

The British Museum contains other proofs of his untiring work this year (1518) in a Commentary on the 110th Psalm, a Sermon on Indulgences, a Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms, a Defence of his Indulgence Sermon, and some Decisions on the Merits of Indulgences.

The first step taken by the Pope was to write a reply to Dr. Staupitz; exhorting him to use conciliatory means to reclaim Luther, and to soften the animosities which his controversy with Tetzel and his associates had excited.

Luther himself says: "The reverend father, Dr. Staupitz, my dear friend and the chief of the Eremites, who was himself convinced of the Truth, who loved the Word of God, and loathed the impieties and blasphemies of Rome, as soon as he received his instructions from the pope; communicated them to me, and by letters and conversations, urged me to reconciliation and forbearance. To do Leo

justice, these instructions were written in a manner friendly towards me; breathing the spirit of paternal care and solicitude for the peace of the church. I listened to these instructions; I assured my reverend father of my willingness to obey in all things, save those of conscience and duty."

But although fair words came from Rome, there was a deadly spirit abroad, emanating direct from the Papal See. The Spirit of Vengeance stealthily moved where it might breathe its pestilential breath in a place whence death might be dealt. A hidden hand, reaching from the palace of the Vatican itself, was raised to smite down the daring monk of Wittenberg.

Cardinal Raphael, of Rovera, as early as the 3rd of April, wrote to the Elector Frederick, in the name of his master, the Pope, telling him plainly that his (the Elector's) orthodoxy was suspected; and warning him not to protect Luther. Fortunately, Frederick, although deeply attached to the religion of his fathers, exhibited no symptom of fear, and refused to act without being fully persuaded of the justice of the charge. Second only to the Emperor himself, he possessed sufficient power to stay the spread of heresy, and to destroy the heretics themselves; but his invincible dislike of unfair and tyrannical proceedings prevented and confounded the deadly purpose of the Cardinal. It may be assumed that the Cardinal's letter was communicated to Luther by the faithful Spalatin, and may have led to the sermon preached by the menaced Reformer, on the Efficacy of Excommunication, in the University church, on the 15th of July.

At length the long threatened intervention of the Papacy took place, and on the 7th of August, Luther received a

citation to appear at Rome to answer certain matters laid to his charge.

An Imperial Diet had been held at Augsburg, at which the Emperor Maximilian, presided.

All the great princes of his Empire, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the ambassadors of France, Hungary, and other States were present. The Emperor was anxious to secure the elevation of his grandson Charles, already King of Spain and Naples, to the Kingdom of the Romans; and at the same time to give consideration to the Turkish war, a subject of considerable anxiety and difficulty. The Pope's legate took a leading part in the discussion that arose, and doubtless the agitation created by Luther and his doctrines came in for a large share of consideration. Luther must be silenced at all costs. The Emperor, from personal motives, was desirous of retaining the good will of the Pope; and with this object lent himself to the plan already matured at Rome for the crushing out of heresy, and the punishment of heretics. On the 5th of August he was induced to write a letter to Leo X., in which the following passage occurs:

"Most holy father, we have learnt these few days since, that a friar of the Augustine order, named Martin Luther, has presumed to maintain certain Propositions on the traffic of Indulgences; a matter that displeases us the more because this friar has found many protectors, amongst whom are persons of exalted station. If your holiness, and the very reverend fathers of the church, the cardinals, do not soon exert your authority to put an end to these scandals, these pernicious teachers will not only seduce the simple people; but they will involve great princes in their destruction. We will take care that whatever your holiness may

decree in this matter for the glory of God Almighty, shall be enforced throughout the whole Empire."

Great as undoubtedly were the powers possessed by the Emperor, they could not be exercised without the agreement of the Elector Frederick. This prince had proved himself to be the constant friend of the Doctor of Wittenberg, and he held his character and person in the highest estimation. The Emperor urged upon Frederick the policy of bending before the wishes of the pontifical court; but the Elector remained firm in his refusal.

Doubtless being aware that the Emperor had communicated with the Papal see, he wrote on the same day himself to Rome. He had no intention of withdrawing his protection from Luther; but at the same time it was necessary that his character as a good son of the church should be maintained.

"I shall never," he wrote, "have any other desire than to show my submission to the universal church. Accordingly, I have never defended either the writings or the sermons of Doctor Martin Luther. I learn, besides, that he has always offered to appear, under a safe-conduct, before impartial, learned, and christian judges; in order to defend his doctrine, and to submit, in case he should be convicted of error by the Scriptures themselves."

Rome, of course, would tolerate no appeal to the Scriptures. Her authority alone was deemed as sufficient to silence the voice of inquiry.

Before, however, this letter could possibly reach its destination, the Papal mandate, already prepared within the council-chamber of the Vatican, was issued. Luther was to appear at Rome within sixty days.

CHAPTER XI.

BEFORE THE PAPAL LEGATE AT AUGSBURG.

ON THE 7th of August the summons reached Luther at Wittenberg. He had received Dr. Staupitz's communications, wherein the Pope suggested most mild and conciliatory measures. This sudden change of sentiment filled him with surprise. He well knew what a *visit* to Rome meant.

"At the very moment I was expecting a blessing," said he, "I saw a thunderbolt fall upon me. I was the lamb that troubled the water the wolf was drinking. Tetzel escaped, and I was to permit myself to be devoured." His friends at Wittenberg knew this, and their alarm was general. To go to Rome before a tribunal in which his enemy Sylvester Prierio would be at once accuser and judge; would be to surrender himself, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of his enemies: while the refusal to appear would inevitably lead to his condemnation as a contumacious heretic.

Both these courses meant his certain destruction, without any corresponding advantage to the cause so dear to his heart. Safety alone lay in an appeal to the protection of the Elector. No one else possessed the power to guard him;

and yet Luther scrupled to compromise the position of his friend and ruler.

In this difficulty an expedient was devised by which his safety could be ensured. Let the Elector refuse to grant a safe-conduct to Luther, and a fair excuse for his non-appearance at Rome would be forthcoming.

Luther surrendered himself to the proposal, and on the following day wrote a letter to his old friend Spalatin, in which he begged his influence in getting the examination to be made in Germany.

"See what snares they are laying for me, and how I am surrounded with thorns. But Christ lives and reigns, the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. My conscience assures me that I have been teaching the Truth, although it appears still more odious because *I* teach it. As for the rest, pray the Lord that I feel not too much joy in this trial. May God not lay this sin to their charge."

Most trying indeed was the position of the Reformer. Justice could not possibly be obtained from a judge who had previously declared that the Church is not bound to employ reason to combat and vanquish rebels: and his presence at Rome virtually meant nothing but a willing and wilful sacrifice to greedy persecutors to whom mercy was unknown. He had taught men to think for themselves, and every thought abstracted money from the coffers of the Vatican. Luther had proclaimed the unshackled freedom of man: Rome held that manhood with giant force in the iron grip of its bondage.

This was the struggle; but the conditions of the combatants were unequal.

The mighty system of Rome, tending to enslave and confine man's immortal soul within the narrow cage of sanctity and apostolic merits, there to flutter and beat its bruised wings against the cold, hard bars of a priestly prison-house. Luther girt about with a power not his own, seeking to open the door of that prison, release the soul, and direct it to freedom outside; that it might soar to the heaven of heavens, and cast itself, panting with penitence, at the footstool of the Eternal!

Rome could not brook a rival so near her ancient throne. The voice of this new preacher of righteousness must be hushed.

Luther was not summoned to trial?—no! but to judgment. At Rome the examination was passed; the trial over: judgment alone was awaiting the victim when he should appear.

The Elector Frederick, through Spalatin, wrote to the Emperor's secretary: "Dr. Martin Luther willingly consents to be judged by all the Universities of Germany except Leipzig, Erfurt, and Frankfort-on-the-Oder, which have shown themselves partial. It is impossible for him to appear at Rome in person."

The University of Wittenberg too well loved the brave heart that beat in their midst to allow it to perish by the fires of Rome; but they nevertheless sent a suppliant letter to his holiness.

"The weakness of his frame," they adroitly urged, "and the danger of the journey, render it difficult and even impossible for him to obey the order of your holiness. His distress and his prayers incline us to sympathize with

him. We therefore entreat you, most Holy Father, as obedient children, to look upon him as a man who has never been tainted with doctrines opposed to the tenets of the Roman Church."

Not content with this, they also wrote a letter to the Papal chamberlain, begging his interest in furtherance of their prayer.

"The reverend father, Martin Luther, an Augustine, is the noblest and most distinguished member of our University. For many years we have seen and known his talents, his learning, his profound acquaintance with the arts and literature, his irreproachable morals, and his truly Christian behaviour."

The Pope, not insensible of the sympathy that Luther would receive from many of the German nation, also knew the temper and power of the Elector Frederick.

There was a possibility of a conflagration if the presence of Luther at Rome was insisted upon. His legate, De Vio, still remained in Germany, so by a Memorandum, dated the 23rd of August, power was given to the Cardinal to hold the inquiry there.

The letter of Leo X. is a strange mixture of tenderness and maledictions. After instructing the legate to "prosecute and restrain without any delay, and as soon as you shall have received this paper from us, the said Luther, who has already been declared a heretic, by our dear brother Jerome, bishop of Ascoli," he continues, "Invoke for this purpose the arm and aid of our very dear son in Christ, Maximilian, and of the other princes of Germany, and of all the communities, universities and potentates

ecclesiastic or secular; and if you get possession of his person, keep him in safe custody, that he may be brought before us.

"If he returns to his duty, and begs forgiveness for so great a misdeed, of his own accord and without solicitation, we give you power to receive him into the unity of our holy mother the church.

"If he persist in his obstinacy, and you cannot secure his person, we authorise you to proscribe him in every part of Germany; to banish, curse, and excommunicate all those who are attached to him, and to order all Christians to flee from their presence. And in order that this contagious disease may be the more effectually eradicated; you will excommunicate all prelates, religious orders, universities, communities, counts, dukes and potentates, the Emperor Maximilian always excepted, who shall not aid in seizing the aforesaid Martin Luther and his adherents, and send them to you under good and safe guard."

Then follows the terrible ban of interdict upon all who shall protect and harbour the said Martin. Laymen are declared incapable of performing any lawful act, deprived of Christian burial, and stripped of all the fiefs they may hold, either from the apostolic see or any lord whatsoever.

Luther was already pre-judged; pronounced Heretic: before the time appointed had arrived for his appearance at Rome.

He thus notices the injustice: "This is the most remarkable part of the affair. The brief was issued on the 23rd of August—I was summoned on the 7th—so that between

the brief and the summons sixteen days elapsed. Now, make the calculation, and you will find that my lord Jerome, bishop of Ascoli, proceeded against me, pronounced judgment, condemned me, and declared me a heretic, before the summons reached me, or, at the most, within sixteen days after it had been forwarded to me. Now, where are the sixty days accorded to me in the summons? They began on the 7th of August, they should end on the 7th of October. Is this the style and fashion of the Roman Court, which on the same day summons, exhorts, accuses, judges and condemns, and declares a man guilty, who is so far from Rome, and who knows nothing of all these things?"

Of quite another character was the Pope's letter to the Elector Frederick. The terms in which he was addressed were fulsome and crafty. "Dear Son, when we think of your noble family, of you who are its ornament and head; when we call to mind how you and your ancestors have always desired to uphold the Christian faith, and the honour and dignity of the holy see; we cannot believe that a man who abandons the faith can rely upon your highness's favour, and daringly give the rein to his wickedness. Yet it is reported to us from every quarter that a certain friar, Martin Luther, hermit of the order of St. Augustine, has forgotten, like a child of the evil one and despiser of God, his habit and his order, which consists in humility and obedience, and that he boasts of fearing neither the authority nor the punishment of any man, being assured of your favor and protection. But as we know that he is deceived, we have thought fit to write to your highness, and to exhort

you in the Lord to watch over the honour of your name, as a Christian prince, the ornament, glory and sweet savour of your noble family: to defend yourself from these calumnies: and to guard yourself not only from so serious a crime as that imputed to you; but still further, even from the suspicion that the rash presumption of this friar tends to bring upon you."

Luther's courage was dauntless, and the Pope, unwittingly perhaps, spoke the truth when he gave him the proud and truthful character of fearing neither the "authority nor the punishment of man."

In a letter to Spalatin he says: "I do not require that our sovereign should do the least thing in defence of my Theses. I am willing to be given up and thrown into the hands of my adversaries. Let him permit all the storm to burst upon me. *What I have undertaken to defend, I hope to be able to maintain, with the help of Christ.*"

Dr. Staupitz was actively alive to the dangers which menaced his beloved pupil. Luther was but now in his thirty-fifth year, and Staupitz, with almost fatherly love, saw and dreaded the impending trouble.

Before the changed order of Rome arrived, he had written to Spalatin: "Do not cease to exhort the prince, your master and mine, not to allow himself to be frightened by the roaring of the lions. Let him defend the Truth, without anxiety either about Luther, Staupitz, or the order: let there be one place at least where men may speak freely and without fear."

But when the dreaded order arrived to appear before Cardinal De Vio (whose surname was also Cajetan) at

Augsburg, there to be examined by him on the subject of the Theses, his courage broke down.

Loving, gentle and pacific, Staupitz's disposition was altogether different from that of his daring bold-hearted disciple. The storm was coming on, and the poor and feeble man had not moral strength sufficient to face its fury. His love for the Reformer even increased every day, but as the danger came nearer his fears grew more and more pronounced. From his convent at Salzburg he wrote dejectedly and hopelessly of the cause, and fearfully of Luther's safety. "It appears to me that the whole world is enraged and combined against the Truth. The crucified Jesus was hated in like manner. I do not see that you have anything else to expect but persecution. Ere long no one will be able, without the Pope's permission, to search the Scriptures, and therein look for Jesus Christ, which Jesus Christ however commands. You have but few friends: would to God that fear of your enemies did not prevent those few from declaring themselves in your favour. The wisest course is for you to abandon Wittenberg for a season and come to me. Then we shall live and die together. This is also the prince's opinion."

But Luther was moulded in a more heroic mould. Danger and trial he sought not; but when they came, his great heart beat as calmly as in time of peace. In addition to the courage given to him by the God whom he served he derived much comfort and consolation from a friendship just gained, but which lasted him for the remainder of his life.

Melanchthon, the great doctor of philosophy and professor of ancient languages, had arrived at the University. This remarkable man, one of the marvels of his age, was destined by the providence of God to be the principal instrument in "holding up the arms" of the great Reformer at a time marked beyond all others, by trial, temptation, and possible despair.

Philip Schwartzerde was born on the 14th or 16th of February, 1497, at Bretten, a small town beautifully situated amid orchards and cornfields in the palatinate of the Rhine. His father was an armourer, and a man of godly life and conversation; his mother, Barbara, the daughter of a magistrate named John Reuter, was tender-hearted and religious. The house where he was born, an imposing one, is still standing. To her are attributed the German proverbial rhymes:—

Alms-giving impoverisheth not.
Church-going hindereth not.
To grease the car delayeth not.
Ill-gotten wealth profiteth not.
God's book deceiveth not;

and other wise sayings.

At the age of eleven, the armourer died, after bestowing his blessing upon the lad.

Philip then went to his grandfather's house, where his education and religious training were carefully and strictly directed under the charge of a learned and pious man named John Hungarus.

"He loved me as a son, and I loved him as a father,"

said Philip, many years afterwards: "he made me a scholar; and we shall meet, I hope, in heaven."

Slight and delicate in frame, the youth possessed a sweetness of disposition that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. His genius was wonderful. At the age of fourteen, he took a bachelor's degree at the University of Heidelberg, and in the following year went with his relative, the learned Dr. Reuchlin, to Tübingen, then famous as the abode of eminent and learned men.

Here he studied theology, philosophy, and law, and so rapid and extraordinary were his attainments, that at the age of seventeen he was made Doctor of philosophy.

Erasmus wrote of him: "I entertain the most distinguished and splendid expectations of Melanchthon; God grant this young man may long survive us. He will entirely eclipse Erasmus."

Reuchlin long before had sportively placed the red hat he had received when made doctor, upon the head of his young relative, and had translated his German name Schwartzerde into its Greek equivalent Melanchthon, and by the latter name he was afterwards known.

From this time to the year 1518 Melanchthon acquired a vast reputation for learning. His mastery of classical literature, all the great masterpieces in Latin and Greek, was amazing. The Holy Scriptures, in their original Hebrew, formed the main charm of his life; and the ease and elegance with which he taught in the University stamped him as one of the master-scholars of his age.

Naturally possessing an infirmity of speech, by incessant application he corrected this defect, and without any

trace of the infirmity, became a most accomplished orator.

True to his old practice, the Elector Frederick in 1518 wrote to Reuchlin asking that a distinguished scholar might be sent to his University at Wittenberg, to fill the position of Professor of ancient languages. Reuchlin placed the letter before young Melanchthon. Philip accepted the appointment, and took his departure from Tübingen, carrying the good wishes and prayers of the University. At leaving, Reuchlin, in allusion to his departure from the South of Germany to the North, wrote to him God's command and promise to Abraham: "*Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, and I will make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing;*" words that received most remarkable fulfilment.

After an interview with the Elector, who had been attending the Diet at Augsburg, Melancthon came to Leipzig, where the University gave a grand banquet in his honour; and arrived in Wittenberg on the 25th August, 1518, just two days after Leo X. had despatched his brief commanding the trial of Luther at Augsburg.

Melanchthon's appearance at the University did not at first satisfy the large expectations which his great reputation had raised.

He was small in stature, boyish in face, and diffident and retiring in manner. It seemed impossible that so much learning could dwell in that delicate youthful frame.

Four days after his arrival the inaugural Discourse was delivered, and then all doubts of the ability of the young professor were removed.

Luther, who had shared in the first general estimate, at once became convinced of his mistake, and two days afterwards, in a letter written to the Elector's secretary, he expresses his approval in the following unqualified manner:—"Melanchthon delivered, four days after his arrival, so learned and so beautiful a discourse that every one listened with astonishment and admiration. We soon recovered from the prejudice excited by his stature and appearance; we now praise and admire his eloquence; we return our thanks to you and to the prince for the service you have done us. I ask for no other Greek master; but I fear that his delicate frame will be unable to support our way of living, and that we shall not be able to keep him long on account of the smallness of his salary. I hear that the Leipzig people are already boasting of their power to take him from us. O, my dear Spalatin, beware of despising his age and his personal appearance. He is a man worthy of every honour."

Melanchthon quickly made his presence felt. Soon every class, upper, middle, and lower, began to read Greek, and his lecture room was always crowded.

"I will make every effort," wrote Philip to Spalatin, "to conciliate the favor of all those in Wittenberg who love learning and virtue." And such success crowned his efforts that he quickly commanded both the respect and affection of the whole University. Luther especially appreciated the worth of the young doctor, and his feeling was warmly returned.

"If there is any one," said Melanchthon, "whom I dearly love, and whom I embrace with my whole heart, it is Martin Luther."

The historian, D'Aubigne, gives a mastery analysis of the character of these two eminent men.

"We cannot too much admire the goodness and wisdom of God, in bringing together two men so different, and yet so necessary to one another. Luther possessed warmth, vigour, and strength. Melanchthon clearness, discretion, and mildness. Luther gave energy to Melanchthon, Melánchthon moderated Luther. They were like substances in a state of positive and negative electricity, which mutually act upon each other. If Luther had been without Melanchthon, perhaps the torrent would have overflowed its banks. Melanchthon, when Luther was taken from him by death, hesitated and gave way, even where he should not have yielded. Luther did much by power. Melanchthon perhaps did not less by following a gentler and more tranquil method. Both were upright, open-hearted, generous: both ardently loved the Word of Eternal life, and obeyed it with a fidelity and devotion that governed their whole life."

Luther had made some attempts at the translation of the Bible as early as 1517, and upon Melanchthon's arrival at the University, new energy seemed to possess him. He availed himself largely of Melanchthon's superior knowledge of languages, and the most important work of his life made considerable progress.

Luther must now obey the Papal commands, and appear before the legate at Augsburg. His resolution was taken: he would obey the summons. Friends on every side united in dissuading him from the perilous undertaking. Count Albert of Mansfeld entreated him not to encounter the

dangers that inevitably would beset him on the way, adding the information that had reached him, from which he learnt that some powerful lords had sworn to seize the person of the Reformer, and strangle or drown him.

But Luther was possessed of a large amount of personal courage, and nothing could shake his resolution. He knew well the power and mercilessness of his enemies; but neither the extent of the one nor the ferocity of the other made any impression upon his resolution.

"They have already destroyed my honour and my reputation. One single thing remains; it is my wretched body. Let them take that: they may thus shorten my life by a few hours, but my soul, they cannot touch that. He who would proclaim the Word of Christ to the world, must expect death at every moment."

Luther prepared to set out on his journey; but without being made acquainted with it, a most material service had been rendered to him by his firm and constant friend, the Elector. Frederick had paid a visit to the Papal legate before leaving Augsburg, and had taken from him a pledge that Luther should be received in a paternal manner, and dismissed without harm.

The prince was powerful; and good faith might be assured.

Spalatin wrote to the Reformer, directing him to proceed to Augsburg, and that no safe-conduct would be necessary. So provided with a little money for the journey, and letters of recommendation addressed to some distinguished councillors of Augsburg, Luther departed on foot from Wittenberg on his long and hazardous journey.

On the 28th of September he reached Weimar, and proceeded to the convent of the Cordeliers. Amongst the inmates was the future historian, Myconius. He at once recognised the Reformer, but being closely watched by the others, he did not make himself known.

Frederick and his court were at Weimar, and Luther, at the invitation of the prince, preached on the following day in the palace-chapel. He then continued his journey, until he arrived at Nuremberg, a town in Upper Saxony, and at the present time possessing a large and magnificent library. Several old friends met him, and amongst them Wenceslas Link, preacher at Nuremberg. The dress of the Reformer was old and worn, and Link lent him his own, more suitable to appear in before a prince of the church. Knowing very much of Luther's courageous, but somewhat imprudent, character, Link thought it well that he and a friend named Leonard, an Augustine monk, should accompany him for the remainder of his journey. Luther gladly accepted the friendly offer, and they proceeded together on their way.

When within a few miles of Augsburg, a sudden sickness came upon the Reformer, and a conveyance had to be procured. They arrived at Augsburg on the evening of the 7th October, and took their way to the Augustine convent, where Luther, greatly fatigued by his long journey, secured a welcome and necessary rest.

Before retiring at night, Link was despatched to inform the Papal legate of his arrival, and of his willingness to appear before him at any time. The Augustine brother was also deputed to seek out Dr. Staupitz,

who had expressed his intention of seeing Luther at Augsburg.

The morning found Luther rested and restored in health, and prepared for his expected trial.

The first visit he received was from a messenger sent by De Vio. An Italian courtier, Urban of Serra Longa by name, came to the convent and saw Luther.

The Papal intention fully disclosed the policy before published by Prierio, the master of the Papal palace.

"Rome is not bound to employ reason to combat and vanquish rebels." The Cardinal-legate would utter only one imperative word, "Recant!"

Urban, with great craft, and pretence of friendship, endeavoured to induce Luther to yield submission to his master. "Be wise," said he, "and become reconciled to the church; submit without reserve to the Cardinal. Think of other repentant heretics, and retract your heretical language." Luther proceeded to justify his conduct and preaching, but the envoy would not enter into that. All he required was a recantation; but he was in no way successful in obtaining it. Luther firmly held his ground; and Urban was compelled to leave him with ill-success for his reward.

Luther's letters of introduction were duly presented, and gained him great attention and hospitality. Much astonishment was expressed at his great boldness.

"Have you a safe-conduct?" his friends inquired.

"No," answered Luther.

They begged him not to appear before the Cardinal unless he had procured one from the Emperor himself: it

would be certain destruction. At this point Urban returned. "Come," said he, addressing Luther, "the Cardinal is awaiting you. I will conduct you to him. First, however, you must learn how to appear in his presence. When you enter the room, you will prostrate yourself with your face to the ground: when told to rise, you will kneel before the Cardinal, and wait for his permission before you stand up. Remember you are about to appear before a prince of the church. But fear nothing: all will speedily be settled."

Luther told him of the advice just given him by his friends. The Emperor's safe-conduct must be in his possession before he would trust himself before the legate. Urban endeavoured to shake his resolution, but ineffectually, and had to take his departure alone.

When he was gone, an old friend, John Frosch, a Carmelite Prior, came "on friendly thoughts intent" to see the Reformer. He warmly welcomed him to Augsburg, and placed his convent at his disposal. Luther accepted his kindness, and became his guest.

Next day being Sunday, he was invited to preach. The whole of the people of the city desired to see and hear the famous preacher; but not wishing to appear desirous of giving offence to the legate, who might take such preaching as an insult to his authority, he reluctantly declined.

But rest was not given to him. The Cardinal's people renewed their persuasions. He need not fear to trust himself with the legate: he was a very merciful father.

"But he never keeps his word," whispered another, in Luther's ear.

The kindly warning was taken; Luther remained firm.

Presently Urban again made his appearance. "Why do you not wait on the Cardinal? He is expecting you and will receive you most indulgently. Come, you have nothing to fear. The whole matter lies in six letters, '*Revoca*, retract.'"

This increased display of anxiety only confirmed Luther's resolution.

"I will appear when I receive my safe-conduct."

Urban threw himself into a passion.

"I suppose you imagine that the Elector will take arms in your defence, and run the risk of losing the territories he received from his forefathers."

"God forbid!"

"When all forsake you, where will you find refuge?"

"Under heaven!" said Luther, raising his hand to the sky.

Foiled and enraged, Urban went back to the legate, having gained nothing by his interviews.

The safe-conduct of the Emperor at length arrived, and Luther prepared to face his enemies.

The principal safe-conduct did not give him absolute security, for he remembered that John Huss, although possessing a similar safe-guard, had been burnt at the stake; and he thought that a like fate might be his doom. He wrote some farewell words to Melanchthon, filled with a melancholy foreboding, and charging him to be faithful to his charge. "Show yourself a man," he said, "as you do at all times. Teach our beloved youths what is upright and acceptable to God. As for me, I am going to be sacrificed for you and for them; if such be the Lord's will.

I would rather die, and even be for ever deprived of your sweet society, which would be my greatest misfortune, than retract what I feel it to be my duty to teach. Italy, like Egypt in time of old, is plunged in darkness so thick that it may be felt . . . . Do your duty to God, my dear Philip, and avert His anger by pure and fervent prayer."

On the morrow, Luther, accompanied by his Carmelite host, Dr. Link, and two or three friends, had his first interview with the legate.

Cajetan, surrounded by many distinguished members of his court, and others high in position, received the Reformer with a cold, but civil, greeting. The formalities recommended by Urban having been got through, Luther remained for some time standing humbly before the prelate. Finding he did not speak, Luther broke the silence:

"Most worthy father, in obedience to the summons of his Holiness, and in compliance with the orders of my ruler, the Prince-Elector of Saxony, I appear as a good and dutiful son of the holy Christian church, to acknowledge and defend the propositions and Theses ascribed to me. I am ready to meet the accusation, and if error can be shown, submit to correction."

"My dear son," said the Cardinal, "you have disturbed all Germany by your disputes on Indulgences. You are, I understand, a very learned doctor in the holy Scriptures, and have many followers. You must submit to the directions of the Pope." He then proceeded to a long recital of the commands of the Pontiff, but was interrupted by Luther requesting to see the brief by which he was authorised to entertain the matter.

Cajetan was startled by this bold demand.

"This request, my dear son, cannot be granted. You must confess your errors, and promise not to repeat them in the future, and then, in accordance with our most holy father, the Pope's authorisation, I will arrange the whole matter." He then resumed his interrupted address, throughout endeavouring to advance the theory of the Pope's power and authority above all things.

"Except Scripture," said Luther, quickly.

"Except Scripture!" sneeringly returned the Cardinal, "Do you not know that the Pope is above all councils: he has recently condemned and punished the council of Basle."

All arguments advanced by Luther in defence of his teachings met with contempt and ridicule from the legate, whose surroundings exhibited much indignation at the bold bearing of the monk. "As for Indulgences," he said, "if it can be shown that I am mistaken, I will receive instruction; but as for the Faith necessary for the efficacy of the Sacrament, I should renounce Jesus Christ if I wavered at all about that. I cannot, I will not yield, and, with God's Grace, I never will."

All the efforts of the Cardinal to induce Luther to deny his principles were useless, and the time for his departure approached.

"Do you wish me to give you a safe-conduct to Rome?" he said, without outwardly displaying the evil feelings which possessed him.

Luther respectfully declined this questionable favour, and promising to write out a full answer to the legate's address, he took his dismissal, and left the conference chamber.

He had scarcely reached the court-yard of the palace, when some one came running after him, and began, as he walked along, to add his little addition to the censure Luther had already received.

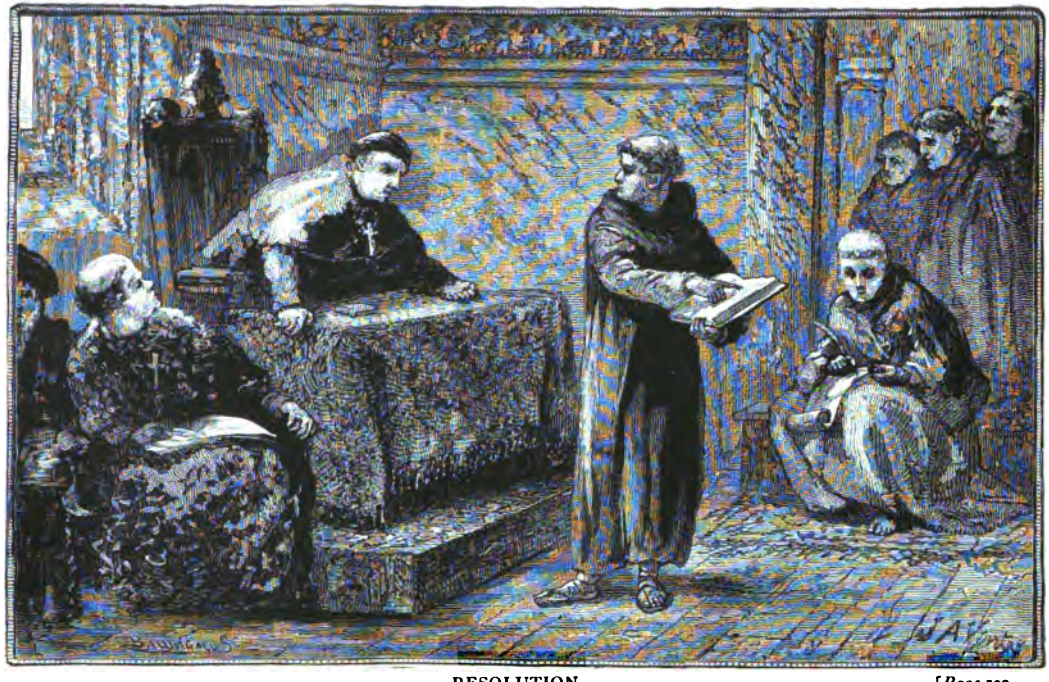
But his mistake was soon made apparent to him; Luther, a perfect master of language of a sarcastic kind, gave the poor man such unexpected advice, that he was glad to slink away in confusion.

On his return to the Carmelite convent, an agreeable surprise awaited him. His dear friend, Dr. Staupitz, was there, and having affectionately embraced him, begged to be told the result of the first interview with the Papal legate.

"The Cardinal insisted solely upon a recantation, and would not condescend to convince me," said Luther.

"You must," advised Dr. Staupitz, "positively reply to him in writing." But Dr. Staupitz did not entertain much hope of the usefulness of the advice he tendered: in his own mind he was convinced that Rome's usual argument would be employed. He thought it best, therefore, to release Luther from the obligations of his order. His reasons for this step were two-fold; first, it would prevent the disgrace of a condemnation falling upon the order; and secondly, should the Cardinal command Staupitz to demand either silence or retractation from Luther, he could easily excuse himself.

Luther submitted patiently to this temporary deprivation, and on the morrow had his second interview with the legate. Several friends accompanied him, among whom were the knight Philip von Feilitzsch and Dr. Ruhel, coun-



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cillors of the Elector, who had received orders from their master to watch over his safety. As they set out Dr. Staupitz drew close to Luther: he felt all his friend would have to endure, and that faith in the Lord alone could sustain him.

"My dear brother, ever bear in mind that you entered on these struggles in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When Luther reached the Cardinal, he produced his written reply, and read it with a firm voice. He declared, "I have sought after Truth; and what I have taught, I, to this hour, regard as right, true, and Christian. Nevertheless, I am but a man and may be mistaken; I am therefore willing to be instructed and corrected wherever I have erred. I am willing to submit my Theses to the decisions of the four Universities of Bale, Freiberg, Louvain, and Paris, and to retract whatever they shall declare to be erroneous."

But this reasonable offer did not meet De Vio's favour. "I will not dispute with you in public or in private; my wish is to settle the whole matter with paternal tenderness."

Perceiving that Luther was determined to persist in his demand to get a fair hearing, he became more and more impatient, calling out, "Recant! recant!" and interrupting the Reformer whenever he attempted to speak. Luther requested permission to give his reply in writing; which, being granted, he left the palace, followed by many whose interest was awakened by the conflict.

Every day it became more evident that the legate would hear nothing but the words "I retract!" and these words

Luther was determined not to utter. His trust in God was unshaken, though many heavy thoughts oppressed him.

On the following day, the 11th of October, Luther returned to the Cardinal's palace for the third and last time. As usual, the Italians crowded round him. Luther advanced and presented his written reply to the legate. In this paper he stated his views upon two points, Indulgences and Faith. Respecting the former he said, "Indulgences are barren and unprofitable, having no other effect but to excuse men from good works, such as prayer and alms-giving, whereas the righteousness of Jesus Christ is not a treasure of Indulgences excusing us from good works, but a treasure of Grace quickening us to perform them."

Then, in speaking of Grace, he said, "No man can be justified before God except by Faith."

Luther supported what he said by many texts of Scripture.

The legate took the paper, and, after looking over it, said coldly, "You have wasted many words; you have replied very foolishly to the charges brought against you, and you have covered your paper with numerous passages from the Holy Scripture that have no reference whatever to the subject." He then flung aside the paper, as if utterly unworthy of his regard, and repeated his oft-spoken cry, "Retract! retract!"

Luther remained inflexible; he sometimes attempted to speak, but when he did so, Cajetan scolded and thundered, so that he had to stop.

"Retract! retract!" said the Cardinal, "or I will send you to Rome to appear before judges commissioned to take

cognizance of your affair. I shall excommunicate you with all your partisans. All power has been given me in this respect by the Holy Apostolic See. Think you that your protectors will stop me? Do you imagine that the Pope cares anything for Germany? The Pope's little finger is stronger than all the German princes put together."

"Deign, then," said Luther, wearied out with useless pleading, "to forward to Pope Leo X., with my humble prayer, the answer which I have transmitted to you in writing."

The legate haughtily replied, "Retract! or return no more."

Luther bowed low, and quitted the hall, followed by the councillors of the Elector.

Thus did the interviews terminate; the proud legate, in all the glory and authority of the Romish purple; the brave monk, in the poor humility of his borrowed dress. And yet the victory in this unequal contest clearly rested with the dismissed combatant, and despite all Cajetan's favouring circumstances, "confusion of face" was but the outcome of his arrogant work.

Luther was now convinced that he had more to fear from the Cardinal's hostility than from his powers of disputation. Rumours, having well-grounded evidences for their foundation, were abroad that the Cardinal intended to order his arrest and conveyance to the dungeon of a prison. Dr. Staupitz, it was affirmed, had given his consent.

Luther is not troubled, but he cannot believe this of his old friend. He will face the danger.

Staupitz seeks an interview with the angry prelate.

Cajetan is softened at his approach, in the company of Wenceslas Link.

Mildness and kindness distinguish his opening words:—"Endeavour to induce your monk to retract."

"I have done so, and to submit to the Church."

"You will have to reply to the arguments he derives from the Holy Scriptures."

"I must confess, my lord, that is a task beyond my abilities, for Dr. Martin Luther is superior to me both in genius and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."

The Cardinal could but acknowledge this, and gave the worthy doctor the least that he required from Luther—retractation.

Dr. Staupitz was alarmed at the ill-concealed intention of the prelate. He, too, began to be alarmed for his own safety. His advocacy had already compromised his position, and he was naturally too timid to face danger when it came very close.

He strongly urged the Reformer to take steps to ensure safety in flight, but Luther was immovable. Staupitz, greatly disturbed, continued to press his advice, but with a like result. Wearied at length, he left him, with the Cardinal's promise that he would send in writing the points he must retract.

Although Luther was a man of invincible courage, he was animated throughout by an assurance of protection from his master, the Elector Frederick; and his undaunted confidence in the righteousness of his cause.

Left to himself in his cell, he determined to communicate the state of affairs to the Elector.

He wrote a letter to his friend Spalatin: "This is the posture of affairs; but I have neither hope nor confidence in the legate. I will not retract a single syllable. I will publish the reply I gave him in order that, if he should proceed to violence, I may be justified in the eyes of Christendom."

He wrote also to his friend Dr. Carlstadt at the University, assuring him of his intention to hold the doctrines he had preached at all hazards; committing his cause and life to the protection of the Lord God, who, he doubted not, would answer the prayers of those pious souls who were engaged in supplication on his behalf, and bring him deliverance.

"Either I shall return to you without having suffered any harm, or else, smitten with excommunication, I shall have to seek a refuge elsewhere. However that may be, conduct yourself valiantly, stand fast, and glorify God boldly and joyfully."

Wenceslas Link and Dr. Staupitz by no means shared in this confidence and devotion. Their alarm was great.

Link went to the Cardinal to learn exactly, if possible, his intentions.

Cajetan received him most graciously. "I will not proceed against Luther unless I receive further orders from Rome. Luther's reply to the Pope is now on its way. If he will only retract what he has said about Indulgences, all will be well; what concerns faith in the sacraments need not be insisted upon."

The concession made by the Cardinal only increased Dr. Staupitz's fears of his good faith and real purpose.

The friends in Augsburg, to whom Luther had been recommended, shared these alarms.

"The legate," they reasoned, "is preparing some mischief by this courier of whom he speaks; you will all be seized and thrown into prison."

This decided Dr. Staupitz.

Luther would not move, so the doctor and Link decided to leave the city without further delay; and this decision they carried out, making their way to Nuremberg, by two different roads, with reluctance and unfeigned sorrow leaving Luther to a fate that appeared inevitable and imminent.

Luther was now alone. The envoys of the Elector, Dr. Ruhel and the Knight of Feilitzsch had also taken their departure. No message came from the Cardinal. But one course remained.

He wrote, as a last effort, a letter full of respect and humility, to the legate, "Most worthy father in God, once more I approach you, not in person but by letter, entreating your paternal goodness to listen to me graciously. The reverend Dr. Staupitz, my dear father in Christ, has called upon me to humble myself, to renounce my own sentiments, and to submit my opinions to the judgment of pious and impartial men. Now, therefore, most worthy father, I confess, as I have already done before, that I have not shown sufficient modesty, meekness or respect for the name of the Sovereign Pontiff; and, although I have been greatly provoked, I see that it would have been better for me to have conducted my cause with greater humility, mildness and reverence. I ask forgiveness. I am ready to promise

freely and of my own accord, not to utter another word on the subject of Indulgences, if those who made me begin will also be silent. I still hold to the truth of my doctrines, but in all humility I entreat your paternal love to refer all these matters to our most holy lord, Leo X., in order that the church may decide, pronounce, and ordain, and that I may retract with a good conscience, or believe with sincerity."

To this letter, in which perhaps too much concession was made, there came no reply. Cajetan became motionless. "The Cardinal was waiting," says Pallavicini, "until this proud monk, like an inflated bellows, should gradually lose the wind that filled him, and become thoroughly humble." But whatever the weakness that gradually came over him, no retractation of his principle ever entered the mind of the persecuted man. He was but human after all, and the position in which he was placed was terrible indeed. The dungeon and the stake were brought very close to his vision. His friends, noble-minded and anxious for the safety of their great master, renewed their solicitations. "Quit Augsburg without delay." Torn by the feelings that agitated his heart, Luther yielded.

"My soul is weary of my life. I will leave my complaint upon myself; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul; I will say unto God, 'Do not condemn me; shew me wherefore thou contendest with me.'" (Job x. i. ii.)

Job, the most patient of earth's sons, says, in another place, "*Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.*"

Reluctantly the Reformer yielded to man's great natural

instinct, the preservation of that which is given by God alone: life. One more letter to the Cardinal, however, must be written.

"Your paternal kindness," he writes to the legate, "has witnessed and sufficiently acknowledged my obedience. I have undertaken a long journey, through great dangers, in great weakness of body, and despite of my extreme poverty. At the command of our most holy lord, Leo X., I have appeared in person before your eminence; and I have thrown myself at the feet of his holiness. I now wait his good pleasure, ready to submit to his judgment, whether he should condemn or acquit me. I therefore depart in the name of the Lord, desiring, if possible, to find some spot where I may dwell in peace. Many persons, of greater importance than myself, have requested me to appeal to your paternal kindness, and even to our most holy lord, *Leo X., ill informed, to the Pope when better informed.* Although I know that such an appeal will be far more acceptable to our most serene highness, the Elector, than a retractation, nevertheless, if I had consulted my own feelings only, I should not have done so. I have committed no fault, and ought, therefore, to fear nothing."

This letter was not sent direct to the Cardinal, but was committed to the hands of the Prior of Pomeraw, who had also a written appeal to the Pope, which he was instructed to post on the door of the cathedral a few days after Luther had departed.

CHAPTER XII.

DISPUTATION AT LEIPZIG.

HAVING taken a hurried farewell of the good friends who had so faithfully sustained him during his stay in the city, Luther, early in the morning of the 20th of October, before daybreak, quitted Augsburg. Staupitz had left a pony for him, and with a guide that had been provided, he proceeded, accompanied by councillor Langemantel, to traverse the dark and silent streets of the city, the party making their way to a small gate which opened in the ramparts, and passing through this, they gained the flat open country. When they had left Augsburg some miles behind them, and were passing through the villages and rural districts, Luther's heart was lifted up in praise to God for his safe deliverance.

"The Cardinal would like to have me in his hands to send me to Rome. He is vexed no doubt at my escape. Is it not shameful that these people set so high a value upon me? They would give a heap of crowns to hold me in their clutches, while our Lord Jesus Christ was sold for thirty pieces of silver."

Two days hard riding, during which the unusual exercise

caused him great fatigue, brought him to Nuremberg, where he found Dr. Staupitz, who heartily welcomed his arrival. A great weight was removed from the conscience of his good and tried friend.

Luther received many loving tokens on his way, which continued until he reached Græfenthal, a small town on the confines of the Thuringian forests. The Count Albert of Mansfeld, who had so strongly urged him not to go to Augsburg, met him, and pressed upon him the honours of his house. He laughed heartily at Luther's strange attire, and was most attentive to his wants.

Pressing forward, he wanted to reach Wittenberg by All-Saints day, when he expected that the Elector would attend in person. His hopes lay in the protection of the Elector. For some reason, Dr. Staupitz had declined in favour with his prince, and Frederick himself was not sufficiently impressed with the blessings of the Gospel to incur without concern the displeasure of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Luther once more entered Wittenberg on the 30th of October, but the expedition he had used did not meet with its reward. The Elector was not present at the festival, and Luther was content to give the news of his arrival in a letter to Spalatin.

"I returned to Wittenberg to-day, safe and sound, by the Grace of God, but how long I shall stay here I do not know. I am filled with joy and peace, and can hardly conceive that the trials which I endure are really so great as they appear to so many distinguished personages."

As soon as his departure was made known to the Cardinal, he addressed a letter, dated 25th of October, 1518, to the

Elector Frederick, in which he gave a full account of what had passed at Augsburg. He complained that Luther had left without taking leave, and without his knowledge, and although he had given him hopes that he would retract and submit, yet had retired without affording him the least satisfaction. He acquainted the Elector that Luther advanced and maintained several propositions of a most pernicious nature, and contrary to the doctrine of the holy See. He prayed him to discharge his conscience, by either sending him to Rome, or banishing him from his dominions.

"Be assured," he continues, "that the difficult, mischievous, and envenomed business cannot be protracted much longer, for so soon as I have informed our most holy lord of all this artifice and wickedness, it will be brought to an end." The postscript, written with the Cardinal's own hand, entreats the Elector not to tarnish his own honour, and that of his illustrious ancestors for the sake of a miserable little friar.

It is well to remember that Luther had been long before this condemned at Rome as a dangerous heretic; and in face of this, the Cardinal's complaint of the departure from Augsburg of the intended victim without leave is not at all singular; although the expression of surprise that such a step should be taken by an already condemned man must be the purest simulation. This letter was communicated by the Elector to Luther, and called forth from him a reply of the most eloquent and pathetic kind, a marvel of indignant and effective argument. After giving his account of the conference, and describing the Cardinal's behaviour, he put himself in the position of the Elector,

and says, "I should like to answer the legate in the place of the Elector: 'Prove that you speak of what you understand,' I would say to him, 'let the whole matter be committed to writing, then I will send brother Martin to Rome, or else I will seize him and put him to death. I will take care of my conscience, and of my honour, and will permit no stain to tarnish my glory. But so long as your positive knowledge shuns the light, and is made known by its clamours only, I can put no faith in darkness.' It is thus I would reply, most excellent prince. Let the reverend legate, or the Pope himself, specify the errors in writing; let them give their reasons; let them instruct me, for I am a man who desires instruction, who begs and longs for it, so that even a Turk would not refuse to grant it. If I do not retract and condemn myself when they have proved that the passages which I have uttered ought to be understood in a different sense from mine, then, most excellent Elector, let your highness be the first to persecute me and expel me; let the University reject me and overwhelm me with its anger. Nay, more, and I call heaven and earth to witness, may the Lord Jesus Christ cast me out and condemn me! The words that I utter are not dictated by vain presumption, but by an unshaken conviction. I am willing that the Lord God withdraw His Grace from me, and that every one of God's creatures refuse me his countenance if, when a better doctrine has been shown me, I do not embrace it.

"If they despise me on account of my low estate; me, a poor little mendicant friar; and if they refuse to instruct me in the way of Truth, then let your Highness entreat the

legate to inform you in writing wherein I have erred; and if they refuse your Highness this favour, let them write their views either to his Imperial Majesty, or to some Archbishop of Germany. What can I or what ought I to say more?

"Let your Highness listen to the voice of your conscience and of your honour, and not send me to Rome. No man can require you to do so, for it is impossible I can be safe in Rome. The Pope himself is not safe there. It would be commanding you to betray Christian blood. They have paper, pens, and ink; they have also notaries without number. It is easy for them to write wherein and wherefore I have erred. It will cost them less to instruct me when absent by writing than to put me to death by stratagem when among them.

"I resign myself to banishment. My adversaries are laying their snares on every side, so that I can nowhere live in security. In order that no evil may happen to you on my account, I leave your territories in God's name. I will go wherever the Eternal and merciful God will have me. Let Him do with me according to His pleasure.

"Thus, then, most serene Elector, I reverently bid you farewell. I commend you to the everlasting God, and give you eternal thanks for all your kindness towards me. Whatever be the people among whom I shall dwell in future I shall ever remember you, and pray continually and gratefully for the happiness of yourself and of your family. I am still, thanks be to God, full of joy; and praise Him because Christ, the Son of God, thinks me worthy to suffer in such a cause. May He ever protect your illustrious highness. Amen."

The time was one of great trial and difficulty. Luther was altogether in uncertainty as to the intentions of the Elector, who, on his part, was very reserved in regard to his opinion of Luther's future course. The University wrote to the Elector entreating him to interest himself in his protection. Luther himself, as his letter shows, was most desirous not to involve his prince in the controversy; and his continuance in Saxony appeared very uncertain. He began seriously to consider the necessity of retiring from his post, and seeking some other place of abode. At first Paris seemed to be the place of his choice, as he imagined that the defenders of the liberties of the Gallican church would sympathise with and aid him in preaching the doctrines on which his heart was fixed. Spalatin and other friends were greatly concerned about this, and many and anxious were the consultations. The place and manner of his retirement were considered, and all things were actually arranged for a speedy departure, when suddenly, on the 1st of December, a letter came from Spalatin, which prevented the execution of the plan.

Luther replied to this letter on the following day, and says, "Had your letter not been received yesterday, I had taken measures for my departure, and I still hold myself ready either to go or remain. The concern my friends feel for me maketh me marvel, and is more than I can endure. Some have urged with great earnestness that I should give myself up as a captive to the Elector, in order that he might take possession of me and keep me in custody, and then write to the legate that I was detained in safe keeping until I should render an account of my doings.

What opinion ought to be entertained of this advice, I leave to be decided by your wisdom. I am in the hands of God and of my friends. It is certain that the Elector is believed to be on my side. This I learn from a friend who would assuredly not deceive me. At the court of the Bishop of Brandenburg, the question was lately moved what my confidence was; in whose support I trusted. One replied, 'In Erasmus, Capito, and other learned men.' 'No,' said the Bishop, 'these would have no weight with the Pope. It is the University of Wittenberg, and the Elector of Saxony that uphold him.'"

This was indeed the fact; and the protection afforded by the Elector was a terrible obstacle to the designs of the Papal power.

But yet another expedient was resorted to by the Pope to effect the destruction of the Reformer.

He appointed Miltitz, a Saxon by birth, now agent of the Elector at Rome, as nuncio to Germany, and fitted him out with a golden rose; a token of friendship given only to princes who were the Pope's favorites.

Miltitz was to endeavour to regain what had been lost by Cajetan in his attempt at effecting a perfect understanding between the Elector and the Vatican. The nuncio acted a shrewd part, and, but for Eck and other zealots, furious against Luther, would probably have been successful. He avoided all notice of Cajetan, who had become generally odious by his arrogance, and unfair treatment of Luther, and associated himself closely with Pfeffinger, the Elector's penurious minister. He demeaned himself as a subject of Frederick, admitted the justness of Luther's

complaints against Indulgences, and treated Luther with consideration and tenderness. For a long time Miltitz was received and treated with suspicion. Luther would not trust him. Still, he induced Luther to make many important concessions, all that could possibly be made by him with a good conscience. When, in the beginning of the year 1519, the Emperor Maximilian died, and the Imperial throne became vacant, the Pontiff was interested to exclude the house of Austria, already too powerful, from the succession, and secure the election of the King of France. Frederick's position, as one of the most influential of the Electors, and as Vicar of the Empire, now rendered it necessary for the Roman See to change its haughty tone towards him, and consequently Luther was left for several months comparatively free.

It is certain that all this time Charles von Miltitz had in his possession three Papal briefs for apprehending Luther and delivering him up to the Pope. On the 11th of December, Luther writes to his friend Link: "The report touching the three Apostolical briefs given unto Miltitz against me, hath come to my ears. Casper, who had learnt this from your letter, informed me of the same by a special messenger, in his over-anxiety for me . . . . I live in expectation of the attempts of my murderers, whether from Rome, or from any other quarter. I marvel that the excommunication tarries so long. Our studies are going actively on, and we are as busy as bees. Farewell. Greet all my friends, especially the preacher Sebaldinus, and the other master, but most of all Pirkheimer, Albert Dürer, and Christopher Scheurl."

On the 27th of December Miltitz reached Altenburg, his head-quarters while in Saxony. Having learnt the vile habits of Tetzel, and especially his squandering and embezzling practices, he wrote to Leipzig, where Tetzel was living, ordering him to appear at Altenburg, to give an account of his doings. Tetzel replied, by a letter dated December 31st, 1518. "Your Excellency hath given me notice, that I am required to come to Altenburg, to hear something in particular from you. Now, I would willingly undertake the peril of such a journey, if I could, without danger of life, go out of Leipzig. For the Augustinian monk, Martin Luther, hath stirred up not only all the German estates, but even the Kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland against me, so that I am nowhere in safety." He complains of Luther's hostility and false accusations, particularly as made in the account which the latter had recently given of the transactions at Augsburg, in which he says, "all the blame was cast upon Tetzel and his abettors," and closes by saying, "that he has already suffered very much for his fidelity to the Pope, but will, nevertheless, continue to be faithful unto death."

Six months after he died in extreme want and wretchedness; reviled and neglected by those whose tool he had been; and who, during the many years of his successful imposture, had not failed to profit enormously by the sins and iniquities of the wretched man. When the fierce blaze of light fell upon the scandalous system, the creature of Papal deceit and Papal greed was cast off like an unclean thing, and although that system was defended again and again, the creature of the system, having served

his ignominious purpose, was cast off, despised and persecuted.

His death occurred during the Leipzig disputation, on the 4th of July, the very day that Luther, within a few rods of the dead man's retreat, began his debate with Dr. Eck.

Luther, with a noble forgetfulness of the injury he had suffered, was incited to compassion by the pitiable end of one who had caused him so much anxiety, and wrote a letter full of Christian forgiveness and consolation.

In the first week in January, 1519, Luther met Miltitz, according to the latter's invitation, at Altenburg. To his friend, Dr. Staupitz, he writes, "With Charles Miltitz I have had a very friendly meeting, and it has been agreed, first, that utter silence on this subject shall be observed on both parts; and secondly, by order of the supreme Pontiff, some German Bishop shall point out the errors which I shall retract. But except God interpose, nothing will be brought to pass, especially if they shall make the attempt to force me with that new decretal, the which I have not yet seen. I have heard that it asserts the plenitude of Papal power, without bringing forward any support from the Scriptures. But this I would never grant to any decretal, even the most ancient. Who can tell what God intends to raise up through these monsters? As touching myself, I am neither terrified nor desirous to hush the matter. I have in store many things, which could touch the Roman hydra, and which I would fain bring forth if suffered to do so. But if God wills not that I should have the liberty, the Will of the Lord be done."

At another interview he had with Miltitz, Luther says

that he complained that "I had drawn all the world from the Pope unto myself; that he had, on the journey, made observations and found that scarcely two or three out of five held with the Roman party. He was armed with seventy Apostolical briefs for the purpose of carrying the captive to that murderous Jerusalem, that Babylon in purple, as I afterwards learnt from the court of the Elector. When that device was given up in despair, he undertook to persuade me to retract, and thus to restore what I had taken away. On my asking to be instructed as to what I should retract, it was agreed that the cause should be carried before certain Bishops. I made mention of the Archbishops of Salzburg, Treves, and Freisingen. In the evening I complied with an invitation to sup with Miltitz, and we had a pleasant season together. When we parted, he kissed me. I made as though I did not understand this Italian dissimulation. He also summoned and censured Tetzel. Afterwards, at Leipzig, he convicted him of receiving, as wages, ninety florins a month, besides three horsemen and a carriage, and all his charges to boot. Tetzel himself had now disappeared, no one, except perhaps the fathers of his order, knowing where he had gone.

"Dr. Eck, a man of guile, draweth me as you see from his Theses into new disputes. Thus the Lord taketh care that I be not idle."

By being "drawn on and kept from idleness," Luther means that Eck's Propositions and challenges had frustrated the plans of Miltitz for effecting a reconciliation. For if the Papal power should renew the discussion, Luther was, by the terms of the agreement, left free to reply.

About this time Luther issued many works from the press. He published a commentary on the Galatians: two Sermons, one of them on "Matrimony," in German: a Treatise on the Lord's Prayer: a reply to Sylvester Prierio; and a further Commentary on the Psalms.

His works had already attained a large circulation. John Frobin, a celebrated printer of Bale, writes him that his books are read and approved of at Paris, nay even in the Sorbonne: that he has no more than one copy left of all those he had reprinted at Bale, which were spread throughout Italy, Spain, and elsewhere, and everywhere admired by the learned.

This was proof enough, if any were wanting, of the immense work, which in his times of idleness, as he expresses it, fell upon him. He was in the habit of saying with truth that "every great book is an action, and that every action is a book;" and Luther's life was full of great books, full of great actions. He was, indeed, a marvel of entire devotion to the cause he had so closely at heart, and at which he wrought with true German industry and devotion. His spirits were remarkably buoyant, and gave a certain easy play to his continuous and varied activity; but we must not forget the gravity and religious earnestness which lay beneath all this, like the deep ocean lies beneath the play of its waves; nor the great fears and anxieties which never ceased to agitate the minds of his truest and firmest friends. Like every heroic man in the crisis of his affairs, he was left alone to sustain his courage from his confidence in God, in Truth, and the right; and from willingness to perish, if need be, and

leave behind him a martyr's testimony for the benefit and instruction of coming generations. Nor this alone: he was obliged to sustain his friends and supporters by infusing into them his own spirit.

Something of this feeling may be found in a letter to Spalatin about this time.

"I beseech you, dear Spalatin, yield not unduly to fear, nor utterly break your heart with human cogitations. Know that, unless Christ had moved me on in my affairs, I should have destroyed myself, even in my first Disputation on Indulgences: then in my Sermon in the vernacular tongue: later, in my Proofs and Illustrations, and in my Reply to Sylvester: and last of all, in my Acccount of the Transactions at Augsburg, and especially in my journey thither: for what mortal did not either fear or hope that any one of these perils alone would prove my ruin?"

The increasing celebrity of Luther attracted to Wittenberg an immense concourse of students. It was a complete hive, as Luther himself tells us. An author, almost a contemporary, says:—"I have heard from our preceptors that students from all nations came to Wittenberg to hear Luther and Melanchthon. As soon as they got within sight of the town they returned thanks to God with clasped hands: for from Wittenberg, as heretofore from Jerusalem, proceeded the light of evangelical Truth, destined to spread to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The public disputation between Eck on the one side, and Carlstadt on the other, to which Luther was, after great difficulty, at length admitted, lasted from June 27th to July 8th, 1519, and was first brought about by a proposal

from Luther that a disputation should be held between Dr. Eck and Dr. Carlstadt on certain propositions published by the latter. When these were answered by Dr. Eck in his counter propositions, Luther's Theses and his other writings were attacked with no unmeasured force; so that Luther was drawn into the disputation, and the restraint under which he had placed himself with Miltitz was at an end. The breach of the truce had come from the Papal side, and Dr. Eck's intemperate zeal spoilt all the fine diplomacy of Charles Miltitz. Luther writes of Dr. Eck: "He hath published his Propositions against Carlstadt, to be debated at Leipzig, after Easter. This perverse man after long making me the object of his hate, hath made an assault on me and my writings. While he nameth one antagonist, he aimeth his arrows at another. This stupid sycophancy of his doth ill please me; and therefore I have published counter-propositions, as you will see. Eck will, peradventure, be the means of turning what hath been but play into serious work, which will do poor service to the Roman tyranny."

There was a very strong feeling against Luther and his cause in Leipzig. Carlstadt had published a work called "The Waggon," a print representing two vehicles, the one going the true and straight way to heaven, the other the false and tortuous way of the scholastic theologians, and which exposed the folly of the priests. The publication created a tumultuous opposition in Leipzig. One preacher angrily tore it to pieces in the pulpit. Another examined the young people when they came to the confessional whether they indulged in laughter at the "Waggon," or

kept about them any of Luther's tracts. If they pleaded guilty, they were punished with severe penalties.

The disputation commenced on the 27th of June, 1519. Melanchthon was Luther's companion throughout the Discussion, and, although he took no public part in the debate, he contributed not a little by his sagacity, temper and private suggestions to the result of the combat.

Early in the morning the contending parties assembled in the college of the University, and from thence went in procession to St. Thomas' Church; where a solemn mass was performed by order and at the expense of the Duke. After the service they marched to the Ducal palace. At their head were Duke George and the Duke of Pomerania: after them came counts, abbots, knights, and other persons of distinction, and last of all the doctors of the combatants. A guard composed of seventy-six citizens, armed with halberds, with banners flying, and the sound of martial music accompanied the train. It halted at the castle-gates.

The procession having thus reached the palace, each one took his station in the hall appointed for the discussion, and occupied the seats severally assigned them. Duke George, and the hereditary Prince John, and Prince George of Anhalt, then twelve years old, and the Duke of Pomerania, were the chief personages present.

The manner of the discussion was then read, and its object, namely, the elucidation of Truth, was fully explained.

Sacred music then resounded through the halls of the Pleissenburg: all the assembly knelt down, and the ancient Hymn of invocation to the Holy Ghost, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus,*

was sung. This was an impressive event in the annals of the Reformation Thrice the invocation was repeated, and while this solemn strain was heard, the defenders of the old doctrine and the champions of the new, the churchmen of the Middle Ages and those who sought to restore the church of the Apostles, here assembled and mingled one with another, humbly bent their heads to the earth. The ancient tie of one and the same communion united for the moment those different minds: the same fervent prayer still proceeded from all those lips, as if pronounced by one heart.

The opening disputation was with Drs. Eck and Carlstadt, and continued for the space of three or four days.

The commencement was often interrupted by the noise of the spectators. They were excited and in commotion, and frequently spoke aloud. Any proposition that offended the ears of the majority immediately raised their clamours. The disputants themselves were sometimes carried away by the heat of the discussion.

Near Luther sat Melanchthon, who attracted almost as much attention as his distinguished neighbour. He was of small stature, and appeared little more than eighteen years old. Luther, who was a head taller, seemed to be bound to him in the closest friendship: they came in, went out, and took their walks together. "To look at Melanchthon," wrote a Swiss theologian who studied at Wittenberg, "you would say he was a mere boy; but in understanding, learning, and talent, he is a giant; and I cannot comprehend how such heights of wisdom and genius can be found in so small a body." Between the sittings, Melanchthon

conversed with Carlstadt and Luther. He aided them in preparing for the combat, and suggested the arguments with which his extensive learning furnished him; but during the discussion he remained quietly seated among the spectators, and carefully listened to the arguments of the theologians. From time to time, however, he came to the assistance of Carlstadt; and when the latter was near giving way under the powerful declamation of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt, the young professor whispered a word, or slipped him a piece of paper, on which the answer was written. Eck having perceived this on one occasion, and feeling indignant that this grammarian, as he called him, should dare interfere in the discussion, turned towards him, and said haughtily: "Hold your tongue, Philip; mind your studies, and do not disturb me."

The calm Melancthon easily detected the weak points of the discussion. "We cannot help feeling surprise," says he, "when we think of the violence with which these subjects were treated. How could any one expect in this way to derive any benefit? . The Spirit of God loves retirement and silence; it is then that it penetrates deep in our hearts. The bride of Christ does not dwell in the streets and market-places."

On the day of the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, the Duke of Pomerania requested Luther to preach before him in his chapel. Luther consented, and chose his text from the Gospel of the day. "Christianity," said Luther, "causes the light of Truth to shine upon the humblest as well as the most elevated minds; it is this which distinguishes it from every other religion and from every system of philosophy."

This bold attack upon the long-arrogated possession of the priests of the church filled the opposition with commotion and anger.

The greatest agitation prevailed in the city. The two parties were like hostile camps, and they sometimes came to actual blows. Frequent quarrels took place in the taverns between the students of Leipzig and those of Wittenberg. It was generally reported, even in the meetings of the clergy, that Luther carried a devil about with him shut up in a little box. "I don't know whether the devil is in the box or merely under his frock," said Eck, insidiously, "but he is certainly in one or the other."

Several doctors of the two parties had lodgings during the disputation in the house of the printer Herbipolis. They became so outrageous, that their host was compelled to station a police-officer, armed with a halberd, at the head of the table, with orders to prevent the guests from coming to blows. One day Baumgartner, an indulgence-merchant, quarrelled with a gentleman, a friend of Luther's, and gave way to such a violent fit of anger that he expired. "I was one of those who carried him to his grave," said Froschel, who relates the circumstance.

Duke George, although strongly biassed in Eck's favour, did not display so much passion as his subjects. He invited Eck, Luther, and Carlstadt to meet each other at his table. He even begged Luther to come and see him in private; but it was not long before he displayed all the prejudices with which he had been inspired against the Reformer. "By your work on the Lord's Prayer," said the Duke with displeasure, "you have misled the con-

sciences of many. There are some people who complain that they have not been able to repeat a single *paternoster* for four days together." (*D'Aubigne.*)

The discussion between Eck and Luther commenced on the 4th of July. The subject was "The Head of the Church." Eck held that, by Divine right, the Pope was that Head; Luther, on the other hand, argued that "the Head of the Church Militant is Christ Himself, and not a man. I believe this on the testimony of God's Word. '*He must reign,*' says the Scripture, '*till He hath put all enemies under His feet.*' Let us not listen to those who banish Christ to the Church triumphant in heaven. His kingdom is a kingdom of Faith. We cannot see our Head, and yet we have one."

The matter was debated for several days with much learning and no inconsiderable amount of heat. Each day the discussion grew more personal. The assembly listened with earnestness; but their attention sometimes flagged, and the bystanders were delighted when any incident occurred to amuse and excite them. It sometimes happens that the most serious matters are mixed up with others most ridiculous. This was too often the case at Leipzig.

Duke George, according to the custom of the times, had a court-fool. Some wags said to him: "Luther maintains that a court-fool may marry, while Eck says that he cannot." Upon this the fool took a great dislike to Eck, and every time he entered the hall in the Duke's train he looked at the theologian with a threatening air. The Chancellor of Ingolstadt, who was not above indulging in

buffoonery, closed one eye (the fool was blind of an eye) and with the other began to squint at the little gentleman, who, losing his temper, overwhelmed the doctor with abuse. The whole assembly, says Peifer, burst into laughter, and this interlude somewhat diminished the extreme tension of their minds.

The discussion furnished abundant matter for conversation in every place. The inns, the University, and the court, each expressed its opinion. However great might have been Duke George's exasperation, he dared not obstinately refuse to be convinced. One day, as Eck and Luther were dining with him, he interrupted their conversation by saying: "Whether the Pope be Pope by human or by Divine right, nevertheless he is Pope." Luther was much pleased at these words. "The prince," said he, "would never have made use of such words had he not been struck by my arguments."

The discussion on the Papal Primacy lasted five days. It was followed by a debate on Purgatory, which occupied two days; and this was succeeded by Indulgences, Repentance, Absolution by the Priests, and Satisfactions.

The controversy terminated on the 6th of July with loud music and the singing of the *Te Deum*.

It is to be doubted whether such theological disputes would be useful in our day; but it must be remembered that at this time, when Truth was but slowly dawning upon men's minds, these discussions were of the greatest value and importance; they were not only consonant to the learned method of the young and vigorous German Universities, but they also gave form and expression to the

newly-born spirit of inquiry everywhere asserting itself.

The impression produced by the Disputation throughout the whole of Christendom was immense. Disputants became divided into two great camps, each eagerly waiting, with bitter intensity, to attack the position of the other.

Many of Luther's friends, feeble and fearful of the lengths to which the Reformer had now gone in his reforming doctrines, fell away from him. Dr. Staupitz, who had brought him from the obscurity of his cloister at Erfurt, began to evince some coolness towards him. Luther had soared too high for Staupitz, who could not follow him. "You abandon me," wrote Luther to him. "All day long I have been very sad on your account, as a weaned child cries after his mother. I dreamt of you last night," continues the Reformer, "you were leaving me, while I groaned and shed bitter tears. But you stretched out your hand, bade me be calm, and promised to return to me again."

But if Staupitz thus failed to strengthen his hands, the loss was recompensed hy the comfort he derived from the fellowship and piety of Melanchthon.

The two friends walked together, contending for liberty and Truth; the one with the energy of St. Paul, the other with the meekness and love of St. John. Luther has admirably expressed the difference of their vocations. "I was born," said he, "to contend on the field of battle with factious and with wicked spirits. This is why my works abound with war and tempests. It is my task to uproot the stock and the stem, to clear away the briars and underwood, to fill up the pools and the marshes. I am the rough woodman

who has to prepare the way and smooth the road. But Philip advances quietly and softly: he tills and plants the ground; sows and waters it joyfully, according to the gifts that God has given him with so liberal a hand."

After the death of Maximilian, the administration of the Empire, in conformity with the Germanic constitution, devolved upon the Elector Frederick, whose large powers relieved him from all anxiety arising from the machinations of Rome. The memory of the late Emperor was held in great esteem by the people, who delighted to call to recollection his presence of mind and his good nature. Luther used often to converse with his friends about him, and one day related the following anecdote of this monarch. A mendicant was once following him and begging alms, calling him *Brother;* "for," said he, "we are both descended from the same father, Adam. I am poor," continued he, "but you are rich; and you ought therefore to help me." The Emperor turned round at these words. and said to him: "There is a penny for you; go to all your other brothers; and if each one gives you as much you will be richer than I am."

There were three candidates for the vacant throne. Charles, grandson of the late Emperor, born in 1500, and already King of Spain, Naples, and Sicily, was the first; Francis I., King of France, the second; and lastly, Henry VIII. of England. This latter monarch was jealous of the influence that would attach itself to the successful candidate; but circumstances soon induced him to withdraw his claims, and leave the field to Charles and Francis.

The Electors of the Empire, assembled at Frankfort,

were for a long time undecided in their selection; and one of their body, the Elector of Treves, nominated the Elector Frederick of Saxony as their Imperial head. But Frederick, who saw the good of the people in a peaceful, God fearing government, refused the offered dignity.

It is related of him that during the revolt of Erfurt, he had been advised to take the city by storm. He refused, that he might avoid bloodshed. "But it will not cost five men," was the reply. "A single man would be too many," answered the prince.

The great Protector of the Reformation declined the crown of the Cæsars on the ground that the very safety of the Empire "demanded an Emperor more powerful than himself to preserve Germany. The Turk is at our gates. The King of Spain, whose hereditary possessions of Austria border on the threatened frontier, is its natural Defender."

In accordance with this advice, the grandson of Maximilian, was nominated Emperor on the 28th of June, and elected without opposition. Charles quitted Spain in May, and was crowned Emperor in the quaint old Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 22nd of October following.

Knowing that the Reformation would be one of the first cares of the new Emperor, Luther sent a letter to Madrid, in which he besought his powerful favour: "If the Cause that I defend," said he, "is worthy of appearing before the throne of the Majesty of Heaven, it ought not to be unworthy of engaging the attention of a Prince of this world. O Charles! first of the Kings of the earth! I throw myself a suppliant at the feet of your most serene majesty. Deign to receive under the shadow of your wings, not me, but

the cause of that Eternal Truth, for the defence of which God has entrusted you with the sword."

The Emperor did not reply to this letter.

Luther found enemies on all sides. His old adversary, Hochstraten, had caused the Universities of Cologne and Louvain to condemn his works. Dr. Eck, furious with rage, was everywhere stirring the minds of the people against his late antagonist; but not meeting with much success in Germany, he crossed the Alps, and sought the rewards of his pretended triumphant disputation in Rome. He had published early in 1520 a work on the Primacy of St. Peter, and in it maintained that this Apostle was the first Pope, and had dwelt twenty-five years in Rome. He thoroughly gained the favour of Leo X., and strove, with all the malignant hate of his evil nature, to move the Papal See to crush his Wittenberg rival.

Everywhere the Reformer was denounced as a heretic. His controversy with Emser, of the court of Dresden, gained him much enmity. Duke George, after the disputation, became especially hostile; and the Bishops of Brandenburg, Meissen, Merseburg, and the Universities of Leipzig and Paris, exhibited every conceivable token of bitter animosity.

Luther's personal safety was in hourly danger, so much so that the Prince of Dessau, and aftewards the Franconian knight, Schaumburg, and Francis Von Sickingen, through Von Hütten, pressed forward to his protection, and invited him to their courts or castles.

The old chivalric spirit of these men was finely exhibited. On the 13th of May, 1520, Luther writes: "T e

day before yesterday I received a message from Silvester Von Schaumburg, a Franconian nobleman, offering me protection if in any way the Elector is endangered on my account. Though I do not despise this, yet will I rely on no protection but Christ, who hath perhaps put this into my mind." Von Schaumburg begged that he would not think of going for protection to Bohemia, "for," he boldly adds, "I myself and about a hundred other nobles, whom, with God's permission, I will gather around me, will honourably maintain you and defend you against all danger."

Meanwhile Luther, with rare courage, remained at Wittenberg, where many of his friends replied to the attacks of his enemies. From Nuremberg, Councillor Spengler wrote earnestly in his defence. Œcolampadius, in an anonymous work, fell fiercely upon Eck and Emser; and Feldkirch and Melanchthon, in the most effectual and eloquent manner, defended the cause of their friend.

Although Luther had for a long time been engaged in fierce polemical struggles, he did not neglect the greater work, or rather that in which his soul took deepest delight—the spiritual improvement of the people. The study of the Psalms was one of his chief pleasures. In the University he had given two courses of lectures upon them, and now published a new book on the first twenty-two Psalms; giving the title of *Labours* to his Commentary. "You would not believe," he writes to Spalatin, "how much labour a single verse often makes for me." This new work he dedicated to the Elector, with simple earnestness confessing that he could not help loving the lovers of the Bible and hating its enemies. He could not, he adds,

presume to understand or explain all the Psalms, as the Holy Spirit retains us as pupils, and gradually opens our minds to their truths.

When the Elector was sick Luther wrote a work of consolation to him, entitled Tessaradecas, consisting of seven views of affliction and seven blessings to counterbalance them. Spalatin translated this work into German.

His sermon on Good Works, showing that outward acts of devotion—as prayers, fastings, almsgiving, and mortifications—were of no real avail without a living Faith in Christ, was also published in the early part of this year, and was dedicated to Duke John, the faithful and devoted brother of the Elector.

In reference to this work Luther remarks: "In my own judgment it is the best I ever published," but sagely qualifies this opinion, by adding "But I know that when I please myself with what I write, the infection of that bad leaven hinders it from pleasing others."

The work, however, that created the most important excitement was his famous address to the German Nobility, in which he reached the greatest heights of eloquence, and in a marvellous manner succeeded in arousing the popular mind to enthusiasm and action. It touched the deepest chords in the "firm and true" German heart, and evoked a tone powerful and resonant as the "thunder-harp" of the pine amid the surging of the wildest storm.

It was issued on the 23rd of June, and was entitled, *Appeal to his Imperial Majesty and to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, on the Reformation of Christianity.*

"It is not through presumption," said he in this ad-

dress, "that I, a man of the people, venture to speak to your lordships. The misery and oppression that at this hour weigh down all the states of Christendom, and particularly Germany, extort from me a cry of distress. I must call for help; I must see if God will not give His Spirit to some man in our own country, and thus stretch forth His hand to save our wretched nation. God has placed over us a young and generous prince, and has thus filled our hearts with great expectations."

With unsparing hand he depicts the corruptions of the Papacy. The Pope is first represented. "It is a horrible thing," says he, "to behold the man who styles himself Christ's Vicegerent displaying a magnificence that no Emperor can equal. Is this being like the poor Jesus, or the humble Peter? His flatterers say that he is the lord of the world! But Christ, whose Vicar he boasts of being, has said, *My kingdom is not of this world.* Can the dominions of a Vicar extend beyond those of his superior?"

The cardinals come next under censure.

"Do you know what is the use of cardinals? I will tell you. Italy and Germany have many convents, religious foundations, and richly-endowed benefices. How can this wealth be drawn to Rome? Cardinals have been created; these cloisters and prelacies have been given to them; and now . . . Italy is almost deserted, the convents are in ruins, the bishoprics devoured, the cities decayed, the inhabitants corrupted, religious worship is expiring, and preaching abolished! . . . And why is this? Because all the wealth of the churches must go to Rome. The Turk himself would never have so ruined Italy!"

From Italy Luther traces the evil work in Germany.

"And now that they have thus sucked all the blood of their own nation, they come into Germany: they begin tenderly; but let us be on our guard, or Germany will ere long be like Italy! We have already a few cardinals, and before the dull Germans comprehend their design, they think they will no longer have either bishopric, convent, or benefice, penny or farthing left. Antichrist must possess the treasures of the earth. Thirty or forty cardinals will be created in one day. Bamberg will be given to one, the bishopric of Würzburg to another; rich cures will be attached to them, until the cities and churches are desolate. And then the Pope will say: 'I am Christ's Vicar, and the shepherd of his flocks. Let the Germans be submissive!'"

Luther eloquently calls upon his countrymen to resist.

"What! shall we Germans endure such robberies and such extortions from the Pope? If the Kingdom of France has been able to defend itself, why should we permit ourselves to be thus ridiculed and laughed at? Oh! if they only did but despoil us of our goods! But they lay waste the churches, fleece the sheep of Christ, abolish religious worship, and annihilate the Word of God.

"The Pope, unable to manage at his will the ancient masters of the Roman Empire, conceived a plan of taking away their title and their Empire, and bestowing them on us.

"Poor Germans that we are, we have been deceived. We were born to be masters, and we have been compelled to bow the head beneath the yoke of our tyrants, and to become their slaves. Name, title, ensigns of royalty, we

possess all these: force, power, right, liberty, all these have gone over to the Popes, who have robbed us of them. For them the grain, for us the straw. It is time we should cease to content ourselves with the mere image of Empire: it is time to assume the sceptre, and with the sceptre our body, and our soul, and our treasure: it is time the glorious Teutonic people should cease to be the puppet of the Roman Pontiff. Because the Pope crowns the Emperor, it does not follow that the Pope is superior to the Emperor. Samuel, who crowned Saul and David, was not above these Kings; nor Nathan above Solomon, whom he consecrated. Let the Emperor then be a veritable Emperor, and no longer allow himself to be stripped of his sword or of his sceptre."

The effect of the appeal was marvellous. More than four thousand copies were sold in a few days. The stirring words of the Saxon monk penetrated every class of society: the nobles and the people; the dwellers in castles and the inhabitants of the free towns; all alike were aroused to enthusiasm by the bold truths thundered in their ears. At Nuremberg and Strasburg especially, the excitement was tremendous. The pamphlets of the fearless Reformer were eagerly sought for, and devoured with hungry haste. The pedantic bookmen of the German Trades' Union forgot their wonted jealousy and exclusiveness, and with loud acclaim welcomed the new man of the people. Hans Sachs, the poet of the masses, ceasing for a time his usual commonplace strains, sung a new and a nobler song. *The Nightingale of Wittenberg* was written, and soon resounded all over the land. Martin Luther had touched the heart

of the people; his voice broke upon their minds and senses as the voice of a champion calling upon slaves to throw aside the thraldom of a long continued despotism, and to betake themselves to God's own gift of Freedom. He had stormed and carried the national heart, and moved to its lowest depth the national life. Stagnant waters were agitated, and became bright, living streams. Spiritual freedom, the long-desired, but long-withheld, birthright of the people was placed within their grasp, if they would but stretch out their hands and accept it. This new teacher and prophet awoke them as from a long-continued and troublous dream. The nation leaped to life and freedom. Slaves, cold and nerveless in the degradation of the old sacerdotal slavery, were transformed into men vigorous and strong. The glorious liberty of the Gospel was discovered to be their birthright, and woe to the tyrants who had so long usurped this priceless inheritance!

Luther's condemnation at Rome was pronounced before the publication of the *Appeal*.

Dr. Eck had been for some time in the Holy City, intriguing with all his might to inflict a crushing calamity upon his rival. His hatred of Luther was intense; and the pertinacity and ferocity with which he sought its gratification knew no limit.

> One heaven and earth can never hold us both;
> Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
> Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever.

Luther at this time did not fully understand the cruel purpose of his enemy, but events soon revealed to him the

truth. From every side the Pope received the most pressing entreaties for the condemnation of the great heretic. The truculent Dominicans were ceaseless in their demands. Universities and a crowd of theologians united in loud and angry clamours for his blood. One influence more powerful than all others provoked a decision. Fugger, the banker of Augsburg, the treasurer of the Indulgence fund, trembled for the cash he had advanced, and the profits he had expected to realize. His rage against Luther was boundless, and he constantly urged his condemnation. Dr. Eck evidently had been sent on his persecuting mission to Rome by the sordid Augsburg banker. "*Ejusce rei causa Eckium illum suum Romam misit.*" (Riederer's Nachrichten). The "King of Crowns," as Fugger was familiarly termed at Rome, like all others whose money kept the Papal treasury well stored, possessed almost paramount influence with the Vatican. "Employ force against Luther," said he, "and I promise you the alliance and support of many Princes."

The conferences upon the subject ended with that held on the 15th of June at the Pope's villa of Malliano, when the Sacred College pronounced the condemnation of his works, and sanctioned the publication of the *Initiatory, or Preliminary* Bull. Cardinal Cajetan, who was present at this council, remembering his failure at Augsburg, was bitterly hostile to the indomitable monk who had baffled his learning and undermined his authority. "I have seen enough to know," said the truculent cardinal, warningly, "that if the Germans are not kept under by fire and sword, they will entirely throw off the yoke of the Roman Church."

Compertum igitur se habere dicebat nisi igne et gladio Germaniæ compescerentur, omnino jugum Romanæ Ecclesiæ excussuros.— (Riederer's Nachrichten).

"Arise, O Lord," said the Pope, pronouncing sentence, "arise, judge Thy cause, and call to mind the opprobrium which madmen continually heap on Thee! Arise, O Peter, remember thy Holy Roman Church, mother of all churches, and queen of the Faith. Arise, O Paul, for behold a new Porphyry attacks thy doctrines and the holy Popes, our predecessors. Lastly, arise, ye assembly of Saints, the Holy Church of God, and intercede with the Almighty." The Pope gave the following directions:— "So soon as this Bull shall be published, the bishops shall make diligent search after the writings of Martin Luther that contain these errors, and burn them publicly and solemnly in the presence of the clergy and laity. As for Martin himself, what have we not done? Imitating the long-suffering of God Almighty, we are still ready to receive him again into the bosom of the Church, and we grant him sixty days in which to forward us his recantation in a paper, sealed by two prelates or else, which would be far more agreeable to us, for him to come to Rome in person, in order that no one may entertain any doubts of his obedience. Meanwhile, and from this very moment, he must give up preaching, teaching, and writing, and commit his works to the flames. And if he does not retract in the space of sixty days, we by these presents condemn both him and his adherents as open and obstinate heretics."

About the time when the sixty days had expired, a

general Chapter of the Augustines was held at Eisleben, whereat Dr. Staupitz, beaten down by the storm that had burst upon the world, and yielding to its fury, resigned the General-Vicarship of the order, before retiring to the privacy of his convent. The appointment was conferred upon Wenceslas Link, who had accompanied Luther to Augsburg on the occasion of his appearance before Cajetan. Von Miltitz, seeing the serious length to which events were hastening, came to Eisleben, fully determined to make a final effort in favour of a reconciliation.

He was sincerely attached to Luther, and personally hated his rival Eck, with whose vapourings and boastings at Rome he had been greatly annoyed and disgusted.

"Let a deputation from this venerable Chapter wait upon Luther, and entreat him to write to the Pope, assuring him that he has never plotted against his person. That will be sufficient to put an end to the matter."

His advice prevailed. The Chapter commissioned the venerable Staupitz and the new Vicar-General to wait upon Luther with this proposal. "There is no time to lose," said Miltitz, "the thunderstorm will soon burst forth." They at once set out on their important errand.

Luther received his old friends with loving consideration. His penetrating mind at once saw the utter uselessness of the proposed measure. Truth and error cannot live in one dwelling: light and darkness cannot co-exist.

Although the Reformer did not know of the personal dislike entertained by Von Miltitz to the Ingolstadt Doctor, he rightly judged that a personal interest prompted the

advice; but he did not disregard the wishes of his dear and long tried friend, Staupitz.

"Well, then," said Luther, "let it be so! I will write, in conformity with the truth, that I have never entertained any designs against the Pope's person."

But circumstances that were brought to his attention interfered with the execution of the Reformer's promise. In September, Hütten wrote to him a letter burning with indignation at the treachery of the Pontiff, who had written to the Bishop of Mentz, and had given instructions that Luther should be seized, be bound hand and foot, and sent to Rome, there to be dealt with as an obstinate heretic. Poniard and poison were recommended, and Hütten, enraged, threatened the retaliation of pen and sword, and a general onslaught upon sacerdotal tyranny and treachery.

Luther, however, reprobated an appeal to the sword. He leant to a force more logical and mighty.

"I would never consent to aid God's cause by violence and murder, and so I wrote him word." And again, "By the Word is the world vanquished; by the Word is the Church maintained; by the Word will she be renewed; moreover, Antichrist as he began without visible power, so without it will Antichrist be broken by the power of the Word."

On the 3rd of October he wrote to Spalatin that he would not send a letter to the Pope, and on the 6th of the same month, his *Captivity of Babylon* was published. In the concluding passage of this book, probably written by Luther when the actions and designs of Rome were

fully displayed to him, he says, "I hear that new Papal excommunications are about to be fabricated against me. If it be true, this present book must be considered as part of my future recantation. The remainder will soon follow, to prove my obedience; and the complete work will form, with Christ's aid, such a whole as Rome has never heard or seen the like."

Notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of affairs, Miltitz did not cease his efforts in favour of conciliation. He requested to see Luther at Lichtemberg, and acting under the direction of the Elector, the Reformer, accompanied by thirty horsemen, among whom was Melanchthon, proceeded to that place. Miltitz was delighted to meet him, and strongly renewed his former request. Yielding to his urgent entreaty, Luther, "for the sake of peace," promised to write to the Pope. Miltitz, overjoyed with this concession, rode back with the party to Wittenberg.

Luther kept his word, and the letter to Leo X. was written and sent. The letter exhibits Luther's conscientious and inflexible attachment to Truth, and his usual courageous defiance of personal danger. The letter opens thus:—"To the most holy Father in God, Leo X., Pope at Rome, be all health in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

"From the midst of the violent battle which for three years I have been fighting against dissolute men, I cannot hinder myself from sometimes looking towards you, O Leo, most holy Father in God! And although the madness of your impious flatterers has constrained me to appeal from your judgment to a future Council, my heart has never

been alienated from your holiness, and I have never ceased praying constantly and with deep groaning for your prosperity and for that of your Pontificate."

After asserting that he would surrender everything except the word of Truth, which he would neither desert nor deny, he adds, in impressive language: "I have resisted, and shall continue to resist, what is called the Court of Rome as long as the Spirit of Faith shall live in me. Neither your holiness nor any one will deny that it is more corrupt than Babylon or Sodom; as sunk, as far as I understand, in the most deplorable, desperate, and avowed impiety. I lament that under the sanction of your name, and under pretext of the good of the Church, the people of Christ should be made a laughing stock. Not that I attempt impossibilities, or expect that the endeavours of an individual can accomplish anything in opposition to so many flatterers in that Babylon replete with confusion. But I consider myself as a debtor to my fellow men, for whose welfare it behoves me to be solicitous, so that those pests of Rome may destroy a smaller number, and in a more human way. During many years nothing has been poured on the world but monsters, both in body and mind, along with the worst examples of the worst actions. It is clear as day that the Church of Rome, in former ages the most holy of churches, has now become a den of robbers, a scene of prostitution, the kingdom of sin, death and hell: so that greater wickedness is not to be conceived even under Antichrist himself.

"O Leo! my Father! listen not to those flattering sirens who would persuade you that you are not a mere

man, but a demi-god, and can command and require whatever you please. You are the servant of servants, and the place where you are seated is the most dangerous and miserable of all. Believe those who depreciate you, and not those who extol you. I am perhaps too bold in presuming to teach so exalted a majesty, which ought to instruct all men. But I see the dangers that surround you at Rome; I see you driven to and fro, like the waves of the sea in a storm. Charity urges me, and it is my duty to utter a cry of warning, and of safety."

As Luther fully expected, no good came of this letter: the anathema of Rome had been already uttered: the Bull had been despatched by the hands of two high functionaries of the Court to the Archbishop of Mentz. To Dr. Eck was entrusted the task of circulating the Bull in Saxony. With the new title of prothonotary and Pontifical nuncio, Eck made all possible haste to execute his base mission. His reception in Saxony did not accord with his expectations. The people looked upon him only as the agent of Fugger, the selfish Augsburg banker, and were astonished and indignant that a man so unimportant should be armed with a Papal authority so destructive and terrible. The Bull was not directed against Luther alone; it also contained sentences of excommunication against other distinguished men beloved by the people. Carlstadt, Feldkirch, Egranus, Adelmann, Pirckheimer and Spengler, were all condemned. Dr. Eck found great difficulty in persuading people that the Bull really emanated from the Pontifical court. When attempting to post it in the various towns, he met with ridicule and opposition. Even in Leipzig,

where the name and opinions of Luther were but lately the objects of fiercest hatred, Dr. Eck now experienced nothing but aversion and contempt. He was even threatened with personal violence, and in extreme alarm, hid himself in the cloister of St. Paul. About one hundred and fifty students from Wittenberg, bent on inflicting punishment on the Papal nuncio, proceeded to Leipzig.

Luther at Wittenberg, with his intelligent caution exhibited on all great occasions, at first affected to doubt the genuineness of the Bull. "I hear," says he, "That Eck has brought a Bull from Rome, which resembles him so much that it might be called Dr. Eck; so full is it of falsehood and error. He would have us believe that it is the Pope's doing, while it is only a forgery. I must see with my own eyes the lead, the seal, the strings, the clauses, the signature; in fact, the whole of it, before I value all these clamours even at the price of a straw."

But in spite of the terrible mission which Eck so joyfully accepted, Luther, with a spirit full of rare Christian forgiveness, begged his friends, and especially the Wittenberg students, not to harm his adversary. "I have no wish to see him killed," he wrote, "but I am desirous that his scheme should fail." Eck, however, feared to remain at Leipzig, and escaped in the night to Coburg, where he remained some time, and then repaired to Erfurt. Here he hoped for better success; but his hopes were not realized. The Bull was duly produced, and published in the city, but the students seized the copies, tore them into pieces, and threw them into the river, with the jesting remark, "Since it is a Bull (bubble) let it float!" Eck

sent the Bull to the rector at Wittenberg, threatening all kinds of terrible things if its provisions were not enforced.

Protected by the privileges of the University, which was founded and existed apart from any authority from the Pope, the rector replied that inasmuch as no letter from the Pontiff was produced, he should decline to publish the condemnatory document, and the Bull was returned to Dr. Eck.

On the 4th of November, Luther printed his Treatise against the Bull of Antichrist. "What errors, what deceptions," says he, "have crept among the poor people under the mantle of the Church, and of the pretended infallibility of the Pope! How many souls have thus been lost? how much blood spilt? how many murders committed? how many kingdoms devastated? . . .

"I can pretty clearly distinguish," says he, ironically, "between skill and malice, and I set no high value on a malice so unskilful. To burn books is so easy a matter that even children can do it; much more, then, the Holy Father and his doctors. It would be well for them to show greater ability than that which is required in burning books. . . . Besides, let them destroy my works! I desire nothing better; for all my wish has been to lead souls to the Bible, so that they might afterwards neglect my writings. Great God! if we had a knowledge of Scripture, what need would there be of any books of mine? . . . I am free, by the Grace of God, and Bulls neither console me nor alarm me. My strength and my consolation are in a place where neither men nor devils can reach them."

But in many cities the directions contained in the Bull were observed: scaffolds were erected, and Luther's books were committed to the flames. The Elector-Archbishop of Mentz was compelled to exercise his authority to enforce the commands of his chief. The Emperor Charles V. declared that the old religion should be protected and heresy suppressed. Eck was everywhere, "filling everything with his smoke," as Erasmus cynically wrote.

Some Doctors of the University of Louvain complained to Margaret, Princess of the Netherlands, of the destructive acts of Luther. "Luther," said they, "is overturning the Christian Faith." "Who is Luther?" asked the Princess. "An ignorant monk," they replied. "Well, then," she returned, "do you who are so wise and so numerous write against him. The world will rather believe many wise men than an isolated and ignorant one."

But the Louvain professors bent on burning the heretical books, erected a huge pile, and a multitude of people attended to witness the conflagration. Students and citizens thronged to the scene, bearing great bundles of books, which were thrown into the flames. Monks and Doctors wers delighted at the blazing fire till the truth was discovered. This was that the *Sermones Discipuli*, *Tartaretus*, and other scholastic works had been thrown in the flames, instead of Luther's books!

When the Dominicans begged from the Count of Nassau, Viceroy of Holland, his permission to burn Luther's works, he sharply replied, "Go, and preach the

Gospel with as much purity as Luther does, and you will have to complain of nobody."

On the 17th of November Luther read his public Protest against the proceedings taken against him at Rome. In the presence of a large number of persons assembled in the Augustine convent at Wittenberg, he solemnly said,—

"Considering that the power of the Pope is not above but inferior to Scripture; and that he has no right to slaughter the sheep of Christ's flock, and throw them into the jaws of the wolf:

"I, Martin Luther, an Augustine friar, Doctor of the Holy Scriptures at Wittenberg, appeal by these presents, in behalf of myself and of those who are or shall be with me, from the most holy Pope Leo to a future general and Christian Council.

"I appeal from the said Pope, *first*, as an unjust, rash, and tyrannical judge, who condemns me without a hearing, and without giving any reasons for his judgment; *secondly*, as a heretic and an apostate, misled, hardened, and condemned by the Holy Scriptures, who commands me to deny that Christian Faith is necessary in the use of the sacraments; *thirdly*, as an enemy, an Antichrist, an adversary, an opposer of Holy Scripture, who dares set his own words in opposition to the Word of God; *fourthly*, as a despiser, a calumniator, a blasphemer of the Holy Christian Church."

A still bolder action followed.

On the 10th of December, a placard was exhibited on the University walls, calling upon the students, professors and others to attend before the Elster Gate, near to the

Holy Cross, at nine o'clock in the morning. A large assemblage, led by Luther, proceeded to the appointed spot. There a scaffold had been erected, and a great fire kindled. Luther, in his monkish frock, approached the pile, carrying the Decretals, the Extravagants containing the Papal law, the Bull, and some writings of Eck and Emser. The books of Papal law and other minor writings having been consumed, Luther took the Bull in his hands, and speaking with strong vehemence, said, applying the words of Joshua vii., 25, and referring to Christ as the *Holy One:* "Since thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord, so may everlasting fire vex and consume thee!" He then cast it into the flames. When it was consumed, Luther, with the crowd that flocked around, re-entered the city.

"My enemies," he said, "have been able, by burning my books, to injure the cause of Truth in the minds of the common people, and destroy their souls: for this reason, I consumed their books in return. A serious struggle has now begun. Hitherto I have been only playing with the Pope. I began this work in God's name; it will be ended without me and by His might. If they dare burn my books, in which more of the Gospel is to be found, I speak without boasting, than in all the books of the Pope; I can with much greater reason burn theirs, in which no good can be discovered."

On the following day, Luther entered the lecture room of the University, and delivered his address on the Psalms, the subject then under consideration. The room was crowded by those whose minds were filled with excitement

arising from the work of the previous day. At the conclusion of his address, Luther remained silent for a few moments, and then said suddenly, "Be on your guard against the laws and statutes of the Pope. I have burnt his decretals, but this is mere child's play. It is time, and more than time, that the Pope were burnt; that is," explaining himself immediately, "the See of Rome, with all its doctrines and abominations. So long as I live, I will denounce to my brethren the sore and the plague of Babylon, for fear that many who are with us should fall back, like the rest, into the bottomless pit."

In no measured tones did the Reformer now speak of the Papacy.

"The Pope," said he, "has three crowns; and for this reason: the first is against God, for he condemns religion; the second against the Emperor, for he condemns the secular power; the third is against society, for he condemns marriage. Would that I could speak against the Papacy with a voice of thunder, and that each of my words were a thunderbolt!"

Many worthy but timid minds were alarmed at the defiant tone of the Reformer, now thoroughly committed to his great work. Dr. Staupitz especially was filled with alarm; every line in every letter to Luther conveyed this feeling. Luther was calmly resolved to continue his course. He now wrote what he had only before spoken:—

"All this matter has been hitherto mere play. You have said yourself, that if God does not do these things, it is impossible they can be done. The tumult becomes more and more tumultuous, and I do not think it will ever

be appeased, except at the last day. The Papacy is no longer what it was yesterday, and the day before. Let it excommunicate me and burn my writings: let it slay me! It shall not check that which is advancing. Some great portent is at our doors. I burnt the Bull, at first with great trembling; but now I experience more joy from it than from any action I have ever done in my life." In another letter he writes, "The die is cast! I despise equally the fury and favour of Rome. Never will I be reconciled or connected with Rome. Let them condemn and burn my books; I, in my turn, so long as I can procure fire, will condemn and publicly burn the whole Pontifical code."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

THE first Imperial Diet, held by the Emperor Charles V., was convoked to meet at Worms, on the left bank of the Rhine, on the 6th day of January, 1521. This was the very day on which the Bull of Excommunication, just referred to, was fulminated against Luther and his adherents at Rome.

The subjects to be considered at this solemn Diet were many and important. The letters of convocation stated that the nomination and appointment of a council of Regency to guide the affairs of the Empire during the Emperor's absence would be the first business; the second, the jurisdiction of the Imperial chamber; and the third and most important business of all, related to the condition of Religion.

Although it had been appointed for the 6th day of January, the Diet was not opened until the festival of Charlemagne, the 28th of January, 1521. Charles the Fifth, who was scarcely twenty years of age, weak in health, and pale and melancholy in appearance, made the opening speech. "No monarchy," said he, "could be compared with the Roman Empire, to which nearly the

whole world had submitted in former times. Unfortunately, this Empire is but a mere shadow of its former self; but by means of my kingdoms and powerful alliances I hope to restore it to its ancient glory." At the very outset the difficulty of his position was apparent. To Frederick the Elector of Saxony, the most powerful prince in the Empire, he chiefly owed his elevation to the Imperial dignity; and it was most important for the preservation of peace and unity that the wishes of the Elector should be consulted.

The party who acknowledged Frederick as their chief was possessed of a majority, and was bent upon the assertion of its rights. On the other hand, the Pope's legate, Aleander, had determined upon the enforcement of the Bull of his master. The legate had for a long time striven to influence the mind of the young Emperor to the adoption of a course which would most certainly have provoked the hostility of Frederick and his party.

Before the commencement of the Diet, a letter written from Rome, disclosed the intentions of the Papal Party. "If I am not mistaken, the only business in your Diet will be this affair of Luther, which gives us much more trouble than the Turk himself. We shall endeavour to gain over the young Emperor by threats, by prayers, and feigned caresses. We shall strive to win the Germans by extolling the piety of their ancestors, and by making them rich presents, and by lavish promises. If these methods do not succeed, we shall depose the Emperor, and absolve the people from their obedience; elect another (and he will be one that suits us) in his place; stir up civil war among

the Germans, as we have just done in Spain; and summon to our aid the armies of the Kings of France, England, and all the nations of the earth. Probity, honour, religion, Christ; we shall make light of all, provided our tyranny be saved."

The Emperor had previously expressed a wish that Luther should appear before him at the Diet; but the Elector, fearful of the influence possessed over the mind of the young Emperor by the Papal legate, did not regard this in a favorable light, and resolved to evade the command. He wrote a letter to Charles, in which he declined to allow Luther to appear at Worms, and it was not until many weeks had elapsed, and Aleander, the Papal nuncio had striven with all the powers and influence he possessed to procure Luther's condemnation in his absence by the Imperial Diet; that his scruples were removed, and he consented to the first expressed wish of the Emperor.

Besides Frederick, Luther had many zealous and intrepid friends in the assembly, who would not consent to his condemnation and the condemnation and destruction of his books by fire without a hearing, and learning from his own mouth whether he acknowledged their authorship or not. The grievances under which the Empire laboured were fearlessly set forth; and several of the leading members of the assembly were appointed to report thereupon. These grievances, amounting to one hundred and one, were laid before the Emperor. The deliberations at the Diet were fierce and tumultuous, and the interests represented many and divergent. The German princes were hostile to the Spanish grandees. With Luther's

words still ringing in their ears, the former were awakening to the dangers incident to political and spiritual degeneration; on the other hand, the representatives of Spain, where the "Holy Inquisition" had been just re-established, were determined to crush out the heresy which, springing up on the banks of the Rhine, had already spread to their home beyond the Pyrenees.

The Emperor Charles, unlike his grandfather Maximilian, was non-German in his sympathies and predilections. His knowledge of the German language was most imperfect. He had received his education under the sedulous care of Adrian, who afterwards occupied the Papal chair, and his personal and political motives combined to attach him to the Church whose doctrines had been imposed upon his conscience. The zealots of the Spanish court surrounding him, strove to inflame his mind against the daring spirit who had so fiercely assaulted their faith. The Papal nuncio also laboured with all his might to induce the Emperor to forbid the presence of Luther at the Diet.

He clearly saw that the Reformer's defence of his doctrines would agitate the susceptible minds of those of the German princes whose sympathies had been aroused by the *Appeal;* and thus confirm the growing danger to the Pontifical power. Even when conviction was forced upon him, by unerring indications, that Luther would not be condemned in his absence, the Papal nuncio urged one last argument, and sounded a final note of warning to the Emperor. "If even you allow Luther to come before this august assembly, it is not lawful to question what the

sovereign Pontiff has decreed. There shall be no discussion with Luther, you say; but," he continued, exhibiting the alarm generally governing the minds of those who dread the expression of the truth, "will not the energy of this audacious man; the fire of his eyes; the eloquence of his language; and the mysterious spirit by which he is animated; be sufficient to excite a tumult? Already many adore him as a saint, and in every place you may see his portrait surrounded with a glory like that which encircles the head of the blessed. If you are resolved to summon him before you, at least do not put him under the protection of the public faith!"

But the Emperor, in opposition to his own secret promptings, was alive to the popular demand, and yielded to the stronger feeling of the assembly. The Edict previously issued, condemning the books of Luther and directing their destruction wherever found in the Empire, was recalled; and its place was supplied by a provisional order for their safe-keeping by the magistrates, pending further instruction. The next measure taken was a command that Luther should personally appear before the Diet. The citation, dated the 6th of March, 1521, was directed to Luther, at Wittenberg, and was couched in the following terms:—

"Charles, by the grace of God Emperor Elect of the Romans, &c., &c.

"Honourable, well-beloved, and pious! We and the States of the Holy Empire here assembled, having resolved to institute an inquiry touching the doctrine and the books that thou hast lately published, have issued, for

thy coming hither, and thy return to a place of security, our safe-conduct and that of the Empire, which we send thee herewith. Our sincere desire is, that thou shouldst prepare immediately for this journey, in order that within the space of the twenty-one days fixed by our safe-conduct, thou mayst without fail be present before us. Fear neither injustice nor violence. We will firmly abide by our aforesaid safe-conduct, and expect that thou wilt comply with our summons. In so doing, thou wilt obey our earnest wishes.

"Given in our Imperial city of Worms, this sixth day of March, in the year of our Lord 1521, and the second of our reign. CHARLES.

"By order of my Lord the Emperor, witness my hand, ALBERT, Cardinal of Mentz, High-Chancellor.

"NICHOLAS ZWIL."

The safe-conduct was addressed "*To the honourable, our well-beloved and pious Doctor Martin Luther, of the Order of Augustines.*"

The Emperor's letter was committed to the charge of the herald, Gaspurd Sturm, who also received the Elector Frederick's especial safe-guard, with instructions to the magistrates at Wittenberg to make provision for his personal safety during his mission.

With perfect knowledge of the proceedings in progress at Worms for his destruction, Luther, unmoved and undismayed by the imminent peril of his position, continued calmly and peacefully to pursue his duties at Wittenberg. With his name upon every tongue, and the air filled with the loud clamour of enemies athirst for his blood, his

public ministrations and exhortations proceeded without interruption. Like Nehemiah, to borrow his own illustration, he carried on both the quiet work of peace and the hazardous toil of war; building with one hand, and wielding the weapons of defence with the other. In the quiet of his study he composed a beautiful exposition of the *Magnificat*. Whilst the triumphal strains of this grand Hymn of Praise were upon his lips, the summons from the Emperor arrived. Luther well knew that the summons was one that might possibly conduct him to death; but he was sustained not only by natural courage but by Divine strength. Many of his dearest friends at Wittenberg endeavoured to persuade him to disobey the commands of the Emperor; but brave and wise with a courage and a wisdom loftier than the courage and wisdom of this world, and in spite of entreaties, intimidations, and sickness, he persisted in obeying the Emperor's mandate. Even Melanchthon lent his voice to the general entreaty. Luther was most precious to him. "Luther," he wrote, "supplies the place of all my friends; he is greater and more admirable for me than I can dare express. You know how Alcibiades admired Socrates; but I admire Luther far beyond this heathen fashion. My contemplation of Luther tells me how much he is greater than myself."

Notwithstanding the many pressing appeals that were addressed to Luther in regard to his personal safety, he remained unmoved. Of all about him, he alone seemed insensible and indifferent to danger. It was a critical moment. To obey was to advance to possible, if not

certain, destruction: to refuse obedience would be no less disastrous. Luther, immovable in Faith and hope and courage, was heroic and sublime. His appearance at the Diet, at first distrusted, was now dreaded by his enemies, who were using every kind of machination to alarm and to deter him; plainly hinting that the road to Worms was the pathway to death. His friends, possessing less certain knowledge, but with the terrible remembrance of the fate of John Huss, to whom even the Imperial safe-conduct had been no protection; placed before him the certain martyrdom to which they felt that he was exposing himself. Luther was inflexible. His self-reliance and fearlessness; his contempt for his adversaries; all helped to give courage, and to inspire his party with his own noble and rare spirit. His voice never failed to act like a trumpet tone, inspiring the hearts of his followers. When depressed it aroused them, and enabled them to rally again when cast down and ready to retreat.

Two days before his departure, he wrote a letter to his friend Link, in which with heroic calmness he says:— "I know and am certain that our Lord Jesus Christ still lives and rules. Upon this knowledge and assurance I rely, and therefore I will not fear ten thousand Popes; for He Who is with us is greater than he who is in the world."

An earnest Appeal was sent to the Emperor on behalf of the Reformer. Ulrich von Hütten, with the heat and generous passion of a soul filled with devotion for the honour and freedom of his countrymen, wrote to the Emperor. "You are on the point of destroying us, and

yourself with us. The priests alone set themselves against Luther; because he has opposed their enormous power, their scandalous luxury, and their degraded lives; and because he has pleaded in behalf of Christ's doctrine, for the liberty of our country, and for purity of morals. O Emperor, discard from your presence these Roman ambassadors, bishops, and cardinals, who desire to prevent all reformation. Do not surrender your sovereign majesty to those who desire to trample it under foot! Have pity on us! Do not drag yourself and the whole nation into one common destruction. Lead us into the midst of the greatest dangers, under the weapons of your soldiers, to the cannon's mouth: let all nations conspire against us: let every army assail us, so that we can show our valour in the light of day, rather than that we should be thus vanquished and enslaved obscurely and stealthily, like women, without arms and unresisting.

"All Germany falls prostrate at your feet: with tears we entreat and implore your help, your compassion, your faithfulness: and by the holy memory of those Germans who, when all the world owned the Roman sway, did not bow their heads before that haughty city, we conjure you to save us, to restore us to ourselves, to deliver us from bondage, and take revenge upon our tyrants!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DIET OF WORMS.

ON THE 2nd of April, 1521, Luther set out on his journey to the famous city on the Rhine. Melanchthon had greatly desired to accompany him: "Would to God," he said, "that he would allow me to go with him." But Luther, mindful of the charge he was leaving behind at Wittenberg, gently, yet firmly, desired him to stay. In company with the learned and devout Bugenhagen who, persecuted by the enemies of the Gospel, had shortly before sought an asylum at Wittenberg, he commenced his journey. Leaving Melanchthon in charge of the University work he thus addressed him :— "My dear brother, if I do not return, and my enemies put me to death, continue to teach, and stand fast in the Truth. Labour in my stead, since I shall no longer be able to labour for myself. If you survive, my death will be of little consequence."

A conveyance was provided by the Wittenberg town council. With his personal friends, Amsdorff, a godly and fearless man; Jerome Schurff, the professor of Jurisprudence at the University, a man devotedly attached to the Reformer; and a young and noble Danish student,

Peter Suaven, then residing with Melanchthon, Luther took his place in the car and commenced his long and tedious journey.

The party were preceded by the Imperial herald on horseback, wearing his robe of office. His servant rode by his side, bearing the Imperial Eagle. Upon the arrival of the party at Leipzig, the Cup of Honour was offered by the magistrates to Luther, according to the old custom of that and many other places. At Naumburg Luther met an old priest who presented to him the portrait of the noble and eloquent Italian martyr, Jerome Savonarola, burnt at Florence in the year 1498, by order of Pope Alexander VI. The Reformer calmly looked at the picture, while the priest addressing him, said solemnly, "Stand firm in the truth thou hast proclaimed, and God will as firmly stand by thee!"

The burgomaster, Græssler, extended the hospitality of his house to Luther, his friends, and the herald; and on the 4th of April, the party reached as far as Weimar. They proceeded at once to the Ducal residence situated in that beautiful undulating district, where they were cordially received by Duke John, the brother of the Elector Frederick. Luther here preached a sermon before the court; and, upon leaving, Duke John gave him the money necessary for the remainder of his journey. In the villages through which Luther and his friends passed the people flocked to look upon the man whose words had so mightily moved the national heart. While in Weimar, Luther saw the Imperial messengers going from street to street, posting the Emperor's Edict commanding the

delivery of Luther's writings to the custody of the magistrates, pending further instructions. The herald was alarmed. "Doctor," said he, "will you proceed?" "Yes," replied Luther, "although interdicted in every city, I shall go on. I rely on the Emperor's word."

John Crotus, the rector; Eoban Hess, professor of rhetoric and poetry; and Dr. Justus Jonas, accompanied by nearly forty horsemen and a large number of others on foot met Luther two miles from Erfurt, and with great rejoicings brought him into the town. He proceeded to his old convent, where his friend, Lange, together with Bartholomew Usengen, heartily welcomed him. It was the evening before Easter Sunday, and passing through the place where the deceased brethren of the order were buried, Luther observed a small wooden cross, raised upon the grave of a brother whom he had known and who had died peacefully in the Lord. The sight agitated him. Turning to Justus Jonas and pointing to the grave he said, "See, my father; he reposes there, while I—" and he looked towards heaven. Before he retired to rest, Luther went back to the grave, and sat meditating upon it for upwards of an hour. He was found by Amsdorff, wrapped in solemn thought. Amsdorff gently drew him away, as the hour of retirement to rest had been sounded. On the following day, Easter Sunday, Luther preached a sermon which was afterwards published, and is still in existence, founded on the words of our Lord, "*Peace be unto you, and when He had so said, He shewed unto them His hands and His side.*" John xx. 19-20.

During the sermon one of the galleries, which was

greatly overcrowded, gave way with a loud crash. Terror seized the congregation, which rose to fly tumultuously, breaking the windows, in order to escape impending death. Luther, alone, remained firm and unmoved in his pulpit; upon making a sign, the crowd at once was hushed, and arrested in its flight. "My brethren," said Luther, "see you not that this is but one of the wiles of Satan, who desires to prevent you from hearing the Word of God, which I preach to you. Remain where you are: Christ is with us, and for us." Luther then proceeded with his sermon without further interruption.

From Erfurt, the Reformer journeyed to Gotha; where he again preached in the Augustinian convent. Proceeding to Eisenach, he stayed there some time. At Eisenach he visited the house of his early benefactress, Ursula Cotta, with what deep feelings may be easily imagined. Old recollections crowded upon his mind, affecting him to tears. While here he was seized with severe pains, and was unable for a time to continue his wearisome journey. Amsdorff, Jonas, and all his friends became alarmed. Bleeding was resorted to, and John Oswald, the *schultheiss*, or magistrate, brought a cordial. When Luther had drunk a portion of this, he fell asleep, and awoke the next morning refreshed and relieved.

Luther made but slow progress, owing to the immense crowds of people who attended him on the way. Many were the warnings received. They said, "the bishops and cardinals at Worms will kill you. They will burn you, as their predecessors burnt John Huss."

"Should they light a fire," Luther answered, "which

should blaze as high as Heaven, and reach from Wittenberg to Worms, at Worms I would still appear."

Everywhere he found the Imperial Edict posted on the walls, in which his books were condemned by the Pope.

Luther, still undisturbed, continued his journey, reaching Frankfort on the 14th of April.

From Frankfort he wrote to his friend Spalatin, who was then with the Elector at Worms:—"We come, my Spalatin, notwithstanding the physical sufferings with which Satan has afflicted me, in order to delay my progress; for you must know, that all the way from Weimar to this place, I have undergone greater pain than I ever experienced before. But Christ lives, and we will enter Worms in spite of all the gates of hell, and all the powers of the air." Such words as these, by anticipation, fling forth the trumpet tones of victory, and need but little comment.

At Oppenheim, on the Rhine, the party stopped for repose. Luther, whose actions were altogether unfettered by the Imperial herald, was urged by his companions to flee before the terrible fate they dreaded might await the Reformer at Worms.

"Flee!" exclaimed Luther. "No, I will go on; I will enter the town in the name of Jesus Christ."

At Pfilingheim, Luther saw a peasant planting elms by the way-side. "Give me one of them," said he, "and I will place it in the earth. God grant that my doctrine may flourish as without doubt this tree will!"

The tree did flourish, and beneath its shade repose the remains of many faithful christians who, in their dying

moments, wished to be buried near the Reformer's Elm. The tree was not removed till the year 1811.

At Oppenheim Luther was met by Martin Bucer, who had come charged with an important communication. Glapio, the Confessor to the Emperor, acting doubtless with the consent of his Imperial master, had concerted a plan by which Luther might be prevented from entering Worms. With the Imperial chamberlain, Paul Von Armsdorf, he had visited Hütten and Sickingen at the castle of Ebernburg, from whence Hütten had written several angry and threatening letters. The confessor knew the consideration in which the courageous and generous hearted Hütten was regarded by Luther, and thought to employ this influence in the furtherance of his plans.

The wily ecclesiastic earnestly besought Hütten, for the sake of peace and Christian unity, to refrain from attacking the Papal legate and the other dignitaries of the church assembled at Worms; and begged him to despatch a messenger to meet Luther on his way, and induce him to come to the castle of Ebernburg; where he would be safe from the fury of his enemies, who were pledged to his destruction. Sickingen, a bold and bluff soldier, was no match for the crafty Papal diplomatist. He saw only Luther's danger from treachery at the hands of his foes. Hütten was also duped, and agreed to Glapio's proposal. Martin Bucer, who happened to be at the castle, was commissioned to meet Luther, and to endeavour by persuasion to bring him to Ebernburg. Bucer posted to Oppenheim, where Luther cordially received him.

"I have," said Bucer, after the usual professions of friendship had been exchanged, "I have come from Sickingen to conduct you to his castle. The Emperor's confessor has been to him, and entreated him to warn you not to go to Worms. If you do, you will be burned." Jonas and Luther's other companions listened to this warning with indecision; but upon Luther the communication produced no effect. "I shall," he said, quietly, well knowing that but three days of his safe-conduct remained unexpired, "I shall continue my journey; if the Emperor's confessor has aught to say to me, he will see me at Worms. I go whither I am summoned." Such courage was more than human; the classic would call it Titanic; the Christian pronounces it Divine.

As the time of his arrival approached, and reports of his progress were received at Worms, Spalatin, deeply moved by apprehensions for the safety of his friend, despatched a special messenger to intercept and warn the Reformer. "Do not enter Worms." In his reply, Luther rose to the very sublimity of courage and confidence in his great Master. "Go, tell your master," turning to the messenger, he answered, "that though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the houses, in I would go—*noch will ich hinein.*"

On the 16th of April, Luther came in sight of the ancient city, with its heavy red sand-stone cathedral and buildings, and at once on beholding its bell towers, he arose in his car, and sang a hymn, in which he was joined by the crowd following him.

Leffler, jester to the Duke of Bavaria, was in waiting

for Luther at the gates of Worms. Attired in his court-fool's dress, and bearing in one hand a large cross, and in the other a lighted taper, which he had borrowed from the altar of a neighbouring church, he gravely placed himself at the head of the procession, and in a plaintive but sonorous voice forthwith began this doleful welcome:

Advenisti, O desiderabilis!
Quem expectabamas in tenebris!
(At last thou art come, desired one;
Whom we have been waiting for in the darkness of the grave).

The dismal words of the cross-bearer were drowned in the shouts of welcome from the thousands assembled to receive the monk of Wittenberg.

A letter written by an eye-witness, Veit Von Warbeck, to the Elector John, contains an account of Luther's entrance into Worms.

"This day, 16th April, Luther arrived at Worms, accompanied by a brother of his order, D'Amsdorff, and a noble Dane, named Suaven.

"Before the car marched the Imperial herald, in full dress, the Eagle in his hand. Justus Jonas and his servant came next after the car. A great number of men had preceded the monk; Bernard von Herschfeldt, John Schotte, Albert von Lendenau and others, all on horse-back. It was ten in the morning when Luther made his entry into the city, with several thousands of the citizens who accompanied him to his lodgings, the house next to the Swan; where several town councillors who had formed the procession alighted with him: Frederick

Thunau, Philip d'Alitsch, and field-marshal Ulrich Von Pappenheim."

These nobles conducted Luther to the house of the Knights of St. John, the lodging provided for him by the Elector. When alighting from the car Luther said, "*God will be with me.*"

During the evening many German nobles came to visit him; Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, then a youth, and of but small influence, came with the others. "Dear doctor," he said, affectionately, "if you are in the right, the Lord God will protect you."

He passed the whole night at his window, sometimes meditating with earnestly upcast eyes, sometimes breathing the air of his hymn upon his flute.

Early the next morning, the Imperial summons arrived. Luther rose and received the command without remark. When the herald had left the room Luther fell on his knees and prayed. Earnest as the Patriarch wrestling with the Angel, he vehemently exclaimed:—"God, God, O my God! come Thou to my aid, and protect my cause and Thine against the wisdom of the world. Grant me this prayer, which thou alone canst grant. It is Thy cause, O my God, and not mine: it is for Thee to defend me against the great ones of the earth. It is Thy cause, the cause of Justice and of Eternity. God of all time, come to my aid: that aid which none among men can afford. Flesh is flesh: man a poor weak, failing, faltering creature. O my God, hast thou not ears? Dost Thou not hear me? Art Thou dead? No, Thou canst not die. Then, O my God, aid me in the name of Thy well-beloved Son

Jesus Christ, my strength and my help, my citadel and my rampart. Where art Thou, O my God, where art Thou? Come, come! I am ready to give up my life as a lamb. It is the cause of justice: it is Thy cause: and I will not separate myself from Thee. The world cannot prevail: and were it given up to even a greater legion of devils, even though the work of Thy hands were to give way and the earth open its abysses before me, I remain firm; my soul is Thine, and with Thee to all eternity. Amen. O my God aid me. Amen."[1]

At four o'clock the marshal of the Empire arrived at the house where Luther was staying and proceeded to conduct him to the Bishop's palace, where the Diet was assembled.

The streets were blocked by an immense crowd; such was the excitement and confusion that it was impossible to advance. The herald who preceded the party was obliged to pass through the private passages and gardens of several houses, and by this means at last reached the palace. The windows overlooking all around were thronged with spectators. The pavements of the streets, and the roofs of the houses were covered with an eager and excited populace.[2]

It was even with great difficulty that Luther, upon his arrival at the palace, made his way to the interior of the hall. Every corner was crowded. Even after Luther had entered the building where, according to the testimony of George Vogler, an eye-witness, not less than five thousand persons were assembled, including those in the galleries

[1] Mathesius. [2] Seckendorf.

and windows and about the doors, many who sympathised with his doctrines ventured to press close to him and speak to him words of encouragement. "Speak manfully, and be not afraid of them who kill the body, but have no power over the soul."

As he approached the door leading to the judges' chamber the celebrated warrior George Von Freundsberg, whose valour, some years later, was conspicuous at the battle of Pavia, laid his hand kindly on Luther's shoulder, and said: "My poor monk! my poor monk! thou art going to make such a stand as I and my Knights have never made in our fiercest battles! But, if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, then forward in God's name, and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee."

After waiting two hours in the hall, Luther was admitted to the Diet. There were assembled, besides the Emperor, six Electors, an Archduke, two Landgraves, five Margraves, twenty-seven Dukes, and a great number of Counts, Archbishops, Bishops, and others; in all two hundred and six persons.

The Diet, a name derived from *Dies*, day, was a magnificent assembly composed of the representatives of the States, Dominions and Circles, and the Empire founded by Charlemagne. The spirit of the "Magnus Carolus," to use the simple words of his epitaph, chiselled in the broad flat stone that now covers his grave in the old Dom-kirche at Aachen, still survived in the young Emperor, Charles the Fifth, who sat upon his throne. Charles had been legally elected in accordance with the four decrees of the Golden Bull issued in the reign of the Emperor Charles the

Fourth, in 1356. Nor was the city of Worms itself unconnected with the history of the great German Empire; for the second fundamental law, that controlled the nobles, and prevented them engaging in private war, known as the Pax Publica, had been enacted at Worms in the year 1495. We now behold assembled in this historic spot an august gathering; whose words and acts the world has listened to and wondered at ever since.

Luther stood before the assembly. As with almost all noble minds, the great occasion calmed him; but the calm did not subdue, it only restrained the Reformer, till, Prophet-like, his voice was heard in thunder. The great crisis of his life was now reached; and his attitude was full of grandeur. Beneath his strong calm face, ever since stamped upon the best of his countrymen, the fiery energy of his indomitable soul was scarcely veiled. Luther faced the Emperor, not with vulgar defiance, but clad in divine resolve.

"Say nothing," said Ulrich Von Pappenheim, the marshal of the Empire, "till you are questioned." A profound silence ensued, broken at length by John ab Eck, the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, addressing him, first in Latin, and then in German.

"Martin Luther, His sacred and invincible Majesty, with the advice of the States of the Empire has summoned you hither, that you may reply to the two questions I am now about to put to you; do you acknowledge yourself to be the author of the writings published in your name, and which are here before me, and will you consent to retract certain of the doctrines which are therein inculcated?"

"I think the books are mine," replied Luther. Immediately, Dr. Jerome Schurff, who sat by Luther, rose and exclaimed, "Let the titles of the books be read." The Chancellor then read the titles. Many were but devotional works, that could not be subjects of complaint. Luther, in a low voice, and with slowness and deliberation replied first in Latin, and then in German, admitting the authorship of the works, but since the second question concerned matters of the highest moment, he must crave time for reflection before he replied. "With all humility I entreat your Imperial majesty to grant me time, that I may answer without offence to the Word of God."

This answer occasioned great surprise on the part of most of those present. Many attributed the words of Luther to a want of courage. The Spaniards smiled, the Nuncios whispered, the Roman theologians shook their heads. The Emperor said aside to one of his courtiers, "This man will never make a heretic of me."[1] The Emperor now withdrew to a council-room, and there consulted with the Electors and Princes. After a brief consultation, the Chancellor announced that the Emperor, out of his natural clemency, had granted him till the morrow to prepare his answer; which must be by word of mouth, and not in writing. Luther was then dismissed to his house. The following morning he received the visits of several bishops and others sent to confer with him, and to induce him to retract. Luther himself gives the narrative of what took place.

"I said to them: 'The Word of God is not my word:

[1] Audin.

I therefore cannot abandon it; but in all things short of that I am ready to be docile and obedient.' The Margrave Joachim then interposed, and said, 'Sir doctor, as I understand it, your desire is to listen to counsel and instruction on all points that do not trench upon the Word.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'that is my desire.' Then they told me that I ought to place myself entirely in the hands of his majesty. I said I could not consent to this. They then asked me whether they were not themselves Christians, and entitled to have a voice in deciding the questions between us, as well as I? Whereunto I answered, 'That I was ready to accept their opinions in all points which did not offend against the Word; but that from the Word I would not depart;' repeating, that as it was not my own I could not abandon it. They insisted that I ought to rely upon them, and have full confidence that they would decide rightly. 'I am not,' rejoined I, 'by any means disposed to place my trust in men who have already condemned me without a hearing, although under safe-conduct. But to show you my zeal and sincerity, I tell you what I will do; act with me as you please; I consent to renounce my safe-conduct, and to place it unreservedly in your hands.' At this my lord Frederic de Feilitzsch observed, 'Truly this is saying quite enough, or indeed, too much.'"

When Luther again appeared, later in the day, before the Emperor and the assembled Diet, Dr. Eck opened the proceedings by addressing the Reformer, who again stood calm and confident:

"Martin Luther! yesterday you begged for a delay

that has now expired. Assuredly it ought not to have been conceded, as every man, and especially you, who are so great and learned a doctor in the Holy Scriptures, should always be ready to answer any questions touching the Faith. . . . Now, therefore, reply to the question put by his majesty, who has behaved to you with so much mildness. Will you defend your books as a whole, or are you ready to disavow some of them?"

Luther replied in a low voice, and with submission of manner:

"Most Serene Emperor! Illustrious Princes! Gracious Lords!" he said, turning his eyes on Charles and on the assembly, "I appear before you this day, in conformity with the order given me yesterday, and by God's mercies I conjure your majesty and your august highnesses to listen graciously to the defence of a cause which I am assured is just and true."

After begging the indulgence of the Diet, if, from his monastic and retired habits, he should fail in expressing respect in regard to the customary proprieties of courtly address, he submitted that his published books were not all of the same character.

He then proceeded to defend the doctrines contained in his condemned works. "I am," he said, "but a man, and not God. I shall therefore defend myself as Christ did. *If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil* (John xviii. 23). How much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and who may so easily go astray, desire every man to state his objections to my doctrine!

"For this reason, by the mercy of God, I conjure you,

most Serene Emperor, and you, most illustrious princes, and all men of every degree, to prove from the writings of the prophets and apostles that I have erred. As soon as I am convinced of this, I will retract every error, and be the first to lay hold of my books and throw them into the fire."

Luther's speech was delivered in German, and then, at the desire of the Emperor who did not understand or appreciate the German tongue, it was repeated in Latin. Jerome Schurff afterwards wrote and expressed his satisfaction and pride at the reply and demeanour of the Reformer.

"Martin made his answer with such bravery and modest candour, with eyes uplifted to Heaven, that everyone was astonished."

But not one word approaching a recantation was uttered. The Emperor was impatient, and at his command, the Chancellor indignantly reproached Luther for trifling with the time of the assembly. "You have not answered the questions put to you. You are not summoned here to question the decisions of councils; all you are required to do is to give a clear and precise answer to a clear and precise question. Will you or will you not retract? Give a plain answer without horns."

Raising his voice and without hesitation Luther replied:

"Since your most Serene Majesty requires from me a clear, simple, and precise answer I will give you one that shall have neither horns nor teeth (Dabo illud neque dentatum, neque cornutum,) and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope, or to Councils. They

have frequently erred and contradicted each other. Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture; and unless my conscience is satisfied by the Word of God, I CANNOT AND I WILL NOT RETRACT, for it is dangerous for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Eck spoke in defence of the decisions of Councils, and uttered some threatening words. Luther was unshaken. The son of the miner simply uttered the memorable words, "HERE I STAND, I CAN DO NO OTHER: GOD HELP ME. AMEN."[1]

The attitude taken by Luther produced a profound impression. An unfavoring historian in commenting upon this magnificent event says:

"The catholic himself, if he will for a moment forget the sectary in the man, cannot but contemplate with admiration this grand historical scene of the Diet of Worms. The black-robed monk, standing face to face with, and bearding the throng of princes and nobles in their steel panoply, their gauntleted hands grasping the massive handles of their swords. His heart will swell within him as he hears the clear, firm voice of the obscure brother Martin defying all the powers of the earth. That youthful Emperor, on whose head rests all the interests of Germany, and whom a mere monk stops short at every

[1] The British Museum contains a copy of "Historia de vita et actis Martini Lutheri, Conscripta a Philoppo Melanchthone," Wittenberg, 1549. History of the Life and Acts of Martin Luther, written by Philip Melanchthon. In this the rendering of his noble declaration is given, in German—"Hie stehe ich, Ich kann nicht anderst, Gott helff mir, Amen."

turn of the conference; those grave priests, Amsdorff and Justus, pressing, full of love and enthusiasm, close to their master, and ready to defend him with their arms, if need be, as well as with their learned voices; that populace, in whose eyes the Augustine was all wonderful; that old Freundsberg, who addressed the pilgrim monk as though he were an armed warrior; that Archbishop, his venerable head whitened in the service of God, conspicuous among the steel casques glittering in the sun's rays; those warm excitable faces, full of restless energy, contrasting with the motionless and stern features of the German spectators; all this forms a magnificent spectacle. At each word that falls from the monk's lips, the heart quails fearfully within one at the thought that the Emperor is there, listening intently to all that is said, and that the merest gesture from him would suffice to crush the rebellious Luther to the earth!" The silence which followed Luther's declaration was broken by the Emperor himself exclaiming: "This monk has an intrepid heart, and speaks with unshaken courage." Many of the German princes burst into applause; while the Spaniards and Italians gave utterance to angry comments.

"If you do not retract your heretical doctrines," said the Chancellor, when silence had been restored, "the Emperor and the States of the Empire must treat you as incorrigibly contumacious." Luther replied, "God be my helper! I can retract nothing."

Luther was then ordered to withdraw, and a solemn deliberation took place. The decision was soon arrived at, and Luther being again summoned to the assembly,

the Chancellor addressed him: "Martin Luther, you have not spoken with becoming modesty. The distinction you have made between your books has been admitted. If you retract those that contain heresies, the Emperor will not allow the others to be burnt. You are called upon to declare, yea or nay, whether you still continue to maintain all that you have written, or whether you will retract any part?"

With quiet dignity the Reformer replied: "I have no other answer to make."

The Emperor rose: the proceedings of the ever memorable day were ended.

It was now eight o'clock in the evening; the hall was lighted with torches. Luther, who had spoken for upwards of two hours, was weary; the perspiration was upon his haggard and worn face. In charge of two officers of the Imperial guard he was taken out of the hall. His friends thought he was being taken to prison, and a great tumult arose. In a few words Luther re-assured the people. As the crowd thronged about him, a servant of the Duke of Brunswick presented him with a tankard of Eimbech beer. Luther was touched with this mark of kindness. "Who has made me this present?" "Duke Eric of Brunswick," replied the servant. The prince was of the Papal party, and this simple, but unexpected act of kindness from a foe was not lost on the tender, sensitive heart of the Reformer. "As Duke Eric has this day thought of me, so may God think of him when his time of trial comes." Many of the Spaniards expressed their hatred by hissing and shouting.

After great delay a passage was made through the immense crowd which blocked the street; and at length Luther's lodging was with difficulty reached. Spalatin and numerous other friends soon surrounded him. "I am through! I am through!" he exclaimed joyfully, immediately adding, "If I had a thousand heads they should be struck off before I would make one recantation."

The Elector Frederick was delighted with Luther's resolute bearing. He sent for Spalatin, and desired him to express to Luther his astonishment and admiration. "Doctor Martin has spoken well before the Diet: but I fear he was too bold. If it were in my power," added the Elector, "I would gladly procure justice for him."

The impression made by the Reformer on the popular mind was very great. Princes, counts, barons, prelates, and other persons of distinction, lay and ecclesiastical, thronged to see him, and to congratulate him. "The Doctor's little room," says Spalatin, "could not contain all the visitors who presented themselves. Amongst them I saw Duke William of Brunswick, the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, Count Wilhelm of Henneburg, the Elector Frederick, and many others."

On the following day, when the Diet had re-assembled, the Emperor's rescript, written in French with his own hand, was read. After setting forth the zeal of his predecessors in the defence of the Catholic faith, his own intention to walk in the footsteps of his ancestors, and maintain the faith which he had received as a heritage, he proceeds:—"A monk having dared to come forward and assail at once the dogmas of the Church and the head of

the Catholic communion, persisting obstinately in the errors into which he has fallen, and refusing to retract, we have deemed it essential to oppose ourselves to the further progress of these disorders, even though at the peril of our life, of our dignities, of the fortune of the Empire; in order that Germany may not sully herself with the crime of perjury. We will not again hear Martin Luther, who has given ourselves and the Diet such manifest proofs of his inflexible obstinacy, and we order him to depart hence under the faith of the Imperial safe-guard we have given him, prohibiting him at the same time from preaching or exciting any commotion on his way." The intended decree concluded with the threat of further proceedings. "We shall prosecute him and his adherents as dangerous heretics; meeting their contumacy by excommunication, by interdict, and by other measures of destruction."

The Papal party in the Diet were furiously opposed to the toleration and good faith of the Emperor's decision; and led by the legate Aleander, and by the Elector of Brandenburg, they demanded the revocation of the safe-conduct, and the condemnation of the impenitent heretic. "The Rhine," they exclaimed, "shall receive his ashes, as it received those of John Huss a century ago."

But this intended act of treachery met with the strongest opposition. "The fate of John Huss, killed in defiance of good faith, has brought discredit and disaster upon the people of Germany," said the Elector-Palatine. "The Princes of Germany," exclaimed Duke George of Saxony, for a long time Luther's most persistent foe, "however

desirous of exterminating heresy by destroying its source, will never permit a safe-conduct to be violated. Our young Emperor cannot basely ignore the traditions of our ancient national integrity."

This view was nobly supported by all the German Princes of the Empire. The Elector Frederick threw the whole weight of his powerful influence into the matter. The people did not hesitate openly to accuse the Roman ecclesiastics of exercising a baneful influence upon the mind of their youthful Emperor. A suggestive bill was printed, and posted in many public places, containing the words of Eccles. x. 16, "*Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.*"

Four hundred nobles, with their followers, had sworn to secure the personal safety of the Reformer. Sickingen was but a few miles from Worms, with a large force of knights and soldiers quartered in his stronghold ready to march forth to his defence. In the town itself, among the people, Luther was the popular idol. His high principle and unwavering courage had won the firm German heart. His work, entitled "*The Captivity of Babylon,*" had already been extensively read with enthusiasm. An unfriendly hand laid upon its author would have been the signal for a terrible popular outbreak. Charles V. was not insensible to the hazards of the occasion, and somewhat restrained his personal desires.

Albert the Archbishop-Elector of Mentz, whose profits in the Indulgences business had been destroyed by Luther's denunciation of the traffic, was moved to Christian sentiment by the nobility of soul exhibited by his foe. The Archbishop begged the Emperor to postpone giving judg-

ment until one last effort should be made to remove the obstinacy of Luther. "I will grant," said the Emperor, "three days for reflection; and in that time you can exhort him privately." This was spoken on Monday, the 22nd of April, and on the evening of that day, as Luther was sitting down to table, he received a friendly letter from Richard, Archbishop of Treves, who had been appointed by the Emperor to the office of Mediator, begging him to appear before him on the following Wednesday. Early in the morning of that day Luther with his friends Schurff and Amsdorff, attended by the Imperial herald, repaired to the house of the Archbishop. They were taken to the prelate, whom they found surrounded by a numerous and important assembly, including Joachim, Margrave of Brandenburg, Duke George of Saxony, the Bishop of Brandenburg and Augsburg, Count George, the grand-master of the Teutonic order, Jerome Veh (Vehus), Chancellor of Baden, and Cochlœus, the devoted instrument of the Court of Rome, especially sent by Aleander to note and report the proceedings. The speaker on this occasion was Jerome Veh, a skilful lawyer, and a man of kindly disposition. In well considered words, addressing Luther, he said, "We have not sent for you with any view to polemical discussion, but to exhort you fraternally. You have published many things contrary to true religion. Think of your own safety; think of those who are misled by your doctrines; think of the safety of the Empire. Do not oppose the holy councils. The princes take a singular interest in your welfare, and would gladly see you escape the wrath of the Emperor. If you persist, he will expel you from the Empire."

Luther, after acknowledging the condescension of the princes in addressing a man so poor as himself, said, "I have blamed the council of Constance, as it condemned this article of our faith, *I believe in the Holy Catholic Church*, and the Word of God itself. You say my teaching is a cause of offence. I reply the Gospel of Christ cannot be preached without offence. No fear of death can sever me from the Lord and from the Truth!" After a short discussion amongst themselves, Veh, at the direction of the Archbishop, pressingly urged upon him his previous arguments, and earnestly conjured him to submit his writings to the decision of the princes and States of the Empire. "I am quite aware, Martin," he said, "that many of your works breathe a sweet odour of piety; but the general spirit of your works must be judged as we judge a tree, not by its flowers, but by its fruits." Luther was unmoved by this appeal: he calmly replied, "I would fain have it understood, that I do not decline the judgment of the Emperor and of the States; but the Word of God, on which I rely, is to my eyes so clear, that I cannot retract what I have said, until a still more luminous authority is opposed to that Word. Do not offer violence to my conscience, which is chained up with the Holy Scriptures."

The meeting was then dissolved, but the Archbishop of Treves, in a fatherly manner, took Luther, with his friends Schurff and Amsdorff, into his private room, whither they were followed by John Eck and Cochlœus. Eck addressed Luther:—"Martin," said he, "there is no one of the heresies which have torn the bosom of the Church, which

has not derived its origin from the various interpretations of the Scripture. The Bible itself is the arsenal whence each innovator has drawn his deceptive arguments. It was with Biblical texts that Pelagius and Arius maintained their heresies. When the fathers of the council of Constance condemned this proposition of John Huss, *The Church of Jesus Christ is only the community of the elect*, they condemned an error; for the Church, like a good mother, embraces within her arms all who bear the name of Christian, all who are called to enjoy the celestial beatitude." Luther replied, reproducing all the arguments he had used before. Cochlœus took him by both hands, and conjured him to restore peace to the Church. Luther was inflexible, and thus they separated. The negociations continued for the space of three days, without producing the slightest change in the position occupied by the Reformer.

"*If this work be of man it will come to nought*," said Luther, quoting the words of Gamaliel; "the Emperor and the States may write to the Pope thus: 'If the work of Luther is not an inspiration from on high, in three years it will have perished.'"

Thus concluded the various conferences.

On the 25th of April, with his friend Spalatin, Luther waited upon the Archbishop, and said, "Most gracious Lord, I cannot yield; I must bear what God wills. Be pleased to obtain His Imperial Majesty's permission for me to return to my home." Luther had been scarcely three hours at his lodging in the house of the Knights of St. John before he was summoned to appear before the Imperial Chancellor.

"Luther," said that functionary, "since you have not chosen to listen to the councils of his majesty and of the States of the Empire, and to confess your errors, it is now for the Emperor to act. By his order, I give you twenty days, wherein to return to Wittenberg, secure under the Imperial safe-conduct, provided that on your way you excite no disorder by preaching or otherwise." As the official concluded, the herald inclined his staff, in token of respect.

Luther bowed, and said, "Be it as the Lord wills: blessed be the name of the Lord!" He added the expression of his warm gratitude towards the Emperor personally; towards the ministers; and the States of the Empire, for whom, he affirmed, with his hand on his heart, he was "ready to sacrifice life, honour, reputation: all, except the Word of God."

In the evening, while Luther was at his lodging, he received a message from the Elector. "Frederick," to quote the words of Spalatin, "was disheartened. His love for Martin, and his love for the Word of God, were in conflict with his desire not to incur the displeasure of the Emperor. He determined to get Luther out of the way, until his affairs could be arranged. The plan of a friendly capture was communicated to Luther the evening before he left Worms, and to his companion Amsdorff; but the time and place were unknown to them. Luther bowed to the decision of his master; although he would have preferred to have continued the attack." Luther submitted. On the next morning he took his departure from the city. Many German nobles came to see him for the

last time, and took their morning repast with him. The Reformer earnestly invoked for them the Divine blessing; and bestowed upon them his farewell benediction.[1] At ten o'clock Luther left the house, with the friends who had accompanied him to Worms. Many gentlemen on horseback went with him, and a vast crowd of persons followed on foot, beyond the walls of the city. The Imperial herald did not join the party, until it arrived at Oppenheim. The following evening, 27th April, Luther reached Frankfort, when he rested for the night. While here he wrote a letter to his friend, the celebrated artist, Lucas Cranach. Luther in his correspondence intimates, repeatedly, his serious apprehension that his career would terminate at Worms; and evidently left it with the feeling of a man who has miraculously escaped from the den of an enraged lion. There is a tone of joyfulness in the letters, dated immediately after his departure from the Diet, which contrasts strangely with the regrets that he must retire into temporary concealment, and lose the honours of martyrdom. This letter to Cranach is noteworthy, as exhibiting his perfect summary of the proceedings of the Diet, which he describes with the point, brevity and sarcastic energy which he could so well employ. "I thought," he writes, "that His Imperial Majesty would have summoned some doctor, or some fifty doctors, eloquently to confute the monk. But nothing more is done than just this: 'Are these books thine?' 'Yes.' 'Will you retract them or not?' 'No.' 'Away with you then!' *So heb dich.* O blind Germans that we are! how

[1] Mathesius.

childishly we act and suffer the Romanists so miserably to make us play the ape and the fool."

One reflection forces itself upon our attention when viewing this great scene at Worms. We feel that beneath the surface, there were in operation many and divers kinds of motives. Some noble; some of the basest kind. Many princes and ecclesiastics, not to mention the outside crowds, were won to the side of the Reformation by the intelligence, the modesty, the faith, and the undoubted patriotism of the Reformer. Luther, as with vision "cleansed with euphrasy and rue," knew the great part Providence had called him to take, and with due respect for the high dignitaries of the Church and the Empire, and for the young Emperor himself; he not only maintained himself and held his own, but presents one of the finest illustrations of the great maxim of the Gospel, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." We see in Luther a greater and truer Emperor than in Charles the Fifth himself.

When Luther arrived at Freiberg, situated about six leagues from Frankfort, he parted from the Imperial herald. He here, with true German activity, wrote two letters, one to the Emperor, the other to the Electors and States assembled at Worms. In the first, he expresses with courtesy his regret at having found himself under the necessity of disobeying his majesty: "But," says he, "God and His Word are above man." He laments, further, that he had not been able to obtain a discussion of the evidence he had collected from Scripture, adding that he was ready to present himself before any other

assembly that might be convened for the purpose, and to submit himself in all things without exception, provided the Word of God received no damage. The letter to the Electors and States was written in a similar spirit. This letter was copied many times and circulated throughout the whole of Germany. Everywhere it excited the indignation of the people against the Emperor and the superior clergy:[1] but it accomplished more, for it won the battle of the Reformation, by its intrinsic reasonableness, justice, and truth.

At Hersfeld Luther was most hospitably received by Abbot Crato. In a letter, written some time afterwards, to Spalatin, Luther says: "You would hardly believe the civility with which I was received by the Abbot of Hersfeld. He sent forward his chancellor and his treasurer, a full mile on the road to meet us, and he himself came to receive us at a short distance from his castle, attended by a troop of cavaliers, who escorted us into the town. The senate received us at the great gate. The Abbot entertained us splendidly in his monastery, and assigned me his own bed to sleep in. On the fifth day they absolutely forced me to preach in the morning, though I represented to them that they ran a risk of losing their privileges, should the Imperialist party choose to treat this as a violation of my undertaking not to preach my doctrines on the way. But then, I added, that I had never pledged myself to chain up the Word of God! Nor will I."

[1] This statement is made on the authority of Cochlœus, a writer by no means favorable to the Reformer.

THE CAPTURE.

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At Eisenach, the scene of his early life, Luther was surrounded by many old friends, who entreated him to preach in his old familiar pulpit. Luther complied with their request; although the parish-priest, fearful of incurring the Imperial attention and displeasure, drew up a formal protest. Here Luther took a farewell leave of his friends, Schurff, Jonas, and Suaven, who went straight on to Wittenberg. Luther himself, with Amsdorff, proceeded southerly in the direction of Möhra, where his grandmother still lived. He passed the night in the house of his uncle Henry, and preached a sermon on the following day, May 4th. After this, with his brother James, and his friend Amsdorff, he resumed his journey; skirting the Thuringian Forest, in the direction of Waltershausen and Gotha. The carriage had entered the road at the commencement of the wood-crowned heights, near the ruined church of Glisbach, and but a short distance from the Castle of Altenstein, when five horsemen, masked and fully armed, breaking their way from the woods, suddenly sprung upon the travellers. One of the horsemen seized the driver of the carriage; another laid hold of Amsdorff; while the three others compelled Luther to alight. James Luther, as soon as he saw the assailants, jumped out of the carriage, and, without saying a word, ran off through the wood, and reached Walterhausen in the evening. The coachman and Dr. Amsdorff were sent on their way; but Luther was compelled to mount a led horse, and hurried away at full speed. In the parish register in the church of Schweina, a village at the foot of the hill occupied by the Schloss of Altenstein, may be seen an original

document, with this entry: "Saturday, May 4th, 1521, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, Dr. Martin Luther passed through the place on his way from Worms, and was taken captive about a mile from Altenstein, near Luther's fountain, on the road to Waltershausen, and carried to the Wartburg."

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE WARTBURG.

THE spot where Luther was seized lies in one of the most romantic parts of the Thuringian forest, on the winding mountain road south of Schweina, in the centre of a sandy hollow at the bend of the road south east of Altenstein. The party by whom he was attacked consisted of Burcard Von Hund, commander of Altenstein, John Von Berlepsch, governor of Wartburg, and three attendants whose names have not been preserved. The arrest was made in accordance with a preconcerted plan, carefully arranged, and approved of by Spalatin. The time was long before sunset, between four and five in the afternoon. Extreme secresy being necessary, the party quitted the road and wandered about the forest in a north-westerly direction, till they reached a narrow glen about a quarter of a mile from the castle of Altenstein; where they came upon a spring of water, which ran beside a beech tree. Here they dismounted and rested, refreshing themselves with the pure water. The spring is now called *Luthersbrunnen*, and the tree, which is said to be still standing, is known as *Luthersbuche* (Luther's-beech). Luther, in a letter dated from the Wartburg, May 14th,

written to Spalatin, after giving particulars of his capture and conveyance to the castle, says:

"So here I am; my own attire being laid aside, and that of a Knight being put upon me, with long hair and flowing beard." (As a monk he wore his hair shorn, in the form of a crown of thorns.) "You would scarcely know me. Indeed, I have not for some time known myself. Here I enjoy Christian liberty, being set free from all the laws of that tyrant, though I would choose rather, if it were the will of God, that I might suffer for His Word, than Duke George should be thought worthy to put me to death for preaching publicly. The will of the Lord be done!"

Luther was courteously treated by the governor of the castle. His table was liberally supplied with game and other rich food and wine, and every attention was given to his personal comforts.

During the time of his concealment, Luther was known as Junker or Squire George. In a portrait by Cranach, he is represented in knightly garb, with beard and moustache. His concealment was so complete, and his repose so silent, that the greater part of his enemies, and nearly all his friends, mistook the silence for that of death.[1]

When the intelligence of Luther's capture was first known, a terrible feeling filled the minds of his friends. A cry indeed of grief and indignation at the supposed outrage arose throughout Germany. Everywhere it was believed that his enemies had accomplished his destruction. The Pope and the Emperor were openly accused of his death; and popular indignation was aroused.

[1] Shenkel, pp. 36-37.

After a time, a carefully guarded communication was made to many of his friends, who repaired to the Wartburg at night, and, rising early in the morning, gathered around Luther in one of the castle halls, and heard from his lips the doctrines of the Gospel, returning secretly to their homes at nightfall. So well was his concealment kept, that the exact position of his honourable captivity was not even suspected.

Without delay the anticipated declaration of the Emperor was published. An Imperial Edict, bearing date the 8th of May, and drawn by Aleander, the Papal legate, was issued. It prohibits all persons, under penalty of high treason, from affording to Luther, after the 15th of May, the day on which his safe-conduct expired, any aid or asylum; and strictly enjoins all persons to watch for and seize him; placing him in safe custody until justice shall have decided his destiny. It orders that all the heresiarch's works, in Latin and in German, wheresoever found throughout Germany or the Low Countries, should be burned; and it further commands all the Emperor's subjects to give aid and assistance to the apostolic commissioners entrusted with carrying into effect the decrees of the Holy See. It menaces with severe penalties all booksellers and printers who should publish or sell any of Luther's writings, or should dare, in any manner, to circulate any publications calculated to bring into contempt the sovereign Pontiff, the Roman church, prelates, princes or the Universities. It orders, that wheresoever any such publication, of whatever kind, image, engraving, or printed book, may be found, it should be forthwith torn, or broken.

and burned, and its authors and publishers severely punished according to law. And in order to provide that similar attacks upon religion, the Holy See, the church and its dignitaries may not recur, the Edict forbids, in future, the publication of any work treating upon religious matters, until it has been subjected to the examination of the ordinary, or of the faculty of theology of the nearest University.

But the Papal party had wrongly estimated the sturdy character of the German people. "You have got to the end of the tragedy," wrote the Spaniard, Alfonso Valderas, to his friend Piero d'Anghiera, at this juncture; "the end of all, according to some; but, in my view, only the beginning, for the Germans are furiously indignant against the Holy See." The Spaniard's conclusion was correct: the Germans were utterly careless of the wrath and threatenings of the Emperor and his Papal advisers.

Luther's books, in accordance with the Edict, were burnt in the public square at Worms; and on the very next day the booksellers of the city went about with other copies of the same works, offering them for sale from door to door, and even carried them to the Imperial residence itself. So loudly and threateningly did the terrible *vox populi* resound about the courtly circle of the Emperor, that it was deemed prudent not to communicate the Edict to the Estates until the 25th of May, although it was prepared for and professed to bear the Imperial signature on the 8th of that month.

From his calm retreat at Wartburg, Luther, on the 12th of May, sent a letter, the first written by him after his incarceration to Amsdorff, in which he says: "I wrote

lately to you, my dear Amsdorff, but, on listening to a better counsellor, I tore the letter to pieces, as it was not yet safe to send it. The Lord now visiteth me with severe illness. But pray for me, as I always pray for you, that God may strengthen your heart. Be of good courage; and as you have opportunity, speak the Word of God with boldness. Write to me how it was in your journey from Altenstein to Wittenberg, and what you heard and saw in Erfurt. From Melanchthon you will learn what Spalatin hath written to me. The day on which I was torn away from you, I, a new Knight, weary from the length of the ride, about eight miles, came in the dark, at nearly eleven o'clock at night, to this mansion. I am here now in a state of leisure, like one set at liberty among captives. Beware of the Dresden Rehoboam, Duke George; and of Benhadad of Damascus, the Elector of Brandenburg, your neighbour. For I learn that a severe Edict has been issued against us. But the Lord shall hold them in derision."

The Elector Frederick, whose approval of the Imperial Edict had not been obtained, was nevertheless not desirous of coming to an open rupture with the Emperor; and therefore, in order to evade the questioning of the Papal and Imperial party, desired that Spalatin should keep him in ignorance of the place of Luther's detention. Secresy on this point, for a time at least, was most important; and the faithful Spalatin, devotedly desirous of securing his friend's safety, laboured to impress this necessity upon Luther, whose boldness, often bordering upon imprudence, he strove to restrain. Conquering the daring impulse of his natural impetuosity, and fully realising the anxieties

of his protector, Luther, with his natural good sense, acted as he was directed. The people of Germany were aroused by his magnificent and enthusiastic heroism at Worms. The mystery, however, which surrounded his present place of concealment overshadowed the exultation of his enemies at his disappearance, and filled his friends with misgivings and anxious uncertainty. The fears alike of friends and foes were for a long time unrelieved.

In the quiet sanctuary of the Wartburg, the Reformer soon found occupation in reading his Greek and Hebrew Bible; and, a few days after his arrival at the castle, he commenced an Exposition of the 68th Psalm. On the 24th of May, he promised to "proceed with the Psalter and Commentaries, directly he receives from Wittenberg the books he needed for that purpose; and also to continue the Magnificat, which he had already partly prepared before he left for Worms."

The letter written to Amsdorff is addressed from the "*Regions of the Air;*" another, written on the same day to Melanchthon, is dated from the "*Region of the Birds.*" In subsequent letters he writes, "*From my Hermitage; From the Isle of Patmos; From my Desert; From the Mountain; Among the Birds, which sing sweetly in the Trees, and praise God with all their might, night and day.*"

From his wilderness (*eremo meo*) he writes to Melanchthon on the 12th of May, the same day on which he had written to Amsdorff, in terms of touching sadness: "What, my dear Philip, art thou doing? Are you praying that this withdrawal of myself, to which I have unwillingly given my consent, may turn out for the glory of God? I

greatly desire to know how it pleaseth you. I fear I shall be accounted as deserting the field of battle; and yet I could find no way to resist those who desired and planned this course. I desire nothing more than to bare my breast to the fury of my enemies."

Unable to overcome the depression which the isolation and strange stillness of his present life produced upon his sensitive nature, he continues: "Here I sit the whole day with the visage of the church ever before me and the passage, '*Why hast Thou made all the sons of men in vain?*' How horrible a form of God's anger is that abominable Kingdom of the Roman Antichrist! I abhor my own hardness of heart that I am not dissolved in tears, and that I do not weep fountains of tears for the slain sons of my people. But is there no one to arise and cleave to God and make himself a wall for the house of Israel in this last day of His wrath. God have mercy on us. Wherefore, be thou meanwhile instant as a minister of the Word, and fortify the walls and towers of Jerusalem, till they shall assail thee. You know your calling and gifts. I pray earnestly for you, if, as I doubt not, my prayer may be of some avail. Do thou the same for me, and let us mutually bear this burden. Thus far I alone have stood in the front of the battle. They will next seek for your life."

Luther wrote to Melanchthon at this time perhaps more frequently than to others of his friends. On the 26th of May, he says, "I would sooner be burnt alive over live coals than decay alone half dead, not to say quite dead. But who knoweth whether, in this as in other cases, Christ

will by such means effect a greater good? We have always been talking about Faith and Hope in things not seen. Come, then, let us for once make some little trial, especially since it is of God's appointing, and not of our seeking. *Even if I perish, the Gospel will not perish.* You are now my superior: Elisha succeeded Elijah with a double measure of the spirit, which may the Lord Jesus in mercy grant you. Therefore, be not sad, but sing unto God songs in the night season, and I will join with you. We must go out from our country, from our kindred, and from our father's house, and for a time sojourn in a strange land. I have not given up the hope of returning unto you; though I leave it to God to do what is good in His own eyes. If the Pope shall fall upon all those who think and feel with me, there will be no want of tumult in Germany. God so arouseth the spirit of many, and the hearts even of the multitude, that it seemeth not likely to me that the thing can be put down by the hand of power; or, if it be put down, it will rise again with ten-fold force."

Thus finely in the exercise of the noblest Christian faith, and with political insight worthy of a great Statesman did this grandest Man of the age express himself. How mean appear Emperor and Pope in the presence of this "King of men!"

The reaction from a life overwrought with the fiercest excitement to the quietness and solitude of his present condition, told with distressing force upon the mental nature of the Reformer. His physical health was shattered. He was afflicted by painful bodily sufferings. "If I don't improve," he writes, "I will return publicly to Erfurt; for

I must fain consult the physician or the surgeon, whichever of them I may need." The strain upon his faculties had been too great. Prostration of strength, and tormenting pain, led, in some measure, to the obscuration of his mental faculties. Strange fancies affected his mind. One of these he describes with singular minuteness.

"I dwelt," he writes, "far apart from the world in my chamber, and no one could come to me but two youths, sons of noblemen, who waited on me with my meals twice a day. Among other things, they had brought me a bag of nuts, which I had put in a chest in my sitting room. One evening, after I had retired to my chamber, which adjoined the sitting room, had extinguished the light, and got into bed; it seemed to me all at once that the nuts had put themselves in motion, that they were jumping about in the sack, and knocking violently against each other. Then they came to the side of my bed to make noises at me. However this did not alarm me, and I went to sleep. By-and-by, I was awakened by a great noise on the stairs, which sounded as though someone was rolling down them a hundred barrels one after another. Yet I knew very well that the door at the bottom of the stairs was fastened with chains, and that the door itself was of iron; so that no one could enter. I rose immediately to see what it was, exclaiming 'Is it thou, Satan? Well, be it so.' And I commended myself to our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom it is written: '*Thou hast put all things under His feet*;' and I returned to bed." In the *Tischreden*, Luther, in reference to this peculiar experience, is made to add something by way of confirmation. "The wife of John

Berblibs came to Eisenach. She suspected where I was, and insisted upon seeing me; but the thing was impossible. To satisfy her, they removed me to another part of the Castle, and allowed her to sleep in the room I had occupied. In the night she heard such an uproar, that she thought there were a thousand devils in the place."

The story of the ink-marks on the wall of one of the rooms in the castle, produced by Luther hurling the inkstand at the Evil One, although long received as authentic, is more than apocryphal.

To recover his bodily strength, and to gain relief from his mental apprehensions, Luther, with the permission of his custodian, ventured into the woods by which the castle was surrounded. Day by day he rambled through the forest, gathering flowers and wild strawberries by the way. In a letter to Spalatin, he gives the following particulars of certain sports, strange to him, in which he took part:

"I have been out sporting two whole days," he writes, on the 14th of September, "I have long had a desire to appreciate for myself this princely pleasure of hare-hunting. I caught two hares and two poor little partridges. It is a fine occupation for anyone who has got nothing else to do. However, I did not wholly lose my time, for I reflected amid the nets and the dogs; and I found a mystery of grief and pain in the very heart of the joyous tumult around me. Is not this hunting the very image of the devil going about seeking what poor beasts he may devour by the aid of his nets, his traps, and his trained dogs: that is to say, of his bishops and his theologians?

There was an incident which made the mystery and the image still more manifest. I had saved alive a poor little hare I picked up, all trembling from its pursuers; after keeping it in my sleeve some time, I set it down, and the creature was running off to secure its liberty, when the dogs getting scent of it, ran up, and first broke its leg, and then pitilessly killed it. The dogs were the Pope and Satan, destroying the souls which I seek to save, as I sought to save the poor little hare. I have had enough of such hunting as this; the hunting I shall keep to is that wherein I desire to pierce with sharp darts and javelins, wolves, bears, foxes, and the whole iniquitous troop of Roman beasts that afflict the world. Ah, vile courtiers of Rome, eaters of poor hares and partridges, and eaters of us, too, you will find in the other world that you yourselves have become beasts, whom Christ, the great hunter of all, will cage. While you think you are hunters, 'tis you who are hunted."

Athough, in his letters, Luther continually bewails the want of activity during his life at the Wartburg, yet it is undoubtedly the fact that his industry was untiring and indeed marvellous in its result. From his Patmos, he laboured assiduously, and largely contributed to the agitation which prevailed throughout Germany. He wrote and sent to his friends for publication a book on "Antichrist"; a treatise, in German, on "Confession"; a "Commentary on the 67th Psalm": another, on the "Canticle of Mary"; and a third "on the 37th Psalm." He also composed and sent to Melanchthon, "A Consolation to the Church of Wittenberg." Later on, he

published "A Commentary on the Epistles and Gospels for the year." The events of the outside world were faithfully reported to Luther.

Albert, Archbisnop of Mentz, in defiance of the general unpopularity of the system, and in face of Luther's unsparing hostility, had recommenced the sale of Indulgences in his diocese, and a priest at Halle had ascended the pulpit by the prelate's direction, to urge the purchase of these pardons. The money raised was to be devoted not to the erection of St. Peter's, but to the extermination of the hordes of Mahommedans who were menacing Hungary. This proceeding was conveyed to the captive of the Wartburg. Luther immediately proceeded to denounce the iniquity. The application of the money derived from the sale of Indulgences was as nothing in his mind; the system itself incurred his sharpest and most determined opposition. The renewal of this imposture called forth from him a book entitled the "Idol of Halle." In order to impress the popular mind and to make the venture successful in a pecuniary sense, the Archbishop of Mentz had gathered together a multitude of precious relics, and exhibited them in a church at Halle. The relics formed a curious collection, and were sufficient to tax credulity to its limit. There were portions of the bodies of saints long since dead and almost forgotten; a fragment of the burning bush of Moses; morsels of the manna which had fed the Israelites in the desert; jars and wine from the wedding at Cana; thorns taken from the Crown of thorns; stones used in the martyrdom of Stephen and other relics of sacred times. The people

were urged to inspect these, and it was promised that upon their inspection and the contribution of a sum of money, they should become entitled to the bestowal of an Indulgence of surpassing value. As soon as intelligence of the resumption of this scandalous traffic was sent to Luther, he immediately wrote a treatise, couched in terms of unsparing condemnation, and forwarded the manuscript to Spalatin for publication. Spalatin submitted the work to the Elector, who directed its suppression. Spalatin wrote to the Reformer telling him the wishes of the Elector, and his own personal desire that Luther should be guarded in his wrath, and not disturb the public peace by an attack on the great magnate of the Church, Albert, whose powerful connection also would be seriously affected. The flame in Luther's honest, manly heart burst forth in his reply. Princes and potentates; the Archbishop, nay the Elector himself, to whom he owed his safety and his life, were put aside in his fervent zeal for the Truth. To Spalatin he wrote: "I sent you some time back, my book on the Mass, on vows of Celibacy, on the tyrant of Mentz. Have they been anticipated, or has the messenger lost them? Did I think they had reached you, and that you kept them locked up, nothing would more distress me. If you have them, at once lay aside your untimely caution; I will have them printed at Wittenberg, or elsewhere. If I knew for certain that you were suppressing them, I should be perfectly furious; you would incur my severest displeasure. You may burn the senseless papers, but you cannot extinguish the spirit that produced them. Do not tell me that the Elector will not permit me to attack the

Mentz prelate; or that the public peace will be disturbed. A fine thing truly! You would not have the public peace disturbed forsooth, but you would stand by and see the Eternal peace of God compromised by all these sacrilegious abominations! No, Spalatin! No, prince! This is not well. Whether you will or not, I will fight with all my might, in behalf of the lambs of God, against this devouring wolf, as I have struggled against the rest of them. I send you therefore another copy of my book against him, which was ready when your letter came, a letter which, you will see, has not induced me to alter a word of what I had written. I might, perhaps, have submitted it to the examination of Philip (Melanchthon); who, if anyone, is the person to suggest changes in it; but, as it is, take care not to let him see it till it is published, and seek not to dissuade me from sending it forth; my mind is made up, and I shall not hear a word you say."

The violence of the language here used by Luther may be justified by the tremendous importance of the subject. Luther was a captive, and unable to thunder forth from his pulpit at Wittenberg his denunciation of this newly revived and shameless imposition. But, although removed from the scene of active personal labour, his reforming protesting spirit was unquenched. He had before this written twice to the Archbishop without effect, and some days after his letter to Spalatin, he addressed the prelate of Mentz in these terms: "The first faithful exhortation I addressed to your electoral grace having only met with ridicule and ingratitude, I wrote you once again, offering

to receive with respectful attention your instructions and advice. What was your grace's reply? Harsh, unworthy of a Bishop, of a Christian. But though my two letters have been thus treated, I will not suffer myself to be rebuffed; and, conformably with the Gospel, I now forward to your grace a third exhortation. You have just set up again at Halle, the idol which kills soul and body, which robs poor simple Christians of their money here, and destroys them hereafter; and you have thus publicly declared, that what Tetzel did, he did in concert with the Archbishop of Mentz. But my God lives, be assured, and He is well able to fight against a Cardinal of Mentz, even though he had four Emperors at his side. It is His pleasure to break the cedars, and to abase proud, hardened Pharaohs. I entreat your grace not to tempt the anger of that great God!

"Or did you think that Luther was dead! No! No! Luther is not dead; he lives, and, fortified by the protection of that God who has already humiliated the Pope, is ready to begin with the Archbishop of Mentz a game that nobody expected. You are now warned; if your grace will not abandon these idolatrous practices, I shall take the matter actively in hand—I, a man of Faith and of Eternity. Let your highness take heed in time, and act accordingly. If men contemn me, there will come One who will contemn contempt, according to the word of the prophet. I declare to you, that if within a fortnight from this time I have not received a precise and positive and satisfactory answer from you, I will publish my little book on the idol of Halle.

"Given in my desert, this Sunday after St. Catharine (15th November, 1521).

"Your humble servant,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

The unmeasured language of the Reformer, characteristic of his bearing in nearly every incident of his career is remarkable, and, considering the events by which he was surrounded, and which he, in a most material way, originated, not altogether inappropriate. In judging his character, due consideration must be given to the principles and maxims of his time. Virtue and vice are at all times the same, but customs vary continually. Those very qualities of heat, of boldness, of indifference to the rulers of the earth, simply because of the accident of their position, were perhaps the very qualities most necessary for the accomplishment of the great work committed by the Supreme Ruler to his hands. "To arouse," says Dr. Robertson, "to arouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted." The great spiritual war was raging; a war not confined to the Teutonic race alone, but overspreading all parts of the civilized world. The gigantic plan of that spiritual conflict was but then being unfolded. The hour of Reformation had come and the chieftain was—a captive!

With his soul burning with righteous ardour, Luther was compelled, from afar, to witness the giant-struggle of the combatants. It can scarcely be expected that he could, in his enforced retirement, remain cool and unmoved. His soul, impatient of restraint, longed for the success of the Cause for which he, time after time, expressed his readiness to suffer all that its enemies could devise and inflict upon his devoted head. His conviction of the spread of his doctrines was firm and unshaken. His own words, "*Like a rainstorm that falleth everywhere, and that returneth not again where it had once been,*" fully bespeak his conviction; but he, a spiritual hero, longed for close and personal engagement in the mighty conflict. His heart was impatient of restraint; and his fiery words give terrible expression to this impatience. Perhaps the rough, unpolished vigour of his language: the very energy and nervousness of his style and labour, fulfilled their mission. A late able writer[1] draws a wise deduction when he observes: "I have no question that the cause of Luther was, upon the whole, advanced and recommended even by the temerity of his unsparing invective; and that had he given less offence to his enemies, he would have found less zeal, less courage, and far less devotion in his friends."

The terrible earnestness of this warning letter, made a deep impression on the less powerful mind of the Archbishop. With his own hand he wrote this reply: "I have received your letter, and have read it with all good will and friendliness of feeling; but I am greatly astonished

[1] Dr. Waddington,—*Hist. Reformation*, II., 32.

at its contents, seeing that, long since, a remedy has been applied to the abuses against which it is directed. I will henceforth conduct myself, God aiding, as becomes a good prince, and a good priest. I acknowledge fully that I have great need of the assistance of God; poor, weak sinner that I am, sinning each day of my life, and wandering aside from the right path. Well do I know that without God's help I can do nothing, vile dust of the earth that I am. This is my answer to your benevolent exhortation. I am ever ready to submit to a paternal and Christian reprimand, and I pray to God that He will grant me His grace and His strength, to enable me to live, as in other things, according to His will." But Luther was not deceived by the suavity and apparent sincerity of the Archbishop's communication. Albert was known to be a notoriously immoral man, and but little confidence was to be placed in this most open declaration. The practices did continue at Halle, and the book was published to the world. The Archbishop's chaplain, Fabricius Capito, a godly man, personally and sincerely attached to the Reformer, but yet faithful to his master, whose weaknesses he sought to extenuate, wrote to Luther beseeching his silence; but received this deliberate reply: "If your Cardinal had written his letter in true sincerity of heart, O God! with what joy, with what humility would I fall at his feet! how unworthy should I deem myself to kiss the dust before him! for I, myself, am but dust and unworthiness. Let him truly accept the Word of God, and we will all of us obey him as faithful and submissive servants. With respect to those who persecute and

condemn the Word, the highest charity consists precisely in visiting their sacrilegious fury in every possible manner. Do you imagine, my dear Fabricius, that Luther is a man who will consent to shut his eyes, provided he is tickled with a few cajoling speeches? My *love* is ready to die for you; but touch my *Faith*, and you touch the apple of my eye. Jest at, or honour the *love*, as you think fit; but the *Faith*, the Word, this you should adore, this you should look upon as the Holy of Holies."

Luther feared not, but rather courted the fury of his enemies. In the preface to his Commentary on the History of the *Lepers*, he says: "Poor lost brother that I am; here have I lighted up another great flame! What will become of me by and by? When will the Romans collect together enough sulphur, pitch, and firewood to burn the poisonous heretic? 'Kill! kill!' cry they, 'kill the heresiarch who seeks to overthrow the whole church; who seeks to rouse all Christendom against us!' I hope that, in due season, if I be worthy of such an end, I may attain to it, and that in me men may fulfil the measure of their anger; but it is not yet my time; my hour has not yet come."

The marriage of priests, and the question of *Monastic Vows* now greatly occupied Luther's mind. These matters were in many instances decided without the Reformer's express permission.

Feldkirch, the priest of Kemberg, one of the earliest of his friends in the opposition to Rome, boldly led the way, by espousing a wife. Another, Seidler, soon followed his example. The Archbishop of Mentz demanded that Feldkirch should be given up for punishment for his

audacity, but the Elector firmly refused to surrender him to the tender mercies of the outraged prelate. Duke George, however, handed over the less fortunate Seidler to his superiors, by whom he was cast into prison, where he died. Luther approved the action of his friend, Feldkirch; but the question of the marriage of monks disturbed him not a little. Like all great conclusions to which he committed himself, there was a painful spiritual struggle in his mind before his resolution and his duty were clearly traced and defined. Prayer, long and fervent, gave him the desired deliverance from doubt. "Teach us, deliver us, establish us, by Thy mercy, in the liberty that belongs to us; for of a surety we are Thy people." Prayer—that prayer which he held to be, to use his frequently expressed words, the better half of study—gave to his mind conviction: conviction guided his words. He wrote a book entitled *Monastic Vows*, and dedicated it to his father. In this preface, he writes: "It was not of my own deliberate will I, myself, became a monk. In the terror, excited by a sudden apparition, threatened by death, and believing myself called upon by Heaven I entered into my vow, without reflection, almost upon compulsion. When I told this to you, you exclaimed, 'God grant it may not have been a delusion of the devil!' Those words struck me deeply, as though they had been the Words of God sent forth from your lips; but I shut my heart as closely as I could against what you had said. I was hardened by a supposed feeling of devotion; but in the bottom of my heart, I have never been able to get over the effect of those words." Luther acted upon his

convictions without hesitation. In a letter to Wenceslaus Link, he gave the monks permission to release themselves from their vows, without, however, unduly urging the weight of his authority. "I am sure," he writes, "you will do nothing yourself, nor suffer anything to be done, contrary to the Gospel, even though the safety of all the monasteries in Christendom were at stake. I do not approve of the turbulent manner in which, as I understand, whole flocks of monks and nuns have quitted their convents; but though they have acted herein ill and unbecomingly, it would not be well or becoming in us to recall them, now the thing is done. After the example of Cyrus, in Herodotus, I would have you give full liberty to those who desire to leave their seclusion, but by no means compel any to leave it, nor, on the other hand, force any to stay who wish to go."

We now come to speak of the most important work which occupied Luther in the time of his enforced retirement at the Wartburg, and indeed of his whole life. The translation of the Bible into German was commenced as early as the year 1517. His conception of the vast importance of this work may be gathered from his unshaken opinion of the all-sufficiency of the Word of God as the only guide to Salvation. "The Bible," says he, "is God's Word and Book: I prove it thus: All things that have been, and are, in the world, and the manner of their being, are described in the first Book of Moses on the Creation; even as God made and shaped the world, so does it stand to this day. Infinite potentates have raged against this Book, and sought to destroy and uproot it: Alexander the

Great, the princes of Egypt and of Babylon, the monarchs of Persia, of Greece, and of Rome; the Emperors Julius and Augustus; but they nothing prevailed; they are all gone and vanished, but the Book remains; and will remain for ever and ever, perfect and entire, as it was declared at the first. Who has thus helped it? Who has thus protected it against such mighty forces? No one, surely, but God himself, who is Master of all things. The Holy Scriptures are full of divine gifts and virtues. The books of the heathen taught nothing of faith, hope, or charity: they give us no idea of these things: they contemplate only the present, and that which man, by the use of his natural reason, can grasp and understand. Look not therein for aught of hope or trust in God. But see how the Psalms and the Book of Job treat of faith, hope, resignation, and prayer: in a word, the Holy Scripture is the highest and best of books, abounding in comfort under all afflictions and trials. It teaches us to see, to feel, to grasp and to comprehend faith, hope, and charity, far otherwise than mere human reason; and when evil oppresses us, it teaches how these virtues throw light upon the darkness; and how, after this poor miserable existence of ours on earth, there is another and an eternal life." Luther knew that the foundation of our Faith is based on the Word of God; and that the Bible is alone supreme in determining all questions relating to Faith and practice. The necessity of this infallible Rule of Life being made intelligible to the people was, to his mind, most pressing and important.

"St. Jerome," he says, "after he had revised and

corrected the Septuagint, translated the Bible from Hebrew into Latin; his version is still used in our Church. Truly, for one man, this was work enough and more than enough. *Mulla enim privata persona tantum efficere potuisset.* (For no private person has been able to accomplish so much.) It would have been quite as well had he called to his aid one or two learned men, for the Holy Ghost would then have more powerfully manifested Himself unto them, according to the words of Christ. '*Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.*' Interpreters and translators should not work alone; for good *et propria verba* (fit words) do not always occur to one mind." For a long time Luther had desired to make a translation of the Bible into clear vernacular German.

We have seen that as early as 1517, he had commenced the work of translation, and upon Melanchthon's arrival at Wittenberg, in the following year, the work received valuable assistance from this youthful but learned professor. There were already in existence several German versions of the Holy Scriptures. As many as fourteen had been already published; the most important of which were that of Mentelin, at Strasburg, 1462-64; Eggesteyn, at Augsburg, 1466; of Pflantzmann, at Augsburg, 1475; of Zainer, at Augsburg, 1476; same printer and place, 1477; of A. Sorg, at Augsburg, 1477; same printer and place, 1480; of Koburger, at Nurenburg, 1483; and of Olmar, at Augsburg, 1507. The *Biblia Integra*, the Vulgate, published by Froben, Baislea, in 1491, is the first Bible printed in octavo or in small form.

and hence is called the first edition of the "Poor Man's Bible." It was, perhaps, a copy of this Bible that was presented by Dr. Staupitz to Luther.

Nearly the whole of these were independent translations, although, upon close investigation, they appear to have had one common origin. In these early days, when printing was but in its infancy, there was a certain demand for the Scriptures in the vernacular, and the ecclesiastical tribunals did not place any ban upon their issue. It was not until Luther first questioned the absolute authority of the Church, that any active restriction was deemed necessary and exercised. When, however, the hostility of the Church was aroused, unauthorized translations were absolutely forbidden, under the severest penalties, even the penalty of life itself. Our own William Tyndale, who published his first edition of the English New Testament in 1525 or 1526, and printed it at Wittenberg, after having conferred with Luther, and who suffered death in the neighbourhood of Brussels, in 1530, was the most illustrious victim of the prohibition promulgated at the Diet of Augsburg in the same year.

But hitherto all previous translations of the Bible had been from the Latin Vulgate. Luther went to the original Hebrew and Greek text. His opinion of the beauties of the original Hebrew, and the difficulty of translation is conveyed in the following extract:—"The words of the Hebrew tongue have a peculiar energy. It is impossible to convey so much so briefly in any other language. To render them intelligibly, we must not attempt to give word for word, but only aim at the sense and idea."

In the seclusion of the Wartburg he laboured with unwearying assiduity at this great work. In a few months he had translated nearly the whole of the New Testament into German; although the work was not published until late in the following year, nor until after it had received the valuable revision of Melanchthon. But one Book at least was given to the world. This was "Das Heilige Evangelium Matthei," the first edition of the original translation, from the Greek text, of the Gospel of St. Matthew into German. This was published by his friend Dr. John Lange, at Erfurt, in 1521, while Luther himself was a prisoner at the Wartburg.

Meanwhile, the Reformation of religion had taken full possession of the minds of the people. The great leader was, indeed, absent; but Germany, like our own favoured land, has never lacked great men. The learning of the age, the innate love of freedom in the Fatherland, and infinitely more than all, the Divine seed of the Gospel, so widely disseminated by Luther, and his great associates; like the sown field after a soft vernal shower, sprang into a vigorous young life, the promise and almost the earnest of a rich and abundant fruitage. Difficulties and even excesses might occur, but the success of the Gospel of God was secured. Other foes to Christ might arise, and have since indeed arisen; but the Papacy with all its secular interests, and its abounding arrogance was dethroned. That such a success should be achieved during its most brilliant age, viewed from an earthly standpoint, stamps for ever with Divine authority the work of the Reformer.

At Wittenberg an active, but disturbing element of powerful agitation now manifested itself. The Church in which Luther had so often preached the Word of God became the place where startling innovations were proclaimed and strange doctrines propounded. Such might have been expected. Gabriel Zwilling, a young Augustine monk, the Chaplain of the Convent, ascending the pulpit, in fiery eloquence, denounced the Sacrifice of the Mass; and demanded that in the celebration of the Lord's Supper the mode of administration should be in harmony with that instituted by Christ Himself with His disciples Zwilling remembering the opinion of Luther, went beyond the teaching of his master, in declaring that the priest committed a grievous sin who refused to give the cup to the laity. He utterly condemned the practice of masses said by the monks alone. The prior of the Convent was shocked at and opposed this preaching; and very soon a violent dispute arose. Intelligence of the disagreement was sent to the Elector, who deemed the matter so important, that he sent his Chancellor, Pontanus, to Wittenberg to endeavour to restore peace. The Chancellor found the city excited with dissension. The people and the professors and students of the University were divided in opinion; and disputes and disorders were frequent. In order to settle the disputed questions, he directed that a deputation of professors from the University, amongst whom were Melanchthon and Carlstadt, should meet the brethren of the Convent, and confer with them. The result of this conference was a report adopted by the University, and forwarded to the Elector, in which the

change demanded was recommended as just, and in conformity with the teaching of the Gospel. Melanchthon went even beyond this, and published fifty-five propositions, in which the efficacy of the Mass was sharply criticised and handled. "Looking at a cross," said he, "is not performing a good work, but simply contemplating a sign that reminds us of Christ's death; just as looking at the sun is not performing a good work, but simply contemplating a sign that reminds us of Christ and of his Gospel; so, partaking of the Lord's supper is not performing a good work, but simply making use of a sign that reminds us of the grace that has been given us through Christ. With this difference only; that the symbols invented by men simply remind us of what they signify; while the signs given to us by God, not only remind us of the things themselves, but assure our hearts of the will of God. As the sight of a cross does not justify, so the mass does not justify: and as the sight of a cross is not a sacrifice for sin, so the Mass is not a Sacrifice. There is but one Sacrifice: one Satisfaction: Jesus Christ." Melanchthon concluded his declarations with the words, surprisingly vehement, when we consider the gentleness of his general language and manner: "Let such Bishops as do not oppose the impiety of the Mass be accursed."

The Elector was amazed at the demands, but hesitated in sanctioning principles expressed, indeed, with the greatest possible vehemence, and undoubtedly hostile to the Roman Church. Although he had, in the charter of the University, at the time of its foundation, declared that

he and his people would regard its decisions as they would those of an oracle, he could not, in this sweeping innovation, persuade himself to sanction and enforce the present judgment of the majority of its professors. But no such hesitation governed the monks and the citizens. The leaven of reform had penetrated to their midst and produced a general ferment. In the Augustine Convent, the Mass and the Lord's Supper were suspended; and many of the monks deserted the convent. "No man" said Zwilling, "can be saved under a cowl (*Kein Monch werde in der Kappe selig*); Every man that enters a cloister enters it in the name of the devil. Vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, are contrary to the Gospel." "Break down, pull down, utterly destroy the monasteries!" he boldly said; "Let not a single trace of them remain. Let not one of those stones that have so long contributed to shelter sloth and superstition remain to mark the spot where stood the hateful asylum." The monks, supported by the popular voice, lent a ready ear to the counsels of the preacher; thirteen of them, in a body, left the convent, threw aside their monastic attire, and re-entered into civil life. Some of them who were studiously inclined, attended the University, where the students gladly received them; while others, whose minds were uncultivated, sought handicraft employment. The institution of the Mass became thoroughly discredited, and its celebration provoked a tumult. On the 3rd of December, during Divine service in the parish church, at a given signal a number of young men arose, destroyed the Mass books, and violently ejected the priest from the Church. Many

of the young men concerned in this outrage were arrested and brought before the Senate. A great crowd surrounded the Senate house, and so intimidated the judges by their threatening attitude that the prisoners were released. Melanchthon endeavoured, but in vain, to check the disorder; and, in despair, wrote to Luther giving him full information of the troubles that were daily occurring. Carlstadt was foremost among the revolters against the long-established order of things, and threw the whole weight of his influence in favour of the most radical changes. He himself set the example of celebrating the Lord's Supper in literal conformity with its institution; and generally, he advocated the most comprehensive reforms in the Mass.

Luther, at the Wartburg, from many sources was informed of the disquieting events that were taking place at Wittenberg; and the intelligence filled him with anxious and painful thoughts. He resolved, therefore, at once to leave the castle, and to proceed to Wittenberg. Assuming his knight's dress, and accompanied by a servant, he took his way on horseback to Wittenberg, and reached the place without being recognised on the road. He went to the house of his friend, Dr. Amsdorff, where he was received like Peter at the house of John Mark, with astonishment and unspeakable joy. The glad news of his arrival was only communicated to his most intimate friends. Melanchthon, who was sorely distressed by the turbulent events then in progress, was among the first to welcome the great Reformer. For three days Luther remained with his friends, and then, having learned every

particular of the great movement then going on and having strengthened the minds of those associated in the work, after earnest prayer and many wise counsels, returned to his Patmos at the Wartburg.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN TO WITTENBERG.

THE spirit of revolt against all authority, ecclesiastical and civil, was now abroad. Freedom of thought and of its expression, long withheld, broke forth with irrepressible energy, and partial concessions to the popular demands began to be made. The question of Monastic Vows was peacefully settled by the ecclesiastical power. At a Chapter of Augustine monks from Misnia and Thuringia, at which Link, the new Vicar of the Order, presided, the recommendation of Luther was fully adopted. Monastic Vows were declared to be optional, dependent only on the individual will and pleasure. In Christ all is free will and spiritual liberty. Every monk, hitherto pledged and bound beyond redemption to the practice and rules of his monastery, and to the jurisdiction of his superiors, was now declared to be free to act as he might choose. He was free to leave, or to remain; if he chose to remain in the monastery, he was to give a loving but voluntary obedience to those exercising authority. The order of duty was materially changed. To those whose attainments gave them the necessary qualification, the labour of teaching the Word of God was assigned; while those whose abilities

were too modest for this work were set to contribute to the support of their brethren by manual labour. Begging for alms from the outside community was forbidden; and the celebration of masses for the dead, directed not by love, but by the payment of money, was abolished. Carlstadt, in defiance of all prescribed order and authority, and greatly in advance of the teachings of his spiritual leader, bore himself to the very front of the revolt. Caution and moderation were alike thrown aside; and iconoclastic principles ruled in their stead. At first he had checked the tendency to cast off the vows of the monastic life; but his restraining hand was soon withdrawn, and license for the most radical changes was encouraged and granted. On the Sunday before Christmas he announced from the pulpit that on the first day of the new year he would publicly celebrate the Lord's Supper; dispensing with cope and chasuble and all superstitious and useless forms; and distribute the elements, bread and wine, to all who came to the altar. The council, in alarm, invoked the power of the Elector; but Carlstadt, anticipating the Elector's prohibition, carried his promise into execution on the Christmas day, on the 1st of January, and again on the Sunday following. His temerity was the subject of remonstrance from one of the councillors of the Elector, who was fearful of the serious innovation; but Carlstadt, with new-born and impetuous zeal, replied that no form of punishment would restrain him from following the teaching of the Scriptures. "The Word of God," he said, "has come to my soul with such quickness, and has filled me with firm resolution, that I cannot be still. Woe

is me if I preach it not." True to his word, with all possible ardour, Carlstadt pushed on in his crusade. He vigorously denounced the Mass, auricular confession; invocation of saints; the worship of images; abstinence from meat on fast days; the celibacy of the priests; and the general doctrine and discipline of the Romish church. His teaching was hearkened to by eager listeners and was carried into speedy and effectual practice. Without waiting for the slower action of the proper authorities, the people arose in angry tumult. The images in the churches were the first objects of their wrath. The populace headed by Carlstadt and Zwilling, stormed into the Church of All Saints, at Wittenberg, of which Carlstadt was the Archdeacon, during the celebration of Divine service, and commenced pulling down the statues, the pictures, the images of Saints, loudly repeating the text: *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.*" The images and pictures were then cast out of the sacred edifice and broken or burnt.

Meeting with no restraint from the Wittenberg magistrates, Carlstadt extended his work of destruction to other churches. At Zurich, to which place the agitation had spread, a book was circulated entitled "*The Judgment of God upon Images*"; and the people, inflamed beyond control, broke into the churches and committed indiscriminate acts of destruction. Images in stone; pictures on wood and canvas; illuminated and costly missals; and

even the painted windows of the churches perished before their fury. The voice of authority was disregarded. One of the leaders of the outbreak, an artisan named Hottinger, was seized and imprisoned; but Zwilling, from the pulpit with vehemence denounced the action of the magistrates, and furiously declaimed against the images and pictures, as moving to idolatrous worship and to the destruction of souls.

With his spirit alarmed, and his courage weak and wavering, Melanchthon wrote to Luther, giving a full and detailed account of this violence and desecration. Luther, who had long noted the signs of the impending storm, was, in a measure, prepared for its outburst. But although anticipated by him, the intelligence filled him with pain and sorrow. He hastened at once to address his flock at Wittenberg. Athough he himself absolutely rejected the rites and ordinances which were the objects of the popular objection, he could not approve of the dangerous opposition and violence now everywhere raging.

"You are," he wrote, "directing your energies against the Mass, images, and other matters less vital; and in doing so, you are laying aside the greater qualities of that faith and charity of which you have so much need. By your outrageous conduct, you have sorely afflicted many pious consciences. You have forgotten what is due to the weak. If the strong run on at their utmost speed, regardless of their feebler brethren, who come more slowly after them, the latter must needs succumb. God has granted you a great blessing, the Word pure and undefiled. Yet I see none the more charity in you. You

extend no helping hand to those who have never heard the Word. You take no thought for our brothers and sisters of Leipzig, of Meissen, and numerous other places, whom we are bound to save in common with ourselves. You have rushed into your present proceedings, eyes shut, head down, like a bull, looking neither to the right nor to the left. You wish to serve God; you do not reflect that you are but the forerunners of the devil. You dishonour the Word; you forget all Faith and love." Luther sent this letter to Dr. Staupitz, begging that its contents might be widely published; but his reproach, wise and vigorous as it was, did not in any measure abate the mischief. In the Wartburg, his voice was too far distant to reach the hearts of the people, who, for the time, forgot their old and faithful teacher, and followed the footsteps of their new and rash guides. Carlstadt and Zwilling were directing the consciences and movements of the people, defying and trampling upon all authority. Even the very Bible itself, was treated with irreverence and lofty contempt. God, said they, had hidden things from the wise and prudent, and had now revealed them unto babes. Carlstadt was loudly demonstrative. Having assisted in throwing down the images, he proceeded to preach against image-worship. Dr. Staupitz hastened to show him the Reformer's letter; but Carlstadt, smiling impatiently, replied, "It is written, We ought to obey God rather than man." Dr. Staupitz begged him to think of the pain which the profanation of the sacred places had given to their common leader. Carlstadt answered, "It is nothing new for the world to be troubled by the Word of God.

Herod was agitated, with all his court, when he learnt the birth of Christ; and the whole world was moved, and the sun's light obscured at the death of our Saviour. A token that my doctrine is true, is, that the multitude and the sages are offended with it." "But," said Dr. Staupitz, who ever spoke with gentleness and mildness, "our father condemns images as you do; all he requires is that we should not proceed against them rashly and with violence." Carlstadt, insensible alike to authority and the claims of spiritual friendship, roughly answered, "Hold your peace. You forget what Luther has said, The Word of the Lord is not a Word of peace, but a sword."

Seeing the spirit in which his gentle remonstrance was received, Dr. Staupitz menaced him with the rigour of the secular power. Carlstadt was unmoved. "My father," he replied, smiling disdainfully, "the same threatenings were addressed to brother Martin by the messenger of Cardinal Cajetan; you recollect his reply: '*I will go where God pleases, beneath his Heaven.*' My father, I make the same answer to you." Dr. Staupitz, utterly unable to tame the resolution of Carlstadt, reported his failure in a letter to the Reformer.

Luther, with concern and sorrow, received at the Wartburg these saddening tidings. A conflict between his implied promise to the Elector, and his duty to his misled, if not deluded flock, took place in his mind; and for some time the painful conflict continued without decision.

Affairs at Wittenberg grew rapidly more threatening and difficult. Fanatical imposture appeared. Three men came from Zwickau, and commenced preaching strange

and subversive doctrines. A weaver, named Nicholas Storch, announced at Zwickau that the Angel Gabriel had appeared to him during the night, announcing to him a promise:—"Thou shalt sit on the Throne." Storch was immediately joined by Mark Stubner, a man of considerable literary ability, formerly a student at Wittenberg, who also declared that he had received, direct from God, the gift of the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. These two men soon gained the company of another weaver, Mark Thomas, and a religious movement was quickly set on foot. Thomas Münzer, from Stolberg in the Hartz country, who had been pastor of Alset, in Thuringia, associated himself with these men, and speedily proved himself the most influential and dangerous Followers rapidly appeared. From amongst the most prominent of these, Storch selected twelve apostles and seventy-two disciples, and forthwith declared that God had at length restored apostles and prophets to his Church. From Zwickau, where the movement originated, this sect found its way to Wittenberg, and side by side with the preachings of Carlstadt and Zwilling, the doctrines of this new school were propounded. Starting with the bold assertion that their teachings were the result of prophetic visions, inspired dreams, and direct communications from God, they loudly proclaimed their mission. The present corrupt rulers of the Church were to be overthrown; in a few years, a universal desolation would overtake the world. The Turks would overrun Germany; priests would be put to the sword; and all ungodly men would be utterly destroyed. When purged, by blood, of all im-

purity, the world would be made into the Kingdom o Christ, and the saints would reign. There would be but one Faith, one Baptism. The Lord Omnipotent would appear: the end of the world would come. Added to these spiritual blessings, and awaiting their realisation, they unfolded the doctrine of universal equality, and the general community of property.

Carlstadt unfortunately lent himself to the designs of the fanatics, and although he did not favour all their doctrines, yet many of their views were identical with his own teachings. "We must fall upon every ungodly practice," he said, "and overthrow them all in a day." Culture, learning, training in Bible knowledge, were as nothing to him, and from his chair in the University, this learned professor bade the students forsake their studies, and take up the spade and the plough, earning their bread by the labour of their hands. He even affected the humiliation of asking the ignorant burghers of the place for their interpretation of difficult passages in the Holy Scriptures. Misled by his novel and absurd example, the master of the Wittenberg boys' school urged the parents of his pupils to take their children from school, and discard the useless education of the mind in favor of the culture and of the more profitable cultivation of the earth. Very soon the doors of the building were closed. The revenues properly belonging to the Church were converted into a fund for the relief of the most needy of the poor; and money was lent without interest to others whose condition was less helpless. Disorganization, subversion of authority, and irrational clamour prevailed everywhere in the city;

and many of the German States, viewing with consternation this threatened advent of bloodshed and anarchy, recalled their subjects.

At the Wartburg, Luther received from the mentally and spiritually over-strained Melanchthon, and other friends, a report of these disquieting and distressing events. The conflict which had been so long sustained in his heart came at last to a termination.

"If I knew," he had once said, "that my doctrines injured one man, one single man, however lowly and obscure, I would rather die ten times than not retract it." He could not blame himself on any doctrine he had taught for these commotions. Luther yet nevertheless recognised in the disturbance and upheaval of affairs at Wittenberg, the perversion of the true principle of freedom which lay at the root of all his reforming work. Satanic perversion was working disaster to his people, and to his glorious and god-like work. His distress was beyond expression. But one comfort, the strongest of all mighty things in a world hopelessly drawn to evil, remained to him:—

"I creep," he says, in sublimest wisdom, "I creep in deep humility to the Throne of God; beseeching God that His name may remain firmly imprinted on this work. If there be any impurity mixed with it, may He remember that I am but a sinful man!" Depression lingered but for a moment: and then came the strong and brighter feeling of Hope. Doubts, hesitation, fears; all were dismissed. Prayer to God: prayer, impassioned and importunate: "storming the very Heavens," to use his own words, revealed to Luther the direction in which he should walk.

To his soul came strengthening Grace. Grace imparted all he wanted: courage, decision, devotion! Braving all perils; oblivious of obligations and promises to earthly authorities and rulers, Luther, with one set purpose in his heart, obeyed the manifest call of his Master; and quitted the Wartburg.

On the 3rd of March he commenced his homeward journey. On the second day he came to Jena, a town situated to the south of Leipzig, and here met with an adventure which forms the first known incident of this historically important undertaking. An account of it is given by Kessler, of Saint Gall, one of the persons concerned. He writes:—

"Though it may seem trifling and childish, I cannot omit relating how Martin met me and my companion, when he was riding from the place of his captivity towards Wittenberg. As we were journeying to Wittenberg, for the sake of studying the Holy Scriptures; and the Lord knows what a furious tempest there was; we came to Jena in Thuringia. We could not, notwithstanding all our inquiring in the town, find or hear of any place to lodge for the night, but were everywhere refused. It was carnival time, during which little heed is given to pilgrims or strangers. We, therefore, left the town again, to proceed farther on our way, thinking we might perhaps find a hamlet where we could escape the storm and pass the night. At the gate of the city we met a respectable man, who accosted us in a friendly manner, and asked us where we were going so late. He then inquired of us whether we had tried to obtain accommodation at the

'Black Bear' Inn. He pointed it out to us a little distance outside the city. The inkeeper met us at the door and received us, and led us into the room. Here we found a man at the table, sitting alone, with a small book lying before him, who greeted us kindly, and invited us to take a seat with him at the table; for our shoes were so muddy that we were ashamed to enter the room, and therefore slunk away upon a bench behind the door. We took him to be no other than a knight, as he had on, according to the custom of the country, a red cap, small clothes, and a doublet, and a sword at his side, on which he leaned, with one hand on the pommel and the other on the hilt. He asked us whence we were, but immediately answered himself,—

"'You are Swiss; from what part of Switzerland are you?' We replied, 'St. Gall.' He then said, 'If, as I suppose, you are on your way to Wittenberg, you will find good countrymen of yours there, namely, Jerome Schurff and his brother Augustin.' Whereupon we said, 'We have letters to them.'

"We now asked him, in turn, if he could give us any information about Martin Luther; whether he was now at Wittenberg or elsewhere. He said,—

"'I have certain knowledge that he is not now at Wittenberg, but will soon be there. But Philip Melanchthon is there, as teacher of Greek, and others teach Hebrew.' He recommended us to study both languages, as necessary above all things, to understand the Scriptures. We said, 'Thank God, we shall then hear and see the man [Luther] on whose account we have undertaken

this journey.' He then asked us where we had formerly studied; and, as we replied at Basle, he inquired how things were going on there, and what Erasmus was doing. Erasmus is still there, but what he is about no one knoweth, for he keepeth himself very quiet and secluded.

"We were much surprised at the knight, that he should know the Schurffs, Melanchthon, and Erasmus, and that he should speak of the necessity of studying Greek and Hebrew. At times, too, he made use of Latin words, so that we began to think that he was something more than a common knight.

"'Sir,' said he, 'what do men in Switzerland think of Luther?' We replied,—

"'Variously, as everywhere else. Some cannot sufficiently bless and praise God that He hath, through this man, made known His Truth and exposed error; others condemn him as an intolerable heretic.'

"'Especially the clergy,' interrupted he; 'I doubt not these are the priests.'

"By this conversation we were made to feel ourselves quite at home, and my companion, Reuliner, took the book that lay before him, and looked into it, and found it was a Hebrew Psalter. He soon laid it down again, and the knight took it. This increased our curiosity to know who he was.

"When the day declined, and it grew dark, our host, knowing our desire and longing after Luther, came to the table, and said,—

"'Friends, had you been here two days ago, you could have had your desire, for he sat here at this table,' pointing to the seat.

We were provoked with ourselves that we were too late, and poured out our displeasure against the bad roads which had hindered us. After a little while, the host called me to the door, and said,—

"'Since you manifest so earnest a desire to see Luther, you must know that it is he who is seated by you.'

"I took these words as spoken in jest, and said, 'You, to please me, give me a false joy at seeing Luther.' 'It is indeed he,' replied my host, 'but make as if you did not know it.' I went back into the room, and to the table, and desired to tell my companion what I had heard, and turned to him and said in a whisper,—

"'Our host hath told me that this is Luther.'

"He, like myself, was incredulous. 'Perhaps he said Hütten, and you misunderstood him.' As now the knight's dress comported better with the character of Hütten than with that of a monk, I was persuaded that he said it was Hütten. Two merchants now came in, and they all supped together. Our host came, meanwhile, to us, and said in a whisper, 'Don't be concerned about the cost, for Martin hath paid the bill.' We rejoiced, not so much for the gift or the supper, as for the honour of being entertained by such a man. After supper the merchants went to the stable to see to their horses, and Martin remained with us in the room. We thanked him for the honour shown us, and gave him to understand that we took him for Ulrich von Hütten. But he said, 'I am not he.' Just then came in our host, and Martin said to him, 'I have become a nobleman to-night, for these Swiss hold me to be Ulrich von Hütten.' The host

replied, 'You are not he, but Martin Luther.' He laughed and said jocosely, They hold me to be Hütten; you say I am Luther; I shall next be Marcolfus.' Marcolfus is an evil character in monkish legends. Afterwards he took up a large beer glass, and said, 'Swiss, now drink me a health.'

"He then rose, threw around him his mantle, and giving us his hand, took leave of us, saying, 'When you come to Wittenberg, greet Dr. Jerome Schurff for me.' 'Very gladly,' said we, 'but whom shall we call you, that he may understand it?' He replied, 'Say only this, he who is to come, sendeth you greeting, and he will understand it.' On Saturday, we went to the house of Schurff to present our letters; and when we were conducted into the room, behold, we found Martin there as at Jena, and with him Melanchthon, Justus Jonas, Nicholas Amsdorff, and Dr. Augustin Schurff, rehearsing to him what had taken place at Wittenberg during his absence. He greeted us, and we spent the day with them with great delight and gratification on our part."

On the day following the adventure at Jena, Luther reached Borna, a small town near Leipzig, and proceeded to the "Guide" Inn.

It has justly been remarked: "There are two kinds of compensation, without which you cannot induce men to do the most difficult of all things—make great mental efforts. The one is high excitement; the other is the reward of money."[1] But a motive, broader and stronger than these; nobler, and of Divine gift, now influenced the great

[1] Dr. John Todd.

Reformer. The Word of God, clear and irresistible, came to his soul. The grace and presence of God brought resolution; and the Hand of God sustained him until his resolution was accomplished. At the "Guide" Inn, Luther met one of the officials of the Elector's court, and from him learnt the chaos existing amongst the people at Wittenberg. While at the hotel, the Reformer wrote the following letter to his protector. After the customary salutation, Luther said,—

"Most serene Elector, gracious Lord! The events that have taken place at Wittenberg, to the great reproach of the Gospel, have caused me such pain that if I were not confident of the truth of our Cause, I should have given way to despair. Your highness knows this already; but if not, I would have your grace know, that I received the Gospel not from men, but from Heaven, through our Lord Jesus. I have several times asked to be examined; not that I doubted the Truth, but simply to prove my deference and humility. But, as I see that this excess of humility only humbles the Gospel, and that the devil, if I yield one inch of ground, will seek to occupy the whole, my conscience compels me now to act otherwise. To please your Electoral grace, I have passed a year in retirement. Satan well knows that I did not do so through fear; he saw my heart when I entered Worms, and knows well that, had the city been as full of devils as there are tiles on the house-tops, I would have joyfully thrown myself among them. Duke George, with whom your highness frightens me,[1] I account as less than a single

[1] As a member of the Germanic Diet, Duke George had drawn the Elector's attention to the disorders at Wittenberg, and suggested the infliction of rigorous punishment upon the agitators.

devil. The Father of Infinite mercy has given me power, by his Gospel, over all the devils, and over death, and has given me the kingdom to come. It were an insult to my Master, not to trust Him, or to forget that I stand far above the anger of Duke George. If He called me to Leipzig, the Duke's residence, as He does to Wittenberg, I would go there, even if for nine whole days together it were to rain nothing but Duke Georges, and each one nine times more furious than himself. He takes my Christ for a straw, a reed. I pray God that He will avert the terrible judgment which now menaces the Duke. I write this to let you know that I am going to Wittenberg, under a protection far higher than that of Princes and Electors. I have no need of your help; it is you who need mine. Nay, if I thought you would persist in offering me your protection, I would not set out at all. This is a matter which requires neither sage councils, nor the edge of the sword. God alone, without any visible force, God alone is my Master, and my Protector. He, among men, who has the fullest faith, is the best able to protect me; you are too feeble in the Faith for me to regard you as a protector and saviour. You desire, doubtless, to know what you should do. With all deference, I will answer your highness: you have already done more than was desirable; you have nothing now to do. God will not permit you to share my griefs and my torments. He reserves them to Himself and to His ministers. Faith will bring to your grace peace and security. In disobeying your instructions, I relieve you, in the sight of God, from all responsibility, should I be thrown into prison, or be deprived of life by

the tyrants. Let the Emperor take his own course; do thou obey him as becomes a Prince of the Empire. If he takes my life, he alone will have to account for it. You will not be angry with me, Prince, that I do not consent to involve you in my own misery and danger. *Christ has not instructed me to show myself Christian at the expense of my neighbour.* Do not revolt against power. If they call upon you to lay hands upon me, obey them without taking heed of me, for I would not desire you to suffer on my account, in mind, body, or estate. God be with you, Prince! some other time, if necessary, we will discourse at greater length. I despatch this letter in haste, fearing lest your Electoral grace should be made uneasy at the news of my arrival. It is my duty, as a Christian, to comfort all men, and to do ill to none. In you, I have to do with a different man from Duke George. I know him well, and he knows me not imperfectly. Love and honour to God for ever. Amen. Given at Borna, at the Inn of the Guide, this Ash-Wednesday, 1522.

"Your grace's humble servant,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

Leaving Borna on the following day, Luther proceeded through the territories of Duke George, until, on the evening of the 6th, he reached Wittenberg.

The Elector Frederick, who was at Lockau with his court, received the letter written by the Reformer at Borna, and, in reply, sent a communication to Jerome Schurff at Wittenberg.

"Let him address me a letter," wrote the Prince, "explaining the motives of his return, and let him say that he returned wholly without my permission."

Luther, on the day following his arrival at Wittenberg, went to the house of his friend, Schurff, and the letter from the Elector was shown to him. Luther obeyed. "I have been called," he wrote, "and I must go; time presses; let destiny be accomplished, in the name of Jesus Christ, Master of life and of death. Satan, during my absence, has penetrated into my fold, and committed ravages there which my presence alone can repair. A letter would answer no purpose; I must make use of my own eyes and my own mouth to see and to speak. My conscience will permit me to make no longer delay, and rather than act against that, I would incur the anger of your Electoral grace, and of the whole world. The Wittenbergers are my sheep, whom God has intrusted to my care; they are my children in the Lord. For them I am ready to suffer martyrdom. I go, therefore, to accomplish, by God's Grace, that which Christ demands of them who own Him. If my written word sufficed to drive away this great ill, do you think they would send for me thus urgently? I will die rather than delay any longer: die for the salvation of my neighbour as becomes me."

At the house of Jerome Schurff, Luther found Melanchthon, Jonas, Augustin Schurff, Amsdorff, and other friends. The events that had happened at Wittenberg during the Reformer's absence were faithfully related. During the conversation the two students from St. Gall were announced. When Kessler and his companion were brought in the room, Luther, recognising them, rose and welcomed them kindly.

"This is Philip Melanchthon, whom I mentioned to you,"

said the Knight of the "Black Bear." Kessler and his friend were amazed; but their confusion was quickly removed by the kindly Reformer, who invited them to join his company. Kessler afterwards in a letter gives a description of Luther's personal appearance: "He was rather inclined to be stout; upright in bearing; his face frequently upturned to heaven; his dark eyebrows overshading his deep set piercing eyes, into which, luminous as stars, you could scarcely look steadily."

The work before the Reformer was now most difficult, and required very delicate treatment. The Word of God had been given to the people; but much of it had been, for want of wise instruction, misunderstood and misused. In the dark night of Luther's absence the enemy had sown tares with the wheat. Disorders and confusion had followed close upon the newly-born enthusiasm. Fanaticism, not inspired by the energy of the new revelation of the old Truth, but the product of ignorance, pride, selfishness, and temptation, had sprung into too vigorous life A new movement, popular and wide spreading, threatening to break through the bonds of civil and ecclesiastical authority, was hurrying men into anarchy and violence Luther, with his friends, clearly saw the danger in which the great work of religious regeneration was placed; and his duty was obvious and clear. On the following day he re-appeared in his old pulpit. The intelligence of his return had been passed from mouth to mouth, and the people, excited by the joyful news, crowded into the building, which was full to overflowing. The great preacher had returned to instruct them again with his former power;

with the charm of his noble manly presence; and resplendent with the glory of his heroism at Worms. He began his address in language of great gentleness and tenderness. At first not a word of reproach or of rebuke escaped his lips. He commended their reception of the Word of God; and extolled their determination to keep the Faith they had received. Then the Reformer slowly unfolded the chief purpose of his sermon.

"We need," he said, gradually approaching the matter that had so long troubled him, "We need something more than Faith; we need Charity. If a man who bears a sword in his hand be alone, it is of little consequence whether the sword be sheathed or not; but if he is in a crowd, he should act guardedly so as to wound nobody. The Word of God is the Sword of the Spirit. Observe the sun! He dispenses two things, light and heat. There is no monarch so powerful as to bend aside his rays; they come straight to us; but heat is radiated and communicated in every direction. Thus Faith, like light, should ever be straight and inflexible; but Charity, like heat, should radiate on every side, and bend to all the wants and weaknesses of our brethren. The Mass is a bad thing, and its abolition is in conformity with Scripture. I would that throughout the world it were replaced by the Supper of our Lord. But how have you acted in this matter? What order, what decency have you observed? It behoved you to offer prayer to the Lord, and to apply to the proper constituted authority. If the work is of God no one should be forced to it. His Word alone should work. But, say you, should we not act? I reply, leave

the matter in God's hands. I do not hold men's hearts and consciences in my hand, as the potter holds the clay. We have the right to speak; we have *not* the right to act. We must preach; the rest belongs to God. Were I to employ force, what should I gain? Grimace, human ordinances, and hypocrisy: sincerity of heart, Faith, and Charity, would all be absent. *We must win men's hearts;* that is the aim and end of our preaching. By His Word, God in a moment can do more than you and I and all the world by our united strength. I do not say this that the Mass may be restored. Since it is down, in God's name let it lie. But has the manner of its abolition been consistent with God's method? St. Paul, at Athens, found altars from which sacrifices to false gods were made. He saw this sacrilege, but for the time held his peace. From the market place, however, he declared the gods to be but idols. His language touched the hearts of the people, and the idols fell without St. Paul's touch. I must preach, persuade, write: but I constrain no one. Faith is voluntary. Behold what I have done. I stood against the Pope, Indulgences, and the whole Papal host. Without violence or tumult, I preached God's Word: that is all I did. And yet while I slept, or while I was seated familiarly at table with Amsdorff and Melanchthon, the Word overthrew the Papal power. I did nothing: the Word alone did all. Had an appeal to force been uttered, Germany would have been deluged with blood. With what result? Ruin and desolation to body and soul. The Word ran through the world." For eight days in succession Luther preached to the people.

The effect was marvellous. With powerful arguments, and in a spirit of true Christian charity, guided by the influence of his clear master-mind, he considered the questions of the destruction of images, the institution of the Lord's Supper, the restoration of the cup to the laity, the abolition of confession, and the distinctions of meats. All these he held to be inferior in importance to the idolatrous sacrifice of the mass, now happily set aside. The impression he produced was profound. In one short week he silenced the voice of disorder and contention, and restored peace to the church and to the community. Capito, the chaplain of the Archbishop of Mentz, was present at two of Luther's sermons; and Melanchthon, whose utmost learning and authority had not availed to still the trouble hitherto raging, saw the strange and wondrous effects of the preacher's words. Men's minds were soothed, comforted, convinced. Gabriel Zwilling was silenced and changed. "I seem to listen to the voice, not of a man, but of an angel." Jerome Schurff hastened to send the good news to the Elector. "Oh, what joy has Dr. Martin's return diffused amongst us! His words, through Divine mercy, every day are bringing back our poor misguided people into the way of Truth. It is clear as the sun that the Spirit of God is in him, and that by His special providence he returned to Wittenberg."

Luther laboured meekly, but without intermission. It is probable that, under Divine Providence, he gained this wonderful influence over the passions of men hitherto excited beyond reason by the inflammatory addresses and proceedings of the gloomy and revolutionary fanatics, by

the sheer force of his character and exploits. With the Pope's ban of excommunication; and the Emperor's writ of proscription hanging over his head; he had despised the one, and braved the other; confronting with the calm courage of the saint of God, all the malice and prowess of his enemies, and the enemies of the Gospel. Men saw his boundless courage and devotion; and the tempest in their souls was hushed and stilled. One man alone was untouched. Carlstadt saw the decline and extinction of his power, and the jealousy of his un-regenerate nature was awakened. Luther's masterful, God-directed energy and success had inflicted a severe blow upon the self-love of the archdeacon. He was silenced, and knew that his influence had departed. Bowing before the force of present circumstances, Carlstadt submitted silently and sullenly; and resumed, in no gracious spirit, his lectures at the University.

Meanwhile, having received intelligence of Luther's return to Wittenberg, and the wondrous change he had wrought, the Zwickau prophets returned to the city. Their labours were completely overthrown; their followers scattered and silenced. Stubner and Cellarius boldly resented the change, and loudly challenged the teachings of the Reformer.

"Grant us a conference," they demanded, "Let Luther appear, and permit us to set forth our doctrine if he dare!"

Luther, ever full of just and generous sentiments, was willing to grant these enthusiasts all reasonable freedom; and a meeting was arranged, where their pretensions might be fairly examined. At the conference, Stubner

declared the method by which the regeneration of the world could be accomplished; but Luther, with calm gravity, doubted the truth of the doctrines so confidently advanced. "Nothing that you have stated is based upon the Holy Scriptures," he said, quietly, "Your doctrines are but fables." Cellarius heard Luther's words with disappointment and rage. A perfect frenzy seized him. Stamping his foot upon the ground; striking the table with his clenched hand, and raising his voice, he exclaimed that Luther had insulted a man of God. Luther, conscious of the arrogance and ignorance of the prophets, and the manner in which they affected to treat the Holy Scriptures as subordinate to their gift of miracles, preserved his dignity till this outburst of passion was expended. "St. Paul," he said, "proved his Apostleship by miracles; do you prove yours in like manner."

The prophets were checked, but not silenced. Fixing his eyes upon Luther, Stubner declared that he already perceived that the Reformer began to believe in their doctrines. Luther was unaffected by the torrent of words which flowed from the lips of these misguided men; and he patiently disregarded their extreme violence. The result of the conference was the departure of the prophets from Wittenberg; and the repose of the city was not again disturbed by their presence.

When Wittenberg had resumed its orderly and peaceful character, Luther recommenced his academical lectures at the University. He also delivered an address every week day on the books of the Bible, and every Sunday he preached a sermon in the Church of All Saints.

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The pastor, Heins, had become old and infirm; and Luther acted as his deputy. Immediately after Easter, Luther, to satisfy the demands of thousands who were desirous of hearing the Gospel from his lips, and who were unable to come to Wittenberg, paid a visit to Borna, Altenburg, and Zwickau. Attired in a layman's dress, he traversed the territory of Duke George in a waggon, without being recognised. At Zwickau, the birthplace of the pretended prophets, Luther preached before a great multitude. Owing to the thousands who had flocked into the city when the intelligence of the Reformer's arrival became circulated, no church was sufficiently large to contain his audience. Ascending the balcony of the town hall, he delivered his sermon before twenty-five thousand persons who thronged about the market place. At Borna he also preached twice to large congregations; and proceeding to Weimar he preached several times before Duke John, the brother of the Elector, and his court.

John Lang invited him to Erfurt, where he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. At Worms the remembrance of Luther's intrepidity was strikingly exhibited. The Emperor's Edict, although never actually enforced against the person of the Reformer himself, was nevertheless placed in the hands of the authorities to be executed against any who should dare to commend or preach his doctrines. All the churches in the Imperial City of Worms were closed; but in a public place, filled by an immense crowd, a preacher ascended an impromptu pulpit, and faithfully proclaimed the Word of God. In

the event of interference on the part of the authorities, the pulpit was carried from place to place, wherever it could be reared, and in this way was the Gospel preached to the eager people. At Frankfort-on-the-Main, a courageous clergyman, named Ibach, was threatened with punishment, and finally expelled from the city, for daring to preach Salvation by Jesus Christ. Cochlœus, notorious for his hatred of Luther and the Gospel, denounced this devoted man, his colleague, to the Archbishop of Mentz, who exercised all his authority to maintain the old religious services. But the people, who everywhere welcomed the Reformation, encouraged by the example of the neighbouring nobles, Max, of Molnheim, Harmuth, of Cronberg, George, of Stockheim, and Emeric, of Reiffenstein, who boldly denounced the rapacity and intolerance of their "spiritual wolves," clamoured for the recall of their persecuted pastor. The council of the city, without altogether yielding to this demand, issued a proclamation by which freedom in preaching the Word of God was to be secured. On all sides, the work of the Reformation now spread with surprising speed.

In the north, Brunwich, Halberstadt, Gosslar, Zell, Friesland, Bremen, Hamburg, Holstein, even to Denmark, all were joyfully receiving the new light. In the south; Hof, Schesstadt, Bamberg, Esslingen, Halle in Swabia, Heilbronn, Augsburg, and Ulm were similarly affected. The east, embracing the Duchy of Leignitz, Prussia, and Pomerania, gladly welcomed the Gospel; and in the west, Berg, Cleves, Lippstadt, Munster, Wesel, Miltenberg, Mentz, Deux, Ponts, and at Strasburg, Luther's doctrines

were earnestly preached and cordially received. Thus throughout this vast extent of country the Christian world was thoroughly awakened, and many of the bishops and clergy zealously preached the Evangelical doctrines. Bitter opposition and, indeed, persecution from the Romish party were exhibited everywhere; and in many places, the teachers were even obliged to flee for their lives. The Elector Frederick, the Wise, however, came to their rescue. He issued an order by which all thus persecuted were invited to his States, where protection and encouragement would be found. Many of the persecuted preachers at once made their way to Wittenberg. Ibach, of Frankfort, Eberlin, of Ulm, Kauxdorf, of Magdeburg, Valentine Mustœus, of Halberstadt, and other ministers from distant parts of Germany, sought the asylum of the Elector. The University at Wittenberg became filled with the preachers of the Word, and from its walls issued the authorative assurance, having the force of an oracle, that the Bible alone was to be men's sole and sufficient rule of life. In the midst of this glorious success, Luther continued pre-eminently simple minded, gentle, and humble. By his heroism in conflict, his saintly devotion, and his persistent and unwearied work, he had moved the world. Not by supinely waiting for favouring circumstances; but by the simple, earnest, straightforward performance of God's will as made known to him, without for a moment counting the cost or weighing the consequences. The Reformation of religion, the work under God, of this "solitary monk," had been accomplished. Although the great leader and chieftain of the movement,

his judgment remained uncorrupted. He gave all the praise to God.

In a letter to Harmuth, of Cronberg, he writes: "Satan, who always *presents himself among the sons of men*, according to Job i. 6, had done us all, and myself in particular, a cruel injury at Wittenberg. My worst enemies, near as they have often been to me, have never given me so hard a blow as I received from my own people. I am fain to own that this ill smoke they have sent up, has pained me sharply, both in the eyes and in the heart. I can imagine Satan laughing, and saying to himself: 'Now I shall have depressed Luther's courage, and conquered his unbending will. This time he will not get the better of me.' Perhaps God designs herein to punish me for having, at Worms, to please those about me, put a check upon myself, and spoken with too little vehemence in presence of the tyrants. The pagans, indeed, have since charged me with having manifested too much, rather than too little haughtiness on that occasion; but they know not the power of Faith. I yielded, as I have said, entirely to the entreaties of the good friends who were with me, and who were anxious I should not appear too hard and exacting; but I have since often reflected with bitter regret upon the deference and humility I displayed." Luther leaves this subject abruptly, and in striking tones of sincere and godly self-abnegation, continues: "As for me, I know not Luther, and will not know him, or hear of him. What I preach comes not from him, but from Jesus Christ. Satan may fly away with Luther, if he can; I care not, so that he leave Jesus Christ to reign in men's hearts."

This Divine principle of self-abasement, wherein all the praise is given to the supreme Creator and Ruler, is apparent in all Luther's actions, and is manifested at all periods of his life. Some time afterwards, when his followers were inclined to assume his name as betoking their adherence to his doctrines, he writes: "I pray you to lay aside my name, and no longer call yourselves Lutherans, but Christians. Who, or what, is Luther? St. Paul desired the people (1 Cor. iii.) not to call themselves Paulians, or Petrians, but Christians. My doctrines come not from myself. *I* have not been crucified for the world. How then would it become me, poor scum of the earth, to give my name to the children of Christ? Cease, dear friends, to assume these party names; let us lay them all aside, and call ourselves Christians, after Him from whom our doctrines proceed. It is just and right, indeed, that the Papists should have a party name, because they do not content themselves with the doctrine and name of Jesus Christ, but desire, moreover, to be Papists. Well, let them belong to the Pope, who is their master. I neither am, nor desire to be, the master of any. I and mine simply want to maintain the one and common doctrine—our one and common Master."

But, in exact proportion to the number of friends that flocked about the Reformer, so were his enemies multiplied in all directions.

The "Solitary Monk" raised the ire of mighty kings, who eagerly entered the lists, and tilted a lance with the daring priest. Henry VIII. of England owed his title of "Defender of the Faith" to his active endeavours to stifle

the doctrines propounded by the Reformer of Wittenberg. He caused a treatise, bearing his own name, to be written concerning the seven sacraments of the church, in reply to Luther's book, *The Captivity of Babylon.* The work was, doubtless the production of Edward Lee, afterwards Archbishop of York. Henry VIII. was then the obsequious servant of Rome, and his book appeared before his quarrel with the Holy See. Leo X. received the book with high favour, and in return, bestowed upon his dutiful son the proud appellation:—"Defender of the Faith." This delicate flattery did not fall insensibly upon the king. Luther's works were collected, and forty-two articles, taken from his doctrines, were condemned. The books were ordered to be burnt. The Pope's sentence against Luther was publicly read. A curious manuscript is preserved in the British Museum, containing a contemporary account of the ceremony of publishing the sentence of Leo X. against Luther, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of Cardinal Wolsey, then Archbishop of York, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The document, written in a bold handwriting, has, by some good fortune, evidently escaped burning, as three of the edges show marks of fire.

12th May.

"Pops sentenc against MARTEN LUTHER, published at London:—

"The xiith daye of Maye in the yeare of our Lord 1521 and in the thirteenth yeare of the raigne of our Souerainge Lord Kinge Henry the eighte of that name the

Lord Thomas Wolcey by the grace of god Legate de Latere Cardinall of seinct Cecely and Arch Bishop of Yorke came vnto Saint Paules churche of London with the most parte of the Byshops of the Realme, where hee was receiued with procession and sensid by Mr. Richard Pace then beeinge Deane of the said churche. After which ceremonies done there were 4 Doctors that bare a Canope of cloth of gold ouer him goinge to the highe Alter where hee made his obligacion which done hee proceeded forth as aboue said to the Crosse in Paules churche yeard where was ordeined a scaffold for the same cause, and hee sittinge vnder his cloth of estate which was ordeined for him his 2 crosses on euerie side of him, on his right hand sittinge on the place where hee set his feete the Popes Embassador and nexte him the Arch-Byshop of Canterbury on his left hand the Emperors Embassador and next him the Byshop of Duresme and all the other Byshops with other noble prelates sate on twoe formes oute righte forthe, and then the Byshop of Rochester made a sermon by the consentinge of the whole clergie of England by the commandement of the Pope againste one MARTINUS ELEUTHEREUS, and all his workes because hee erred sore and spake againste the hollie faithe and denounced them accursed which kept anie of his bookes and there were manie burned in the said churcheyeard of his said bookes duringe the sermon which ended my Lord Cardinall went home to dinner with all the other Prælates."

The British Museum contains an original copy of the work by Henry VIII.; *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum,*

Assertion of the Seven Sacraments. The title page is surrounded by a woodcut border designed by Holbein, and bears the imprint "*Payson, London,* 1521."

The royal book defends the Mass, Penance, Confirmation, Priestly Orders, and extreme unction. Luther is roundly abused, and is called a wolf of Hell, a poisonous Viper, a limb of Satan; and the book is written to use most expressive language,[1] "As it were with his Sceptre." The author's exalted station, and the approval bestowed upon the work at Rome brought a crowd of flatterers. "The whole Christian world" wrote Cochlœus, "was filled with admiration and joy." The vanity of Henry VIII. led him to believe in the sincerity of the encomiums he received; and to such an extent did these extravagant panegyrics overpower his judgment that the monarch at length imagined that his book had been written with some degree of inspiration.[2]

Small consideration indeed did this royal production receive from the Reformer. In addition to the insults heaped upon him personally, which he returned with scathing severity, Luther felt that the Cause to which he had devoted his life was in jeopardy. This decided his course. Luther, like a lion enraged, answered the attack. The Elector Frederick, Melanchthon, Spalatin, Bugenhagen, and other near and loved friends endeavoured to moderate and restrain his anger; but ineffectually. The lion of Wittenberg again without restraint raised his voice. "I know that it is vain," says he, "for me to humble myself,

[1] Collyer, Eccl. Hist. p. 17.

[2] Barret, Hist. Reformation of England—Preface.

to give way, to entreat, to try peaceful methods. At length I will show myself more terrible towards those furious beasts, who goad me every day with their horns. I will turn mine upon them. I will provoke Satan until he falls exhausted and lifeless. This excellent Henry accuses me of having written against the Pope out of personal hatred and ill will; of being snarlish, quarrelsome, back-biting, proud and so conceited that I think myself the only man of sense in the world! I ask you, my worthy Hal what has my being conceited, snappish, cross-grained, supposing I am so, to do with the question? Is the Papacy free from blame, because I am open to it? Is the King of England a wise man because I take him to be a fool?"

In this strain Luther continues for some time, and then proceeds to words of defiance. "Come on, burn me if you dare! I am here to be seized upon. My ashes shall pursue you after my death, though you scatter them to all the winds—into all the seas. Living, I shall be the enemy of Popery: burnt, I shall be its destruction. Go then, swine of St. Thomas, do what you can. Luther will be the bear in your path, the lion in your way. He will pursue you wheresoever you go, and will not leave you in peace, until he has broken your iron head and ground your brazen front into dust. As for myself, to the words of the Fathers, and of other men, I oppose not old customs, nor the multitude of ordinances, but the Word of Eternal Majesty. In that I take my stand; there is my triumph; there is my glory; and from there I defy Popes, Henrys, Sophists and the gates of Hell. The Word of God is above all else. If I have Divine Majesty on my side,

what care I, even though a thousand Augustines, a thousand Cyprians, a thousand churches full of Henrys rise up against me? God cannot err or deceive; Augustine and Cyprian, in common with the rest of the elect may err and have erred. It is a small matter that I should despise and revile a king of the Earth, since he himself does not fear in his writings to blaspheme the King of Heaven, and to profane His Holy Name by the most unblushing falsehoods."

The terrible vigour and energy of Luther's character is apparent in every line of this reply; and, as may be readily supposed, the extreme violence of his language occasioned grief to many among his sincere supporters and especially to his velvet-mouthed friends. Luther himself, in true manly fashion, in a letter which he wrote to Henry in 1525, when the Reformation was established in England, regrets the violence he employed, and offers to withdraw all that he had said wrongfully (*Palinodiam Cantare*).

The defence of Henry VIII. was undertaken in England by Fisher, the venerable Bishop of Rochester, in a learned work published under the pseudonym of William Ross; and by Edward Powell, Canon of Salisbury, whose folio work is to be seen in the British Museum. Luther's most formidable opponent, however, was the learned Thomas More, who, in a pamphlet, exhibited extreme wrath against the daring Saxon monk.

"Reverend Brother, Father, Tippler, Luther, runagate of the order of St. Augustine, mis-shapen bacchanal of either faculty, unlearned doctor of theology, I will explain

the manner in which your book was composed. You called your companions together, and desired them to go each his own way and gather all sorts of abuse and scurrility. One frequented the public carriages and boats; another the baths and gambling houses; a third the taverns and barbers' shops. They noted down in their tablets all the most insolent, filthy, and infamous things they heard; and bringing back all these abominations and impurities, they discharged them into the filthy kennel which is called Luther's mind."

This was the language of the author of "Utopia," of one of the most learned and illustrious men of the age, in defence of that arrogant, truculent and ungrateful master who on the 6th July, 1535, for the refusal to acknowledge the king's ecclesiastical supremacy consigned his devoted servant and too eager apologist to the headsman's hands on Tower Hill.

But by far the most important, and most enduring work of the year was Luther's translation of the New Testament. The labour commenced during his captivity at the Wartburg, was continued with loving devotion at Wittenberg. Philip Melanchthon, Luther's superior in his knowledge of the Greek language, gave his undivided attention to the great work, which now made satisfactory progress. Luther bestowed the utmost care even upon the most subordinate detail. Besides retaining the spirit, he strove to give to his translation in the clearest and most intelligible form, the closest approach to the literal expressions of the original text. His task was full of difficulty. The German language was at that time

undeveloped and full of words, if not mean and undignified, yet not altogether suitable for the close and exact expression of the Hellenistic Greek. Luther, in many cases, was obliged to create new words by which he strove to retain the precise meaning of the inspired Word. In every conceivable way Luther endeavoured to give accuracy and completeness to his undertaking. Even the naming of the coins mentioned in the New Testament, was one of the subjects on which he sought the assistance of learned foreign scholars. Melanchthon desired that a map of Palestine might be included in the book; but this was impossible. Spalatin, whose knowledge of jewels had been gained by considerable experience in court life, lent valuable aid in naming the precious stones mentioned in Rev. xxi. The first printed sheets of the book were sent to the Elector's secretary on the 10th of May, but it was not until the 21st of September, 1522, that the entire work in two folio volumes, was ready for publication. On that day the New Testament in German—DAS NEWE TESTAMENT DEUTZSCH, bearing the imprint *Wittingberg, September*, 1522, was first given to the world. Our National collection contains a copy of this volume in its original binding. Three thousand copies of the book were at first printed, and although its price, a florin and a half (about half a crown,) for the times was somewhat high, the entire edition was exhausted long before the second edition, which was issued in the December following, could be made ready. The demand was enormous and continuous. By the end of the year 1533, no less than fifty-eight editions had been published at Wittenberg, Augsburg, Basle, Erfurt, Grimma,

Leipzig and Strasburg. The success of the work provoked the hostility and hatred of the Papal party. The Romish historian, Cochlœus, unconsciously perhaps, gives high commendation when he writes: "Luther's New Testament was multiplied by the printers in manner most marvellous. Even shoemakers and women, and every other person to whom the German type was known, devoured it greedily, and by repeatedly reading it, impressed it on their memory, and in a few months, acquired such learning that they ventured to dispute, not only with laymen, but even with masters and doctors of divinity, about Faith and the Gospel." The Romish party used every effort to prevent the circulation of the book, and to discredit its correctness. At Leipzig Emser published his "Reasons for forbidding the use of Luther's Translation of of the New Testament;" though when this theologian himself published his translation, it was found to be but little else than a transcript of that of the great Reformer. Henry VIII., in a letter to the Elector Frederick, denounced the work; and sent another letter conveying a like condemnation to Duke George. The Duke hastened to forbid the circulation of Luther's work in his territory; but his prohibition was unheeded. Every copy of the obnoxious translation was ordered to be brought to the magistrates. But his subjects gave but little heed to his commands. "In a few months," he laments, bitterly, "many thousand copies were sold and read in my States." The Word of God triumphed, in spite of all opposition. The Word itself was its own winged Messenger; and soon throughout Germany, the Gospel of Christ and His

Apostles; the true Faith of Christendom; the Salvation for the Nations: clearly and faithfully rendered, with marvellous swiftness and power found its way to the homes and hearts of the people. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand for ever."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PEASANTS' WAR.

LEO X. was dead. The Emperor Charles V. becoming involved in a quarrel with Francis I. of France, war was declared; and soon the terrible strife of arms drove from the mind of the Emperor all thoughts of the extermination of that heresy which had previously engaged his chief attention. The army of the Empire was united with that of Leo X., and the French suffered a succession of disasters. Parma, Piancenza, and Milan fell before the Imperial and Papal troops; and Leo, elated beyond conception, began to indulge in a dream of supreme spiritual and temporal dominion. He surrendered himself to the most mundane delights. Hawking, hunting, fishing, music, the society of poets and improvisatori, formed the frivolous occupations of his life. The garner of his treasure-house was full to overflowing. His barns were full: he thought that he must build greater. The Voice of God came to him. "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

The Voice of God! tremendous and terrible alike to the peasant in his rags and penury, and to the Pontiff in his purple and splendour!

While at his favorite villa at Malliano, intelligence came to him of the fall of Milan. The victorious Pontiff was beside himself with delight. All the night through he paced his room, delirious with ecstatic joy. The lust of power; the wild frenzy of conquest; possessed his soul, and banished sleep from his eyelids. Ever and anon he went to the window, and the cool night air swept across his fevered brow. Beneath, in the street, he saw the troops and populace, mad with excitement and revelry: with bonfires blazing and surrounded by noisy and bacchanalian pleasures, making night hideous with their godless orgies. The Pontiff turned from the casement, with a smile upon his face, and his heart filled with triumphant pride. And yet a visitant, grim and terrible, was close beside him, ready to smite. Unseen by the Pontiff, there stood hard by the fevered and restless Victor, a silent and greater Victor: the pale Angel of Death!

Worn and tired out by the events of the previous night, Leo, early in the morning, returned to the palace of the Vatican. A sudden indisposition seized him. "Pray for me!" he faintly murmured. The hand of Death was upon him. Before even the last offices of that church of whom he proudly claimed to be supreme head could be performed, Leo the magnificent was dead.

Charles V. threw the weight of his influence into the task of securing the election of the Cardinal of Tortosa, as the successor of the late Pontiff. The Cardinal, a native of Utrecht, had been professor at Louvain, and afterwards became the tutor of the future Emperor. He was devoted

to his young master, by whose influence he was elected, without opposition, to the Papal chair. In his native place, the elevation of the new Pope was the occasion of great rejoicing. The city of Utrecht was abundantly and gaily decorated with banners, on which were inscribed: "Utrecht planted; Louvain watered; the Emperor gave the increase." Beneath one of these inscriptions, some caustic wag, with keenness and truth, added the words, "And God had nothing to do with it!" But notwithstanding the satire conveyed in these words, Adrian VI., for such was the title of the new Pope, was sincerely alive to the duties of the great office to which he had been promoted. He did not possess one single taste in common with those of his great predecessor. Frugal, austere, pious and conscientious, he proceeded to Rome, bent on a reformatory work in connection with the church over whose destinies he had been called upon to preside. "The Church," said he, "stands in need of a reformation; but we must take one step at a time." This reform in the Church was the one great demand of the age; and Adrian rightly comprehended the justice of the stern determination now threatening the Christian world. When the Pontiff's words were told to Luther, the Reformer was incredulous. His far-seeing and powerful mind was fully persuaded that reforms of any value and of an abiding character, emanating from the Papacy, were simply and absolutely impossible. "The Pope," he replied, sarcastically, "advises that a few centuries should be permitted to intervene between the first and second steps."

The Diet of Nuremberg, wherein the representatives of

the Empire, and those of the Papal See, met to negociate the terms of the religious reformation, first assembled on the 23rd March, 1522, but it was not until the following December, and when Luther, like a giant refreshed, had quitted the Wartburg, and returned to Wittenberg, there to resume, with redoubled strength and determination, his position as chief of the Reformation, that the proceedings were wholly and seriously directed to the religious regeneration then moving the world. At the Diet, the Papal legate, Chieregati, quickly exhibited the temper in which Rome approached the great and vital question. However conscientous and pious the *personal* character of the new Pontiff; however pacific and reasonable the measures hitherto personally advocated by him; it is lamentable to be obliged to say that the uncompromising and unswerving inherent mercilessness, a part of and inseparable from the Papacy, was soon abundantly displayed. For ages Rome had been the home of persecution; and from Rome emanated the old cruel spirit of oppression still. Rome was unchanged. "Dark, long cherished hatreds, and implacable vindictiveness which, at least in former ages, distinguished the private manners of Italy, and deformed her national character,"[1] still ruled her councils and dictated her policy. "Conquering or conquered," in the indignant language of her poet, "still alike a slave." With all her old tyrant instincts, although the days of her political and spiritual supremacy in Germany were drawing to an end; although like Babylon of old, God had numbered her kingdom, and finished it; had weighed her in the

[1] Hallam: *Middle Ages.*

balances, and found her wanting; Rome remained faithful to her persecuting traditions. She clamoured for the blood of the Reformer. "Your fathers," said the legate, addressing the assembly, "put John Huss and Jerome of Prague to death at Constance; but these men live again in Luther. We must cut off this gangrened member from the body (resecandos uti membra jam putrida a sano corpore)."[1] The Pontiff issued a Brief, "*Breve quoddam Papae Adriani sexti adversus Lutherum*," preserved in the British Museum, in which Luther and his adherents were doomed to extermination. But the majority in the Diet did not tamely submit to this time-worn and now enfeebled tyranny. The spirit of the indomitable Reformer, and of the liberty he preached, were present in the assembly, and directed its decision. The legate was signally defeated. The princes of the Empire, after denouncing the abuses of the Papacy, in the extortions heaped upon the German people, and the corruptions everywhere prevailing among the Papal ecclesiastics, in the most positive language, insisted upon the immediate removal of these oppressive grievances. Adrian, in spite of the general signs of the time, was but ill-prepared for the bold stand made by the Diet. An altogether different conclusion had been anticipated. He could not restrain his mortification and anger. To the Elector Frederick, regarded by him as the head of the unmanageable princes, although the Elector was not present in person at Diet, he addressed a solemn letter, in which expostulations and threatenings were freely employed. Frederick was vehemently reproached. "If

[1] Pallavicini, L. 158.

the unity of the church is broken," wrote the Pontiff; "if the simple have been turned aside from the Faith; if the temples have been destroyed; if the people are without priests; if the priests receive not the honour that is due to them; if Christians are without Christ: to whom is it owing, but to thee? If Christian peace has vanished from the earth; if the world is full of discord, rebellion, robbery, murder and conflagration; if the cry of war is heard from east to west; if an universal conflict is at hand: it is thou—thou who art the author of these things." Luther was called "the sacrilegious man, rending with his wicked hands and trampling under his impure feet the images of the saints and even the holy cross of Christ," and instigating the laymen to "imbrue their hands in the blood of the priests, and overthrow the churches of the Lord." Adrian concluded his letter: "In the name of the Almighty God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose representative I am upon earth, I declare that thou shalt be punished in this world, and plunged into everlasting fire in that which is to come. Repent and be converted! Two swords are suspended over thy head: the sword of the Empire and the sword of the Church!"

The Elector was undaunted by the Papal menace, and by the probable interference of the Emperor, but he wrote to Luther for advice. The chieftains of the Reformation met in conference, and on the 8th of February following wrote to the Elector: "No prince can undertake a war without the consent of the people, from whose hands he has received his authority. The people do not desire to fight for the Gospel, for they do not believe. Let not

princes, therefore, take up arms; they are the rulers of the nations, and therefore of unbelievers." The storm of war did not for awhile descend. On the 30th of April, 1523, Adrian issued a Bull, declaring a truce for three years, in order to prevent a civil war between the kings and princes favouring the Reformation and those upholding the Papacy. The Bull, however, did not stay the hand of persecution. The first martyrs of the Reformation were burnt at Brussels on the first of July; and in all directions the cruel Romish inquisitors were busied with their dreadful visitations. The reign of imprisonments and bloodshed for conscience sake began. But Adrian did not live long to witness the fruit of the persecution he had commenced. He died on the 15th of the following September, and was succeeded by Giulo de Medici, cousin to Leo X., under the title of Clement VII. This Pope returned with full fervour to the policy of his predecessors, and all thoughts of reform were abandoned. The Diet at Nuremberg was resumed, and under the guidance of Cardinal Campeggio, the Papal arrogation was renewed. At Ratisbon, where a convention was held in June, 1524, an offensive league against the Reformation was definitely formed by the Roman party, and German unity, as so often has occurred since, was rent asunder. The conventicle of separatists at Ratisbon for ever divided the nation into two adverse parties. The religious dispute became converted into a great political combat; and before long civil war was destined to break upon the hitherto united Fatherland.

As the Reformation advanced, and its sphere became

[1] Ranke, Deutsche Gesch, II. 163.

more extended, the labours cast upon Luther increased day by day. The reformation of parishes, the establishing an uniformity of ceremonies, the compilation of the German catechism, the appointment of new pastors, and the direction of the forms of worship were but some of the multifarious duties which fell upon him as the recognised moving spirit of the Reformation. In the year 1523, Luther published at Wittenberg, a work entitled: "The Order of Baptism, translated and altered, in German." This was the first departure by Luther from the Liturgies hitherto in use. He endeavoured to establish the preaching of the Word of God to the congregations in the churches every Sunday morning and evening; and to the students in the Universities every day. The Word of God was always the Reformer's chief, and often the only weapon, available for purposes of offence and defence. Luther always attached great importance to the faithful preaching of the Word. "The names to be borne by the priests," he wrote, "are respectively those of minister, deacon, bishop (overlooker), dispenser.[1] If the minister ceases to be faithful to his trust, he should be deposed; his brethren may excommunicate him, and put another in his place. *The first office of the Church is that of preaching.* Jesus Christ and St. Paul preached, but they did not baptize." One unvarying rule of worship did not commend itself to his

[1] In his Briefe, published on the 19th of August, 1523, the following instructions to the Minister at Wittenberg are given: "Dismiss all unworthy priests. Abrogate all venal masses and vigils. In the morning, instead of a mass, *Te Deum*, a reading from Scripture, and brief exhortation. In the afternoon, reading and commentary; after supper, *compline*" (*i.e.* end with the last prayer in the Roman breviary).

mind. "It is not my opinion that the whole of Germany should have our Wittenberg regulations forced upon it. Unless our Church wishes to resemble the other in some of its worst features, why seek to impose obligations on our people in matters of form, by decrees of council, which soon become fixed laws, and nets wherein to catch men's souls."

The great aim of the Reformer was to make general the Worship of God. The vital principles he sought to inculcate were the supremacy of Faith, and the omnipotence of the Bible. He insisted upon nothing else. Ceremonies, ordinations, uniformity of observances, were altogether subordinate to the grand cardinal doctrine of Freedom in Christ. He had rejected the theory of an Apostolically ordained Priesthood; and, as Divine light came to his mind, he even cast aside the obligation of self-imposed vows and consecrations. The monastic robe itself was abandoned. On the 19th October, 1524, he appeared in the pulpit in a gown similar to that which preachers in Germany still wear. The religion he taught was the Word of God, as comprehending the all-sufficient and infallible rule of Christian life. But notwithstanding this bold and sweeping defiance of human traditions; this shattering of all dogmas; this crowning of the Bible as absolute Lord of Conscience, Luther still retained a pious and unquestioning awe of the sacraments, and advocated their binding and essential worth. Carlstadt, at Wittenberg, came into collision with his chief upon this and other points; and Luther was sorely distressed by the proceedings of the archdeacon. Carlstadt had never recovered from the

frenzied outburst of religious fervour which had reached the point of violence and disorder, during Luther's stay at the Wartburg. Although restrained for a time, Carlstadt never contentedly resumed his duties at Wittenberg. His mind had become deeply imbued with the mystical and visionary doctrines of the Zwickau fanatics; and after a time the hare-brained communist principles which formed the superstructure of their views found in him an active partisan. Luther, with practical and clear-headed wisdom, refused to countenance innovations which were suggested and governed only by the mere spirit of change. In this sense he did not believe in the doctrine of all things being made new. Carlstadt, on the contrary, favoured the radical uprooting of the old, and the institution of everything—religious, political, and social—anew. Early in 1523, his destructive and re-constructive policy provoked the serious censure of the heads of the University; and Luther, guided by the calm wisdom of the clear and logical intellects of his associates, was compelled to yield to their suggestions, and prohibited his preaching in the pulpit at Wittenberg. Strange and delusive doctrines, even though spoken by the lips of one so intimately connected with the work of the Reformation, must not be tolerated. Carlstadt was indignant. "He is angry with me," wrote Luther, in explanation, "because I have interdicted his preaching in the pulpit, which he has rashly ascended without any call thereto. I have not condemned his doctrine, though I am exceedingly displeased at his occupying himself almost entirely with ceremonies and external things, and neglecting the true

Christian doctrines of faith and charity. With his foolish manner of teaching, he is leading the people to imagine that they are Christians if they fulfil the most trifling requisites; so that they do not go to confession, and do break images, according to him, they well nigh perform all that is necessary. His ambition is to set up as a new doctor on his own account; and to establish his rules and system on the ruins of my authority." The displeasure of Luther did not produce any change in Carlstadt. He abandoned his duties as professor at the University, without, however, resigning the salary attached to them, and retired to Orlamund on the Saale, beyond Jena. He relinquished his usual attire; assumed that of a peasant; called himself "Brother Andrew," or "Cousin Andrew;" and formally and ostentatiously submitted himself to the jurisdiction of the magistrate of the little town, in order to be, as he said, "entirely on a footing with his brother towns-folk."

In a little time Carlstadt, having gained much influence amongst the people, caused them to dismiss their pastor, and, without authority, appointed himself to the office. With language of assured enthusiasm, he inflamed the minds of his new flock, who were soon led to commit acts of fanaticism and violence. The images of saints, and the crucifixes and pictures of the Saviour were destroyed, as emblems of idolatry; the constituted authorities were treated with disrespect; their orders were disregarded: and even the authority of the Elector himself was openly defied. The University called upon Carlstadt to return to his duties. Luther wrote sharply to the same effect;

but the new pastor of Orlamund returned a flat refusal, accompanied by a message of insult. The matter was laid before the Elector, who directed that Luther should proceed to Orlamund to restore peace. Luther obeyed, and set out forthwith. On his way he delivered an address at Jena. He spoke warningly against fanaticism, rebellion, the destruction of images, and other irregularities. On his arrival at Orlamund Luther was met by Carlstadt, and an angry conversation ensued. Carlstadt, reckless of their former friendship, openly accused Luther of striking him when unable to defend himself. The Reformer retorted with heat against this ungenerous accusation; and a breach which was never again completely healed took place between them. The people of the town sided with Carlstadt, and the Reformer was insulted and threatened by them. Upon his return, Luther reported the ill result of his exertions, and the Elector forthwith deprived Carlstadt of his office, and banished him from the Electorate. On quitting Orlamund, Carlstadt published a farewell address, and signed it, "Andrew Bodestein, expelled, without a previous hearing or condemnation, by Martin Luther." He then proceeded to Strasburg, where he published several works; and eventually found his way to Bale, where he identified himself with the advanced doctrines of Zwingle and Œcolampadius, with whom Bucer and Capito had already formed a strong fellowship. During a long period, Carlstadt had carried on a correspondence with Thomas Munzer, then pastor of the small town of Alstadt, in Thuringia.

Munzer, a man of fanatical and resolute character, had

for a long time been a source of mischief. Luther preached spiritual freedom for the people; Munzer dealt with secular amelioration, and enforced his principles by violent appeals to the worst passions of the least educated and poorest of his countrymen. The peasantry endured much oppression from their temporal lords; and Munzer succeeded in arousing within them the fiercest spirit of enmity and resistance. In all ages the poor have shown but little love for the rich; and the demagogue always finds abundant material ready to his hand, in kindling the flames of discontent and destruction; but in this case, the sufferings of the peasantry were but too real, and were day by day grieviously aggravated by the insatiate and lawless greed of their rulers. A political outburst was at hand; in which all Germany was destined to become involved. Although the God-like struggle for religious Freedom had been for some time in strong force, it was not necessarily the cause of the social revolt now imminent. Long before the Reformation, the peasantry frequently had risen against their oppressors. At Flanders, in the year 1491, and again in the following year, the people had broken into rebellion; the insurgents numbering forty thousand men. They raised a standard on which was painted an enormous cheese. The revolt was not suppressed without terrible slaughter. At Erfurt, n 1509; at Spires, in 1512; and at Worms, the Imperial city, in 1513, there had been uprisings of the peasantry against their feudal lords. In 1524, the malcontents were not the peasants, but the nobles themselves, who were led by Francis Von Sickingen, the chivalrous friend of the

Reformation, and by the impetuous Ulrich Von Hütten, then in the service of the Elector Archbishop of Mentz. The nobles laid siege to Treves, where, however, they were attacked and defeated by the Duke of Bavaria and the Landgrave of Hesse. Following up his success, the Duke of Bavaria fought another battle with the insurgent nobility, in which they were totally routed, and in which Sickingen was killed. Hütten the great-hearted, honest, but undisciplined and imprudent soldier of the Faith, became a fugitive. Poor, sick and war-worn he sought refuge in many cities; but found no permanent asylum. Basle, Mulhausen, Zurich: all refused to shelter the defeated and fugitive knight. Nowhere could he find peace and protection. At length, borne down by bodily sickness, he reached Ufnau, a small island on the lake of Zurich; and here the pious minister of the place extended charity to the poor outcast, by placing his house at his disposal. But the end had come; and at this obscure place, in August, 1523, Ulrich Von Hütten, after a strangely eventful and troublous life, and who but a short time before had been one of the most promising and conspicuous men of his time, died in poverty and neglect.

The spirit of revolt, and the wild fascination of revenge, were by no means extinguished by the defeat of the insurgent nobles. The peasantry were unsubdued by the terror of their example. The iron oppression which ground their lives provoked a courage superior to defeat and defiant of suffering and death.

Their existence was intolerable; and with a daring recklessness begotten of despair they arose and smote

their oppressors. At first, however, their claims were temperately set forth. Twelve principal articles were stated, in which relief was demanded. The chief of these demands consisted in the right to choose their own pastors; the abolition of tithes, serfdom, and the fines on inheritance; the permission to hunt, fish, and gather fuel in the woods and forests; and the restoration of the common lands which had been unjustly taken by their seigneurs or hereditary lords.

The people appealed to Luther for his assistance in their demands. The spiritual Reformer was asked to become the political guide and friend of the aroused people; while the nobles in some measure looked upon him as the author of the discontent. The enemies of the Reformation, and its half-hearted friends, Erasmus amongst the latter, tauntingly pointed to the Reformer. "You are now reaping, in dissatisfaction, disorder and bloodshed, fruits springing from the seeds you have sown."[1] Although by strict and logical reasoning Luther was beyond this unfair and strained comparison; although the liberty he preached in no way tended to political disruption, the reproach disturbed and agitated his mind; and the concluding words of the articles of the peasants' manifesto particularly won his sympathy. "If it should be found on examination that one or more of our demands are opposed to the Holy Scriptures (which, however, we do not believe), we at once renounce them by anticipation." Luther replied to the appeal, in order, said he, "to relieve myself before God and man from any reproach of having

[1] Erasmus, Hyperasp, b. iv.

contributed by my silence to the evil, in the event of this agitation terminating in a disastrous manner." Having thus stated the reason for his interposition, Luther continues: "The matter in which we are now engaged is great and dangerous; it affects both the kingdom of God and the Kingdom of the world, so nearly, that if this revolt were to extend itself and become successful, both one and the other would perish, the Word of God and secular government, and ere long nothing would be seen throughout Germany, but universal devastation and ruin." To avoid this terrible calamity, Luther earnestly preaches moderation, concessions, Christian charity, peace. He freely points out the sins of both parties. To the princes and nobles he says: "It is quite clear that we have no one upon earth to thank for all this disorder and insurrection, but you yourselves, princes and lords, and you especially, blind bishops, insane priests and monks, who, even to this very day, hardened in your perversity, cease not to clamour against the Holy Gospel, although you know it is just, and right, and good, and that you cannot honestly say anything against it. At the same time, in your capacity as secular authorities, you manifest yourselves the executioners and spoilers of the poor; you sacrifice everything and everybody to your monstrous luxury, to your outrageous pride, and you have continued to do this until the people neither can, nor will, endure you any longer. With the sword already at your throat, your mad presumption induces you to imagine yourself so firm in the saddle, that you cannot be thrown off. The signs of the anger of God which have appeared in the

heavens and upon the earth, are addressed to you, hitherto in vain. It is you, it is your crimes that God is about to punish. If the peasants, who are now attacking you, are not the ministers of His will, others, coming after them, will be so. You may beat them, but you will be none the less vanquished; you may crush them to the earth, but God will raise up others in their place; it is His pleasure to strike you, and He will strike you. You fill up the measure of your iniquities by imputing this calamity to the Gospel and to my doctrine. You refuse to learn from me what is the Gospel, what is my doctrine; there are others at your door who will teach you what both the one and the other are, in a way very different from mine. Have I not at all times earnestly, and zealously, employed myself in recommending to the people obedience to authority, to your authority even, tyrannous and intolerable as it has been? Who has combated sedition more energetically than I have always done? It is for this that the prophets of murder hate me as bitterly as they do you. You persecuted the Gospel by all the means in your power, yet all the while that Gospel called upon the people to pray for you, and aided you in supporting your tottering authority. My lords, in the name of God I charge you to retire before the anger of God, now let loose against you. Use gentle means with the peasants, lest the spark now lighted, extending itself gradually round, catching from point to point, produce throughout Germany, a conflagration which nothing can extinguish. You will lose nothing by gentleness, and even though you were to lose some trifling matter, the

blessings of peace would make it up to you a hundred-fold."

To the peasants, Luther spoke in words of godly remonstrance: "Though your complaints are just, and your demands reasonable, it behoves you to prosecute those demands with moderation, conscience, and justice. If you act with these, God will support you; and even though subdued for the moment, you will triumph in the end. But if you have justice and conscience against you, you will fail. Put no trust, I conjure you in the prophets of murder whom Satan has raised up among you, and who proceed directly from him, though they sacrilegiously invoke the name of the Holy Gospel. They will hate me, I know, for the counsel I give you, they will call me hypocrite, but this I heed not one whit. What I desire is to save you from the anger of God. Let who will despise me, I know One who is stronger than all others put together, and He tells me, in the 3rd Psalm, to do that which I am doing." Luther, with truest wisdom, eloquently counsels them to submit their troubles to the Lord, who in His own way and in His own manner, will work for their deliverance. The misery by which the peasants were surrounded was very grievous; but God could with infinite ease give absolute freedom. When the night is darkest; when the trouble is overpowering; when relief seems impossible, and Hope is dead; God sends the light; the trouble falls away; impossibility vanishes, and help comes with miraculous healing power. One touch of God's finger brings back the dead heart to life, and strength, and gladness. Luther dwells upon his own wonderful success by simply committing the whole matter to

God. "How, I ask you, has it happened that neither the Emperor nor the Pope has been able to effect anything against me? that the more strenuous the efforts they have made to arrest the progress of the Gospel, and to destroy it, the more has the Gospel gained ground and force. I have never drawn the sword; I have never taken a step towards revolt; I have always preached, always inculcated obedience to authority, even to the authority which was bitterly persecuting me; I always relied wholly upon God; I placed everything in His hands. It is for this reason that, in despite of the Pope and of the other tyrants, He has not only preserved my life, which is in itself a miracle, but He has more and more advanced and spread the Gospel. It is yourselves, who, while you think you are serving the Gospel, are in reality impeding it; you are giving it a terrible blow; you are destroying its effect in the minds of men; you are crushing it by your perverse and insane enterprise."

The solemn words and exhortations of the Reformer were unfortunately uttered in vain. They were but as words written on the sand of the seashore; the irresistible waves of Insurrection beat up and swept them away. His words were as though they had been spoken in the hurricane; the wild tempest thundered high above the pleadings of the calm strong voice of the faithful Prophet of the Lord.

The oppression under which the peasant-folk spent their existence was, indeed, grievous. Their lives were "bitter with hard bondage." The anguish of death was increased by new troubles. At the death of the head of

the household, the lord inherited his best pair of oxen; on that of the house-wife, he claimed the best apparel left by the deceased. This was the right of Todfall: that is in the case of death. Every peasant who changed his master was obliged to pay to the one he was leaving, his feudal claims; the finest bundle of wheat, the choicest bunches of grapes; the best fruits of his garden, the newest honey from his bees: all were appropriated by the lord. The wretched peasant dare not complain. On Shrove Tuesday, he was bound to present him with a pig; on St. Martin's day, with a couple of geese; at Michaelmas with a pair of fowls. The spiritual or temporal lord treated his peasants like veritable slaves: body and mind they were wholly subject to him. If the lord went to war, the peasant was bound to place his life at his disposal; if he changed his religion, the vassal, with blind, unquestioning obedience, was compelled to go over with him to the new faith. With these were coupled the exactions of the priesthood, often as cruel and oppressive as those of the temporal lord.[1]

The revolt burst forth first at Kempton, and throughout its progress it was marked by one long series of atrocities. Monasteries were plundered and burnt; castles were pillaged and destroyed; and the nobles and their followers were mercilessly put to the sword.

The peasants established their own tribunals, which compelled the nobles who had been captured, and whose lives had been spared, to join the insurgents. The Counts of Lowenstein were dressed in the frocks of the

[1] Audin.

peasantry, and formally enrolled as brethren. The celebrated Goetz Von Berlichingen, *Goetz with the Iron Hand*, was compelled to become the leader of the rebel army, and marched at their head to Wurzburg, where the citizens opened their gates without offering any resistance. In whatever place which fell into the hands of the peasants, no mercy was shown to those who had resisted. No quarter was given to any prince, count, baron, knight, priest or monk; "in a word, to none of the men who live in idleness." Many of the nobles were brutally massacred; and even women and children shared the fate of their fathers, husbands, and brothers. In Franconia alone, two hundred and ninety-three monasteries were pillaged and burnt; and all of their occupants who were taken were ruthlessly slaughtered. The spoils of the monasteries fell into the hands of their captors. Many of these buildings possessed cellars containing large stores of wine. This was consumed by the infuriated rabble. At one monastery, that of Erbach in the Rhingau, there was an immense tun, holding eighty-four hogsheads of wine. The peasants drank above two-thirds of the wine, and, with reluctance, left the remainder.

George Von Truchsess, the commander-in-chief of the Imperial army, then in Italy, was directed to suppress this serious insurrection. He acted with vigour and promptitude. He collected all the available troops, and marched against the insurgents. He defeated them at Beblingen, recaptured the town of Weinsberg, which he destroyed by fire; and totally routed large forces of the rebel host assembled at Königshofen and Engelstadt. Meanwhile

the leaders of the nobility were equally successful in other directions. Duke Antony of Lorraine, with some troops escaped from the carnage at the battle of Pavia, attacked the peasants assembled near Luffenstein. He defeated them with great slaughter, took and burned the town, together with all its inhabitants; and then proceeded to Saverve, the peasant defenders of which met with a like fate. A similar defeat and destruction befell a third body of the insurgents assembled at Schurweiler. The most horrible cruelties marked the victories of the Imperial troops. Upwards of thirty thousand peasants had perished in the battles; and the prisoners were tortured in a manner too horrible for description. The Bishop of Wurzburg, who had returned upon the victory of the Imperial troops, constituted himself executioner-in-chief of the defeated and terror-stricken rebels. To his eternal honour be it recorded, that George Von Freunsdberg, now a general in the Imperial army, whose valour at Pavia was on a par with his noble display of outspoken kindness to a poor persecuted monk at the Diet of Worms, did not imitate the detestable cruelty of the other leaders of the victorious soldiery. Freunsdberg was operating against the peasants occupying a position near Kempton, and he knew that he could utterly overwhelm the badly armed and undisciplined mob. Like a brave man, actuated by feelings that ennobled his manhood, he desired to save unnecessary bloodshed, and, restraining the ardour of his colleague, George Von Waldburg, Freunsdberg privately sent a pressing recommendation to the peasants to disperse in the woods and

mountains. The poor rebels gladly took his advice, and made their escape; bloodshed was averted.

Steeped in the disintegrating, and, therefore, fatal doctrines of communism, Carlstadt in every direction continued his agitation. His words were directed principally to the destruction of images, and the reformation of worship; but, in those disordered times, the incitement to acts involving destruction of property, and disobedience to authority, inevitably led to the worst excesses. Murderous results followed his ill-timed and dangerous addresses. Carlstadt, himself, joined the insurgents in Franconia, but quitted them at the first cannon shot, and returned to his pamphleteering. To cover paper was his vocation, to throw ink at Luther or his disciples, his pastime and delight. He wrote night and day, and himself printed the lucubrations of his diseased brain.[1]

During these events, Luther hurried about the country, labouring, without intermission, in the cause of peace. The terrible condition of affairs filled his heart with heaviness. He wrote and preached with all his might. At Wittenberg, Eisleben, Stolberg, Nordhausen, Wallhausen, Weimar, and other places he delivered impassioned addresses; constantly mixing with and endeavouring to restrain the peasantry and the excited population. His life was more than once in jeopardy. His work knew no limit, and his fears and anxieties were constant. By every possible means he laboured to pacify the public mind, and to restore order. The Elector Frederick was sick unto death at the castle of Lochau, and was unable to take a

[1] Audin.

sovereign's part in the suppression of the rebellion. The duties of the Electorate had devolved on his brother, Duke John, to whom the dying man, on the 14th of April, wrote in these terms: "We may have given these poor wretched people more than one cause for insurrection. Alas! the poor are oppressed in many ways by their spiritual and temporal lords." Those about the Elector, notwithstanding his critical condition, ventured to urge him to direct that extreme measures should be taken to stamp out the rebellion, before absolute ruin overtook them. Utterly prostrated by physical weakness, the Elector was unable to brace his mind to ensure his own personal safety, or the safety of the state, and replied wearily, "Hitherto I have been a mighty Elector, having chariots and horses in abundance; if it be God's pleasure to take them from me now, I will go on foot."[1] His bodily weakness totally unfitted him to grapple with the terrible crisis of affairs.

At this time Munzer had established himself at Mulhausen, in Thuringia, where he had been appointed pastor. His spiritual duties were soon set aside in favour of absolute temporal authority. "Munzer," wrote Luther to his friend Amsdorff, "Munzer is not only pastor, but he is king of Mulhausen." He deposed the town-council, and appointed another, composed of those who were wholly favorable to his designs. Munzer fanned the flame of discontent, and soon gathered together an army of malcontents, who straightway fell upon the convents and castles in the neighbourhood, and pillaged and destroyed them.

[1] Seckendorf.

He proclaimed his mission to be like that of Joshua, who put the Canaanites to the sword. For nearly a year Munzer reigned at Mulhausen, absolute ruler of the place. His followers increased rapidly, and they were wholly maintained by plunder. The proclamation he issued contains some account of the acts he had committed, and the sanguinary orders given to his fanatical followers.

The insurgent chief was well versed in the sacred writings, and declared that he had personally received divine revelations; but he did not state the nature of these revelations. He simply told the people that his commands came direct from God, and the peasants, thirsting for rapine, obeyed his orders with frantic haste. The whole country was devastated. At Reinhardsbrunn, the impious bands desecrated the tombs of the rulers, and destroyed the library. At Wittenberg the alarm was great. "We are in terrible danger," wrote Melanchthon, "Munzer advances with Scythian cruelty." Munzer wrote a threatening letter to the Elector, in which he begs that ruler to be converted, or he will fall before Munzer armed with the Sword of Gideon.

The end of the harassed Elector was at hand. As a friend, Death came to take the trouble and perplexity from him. On the 5th of May he expired, in the presence of his faithful servant, Spalatin. Just before his death, he destroyed a will made by him some years previously, in which his soul was commended to "Mary, Mother of God," and he directed that another should be made, wherein he confessed that his whole hope of Salvation rested in the merits of Christ's atoning blood. Luther, who had been

summoned, arrived at Lochau too late to witness the last moments of his fearless protector. The body was brought in state to Wittenberg, where it was buried in the Convent church. Luther preached twice on the day of the funeral, and drew an affecting picture of the life of their sovereign whose death, at a time when God was menacing all Germany with destruction, was the most "grievous sorrow of all." The Reformer begged his hearers to invoke God's own special help, now that He had removed from their midst one in whom all their hopes had been so long concentrated.

The most prompt action on the part of the Saxon princes followed Frederick's death. His successor, Duke John, Duke George of Saxony, Henry of Brunswick, and Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, united their forces, and marched against the insurgents. The troops and the rebels met at Frankenhausen; the latter numbered about 8000, mostly consisting of men undisciplined, badly armed, and wavering in courage. Munzer was summoned to surrender, as the princes were willing to give his deluded followers a chance of arranging terms of peace. For an answer, Munzer slew the princes' envoy, and appealing to the fanatical host to stand firm, told them to fear nothing, for God would give them the victory. A rainbow which appeared in the heavens during his address was taken to be God's sign of approval, and the presage of their victory. So perfect was the confidence reposed by the poor ignorant peasantry in the power and mission of their leader, that they actually commenced singing one of Luther's hymns, "Come, Holy Spirit," when the troops, having nearly

surrounded them, were attacking them with unsparing fury. A panic suddenly seized them; they were utterly unable to attempt to combat against the soldiery, and upwards of five thousand perished on the field of slaughter.

Munzer escaped to a poor cottage, where he endeavoured to conceal himself; he was discovered, however, with his head bound up, as if wounded, and taken by his captors before the stern Duke George, at whose command he was tried and condemned to death. On the approach of his last moments, a terrible fear seized upon him, and he trembled so much that he could scarcely repeat a prayer He was beheaded, and his head was placed on the end of a pike, and left exposed in a public place as a warning to others. His last words were contained in a letter written to the people of Mulhausen, in which he begged their care and protection of his wife and children, concluding with a solemn exhortation to them "never again to resort to violence or revolt, and to avoid all further effusion of blood." Munzer's last words thus but re-echoed those first given by the Reformer to the peasants at the commencement of the conflict.

With the destruction of Munzer's army, the revolt, practically, was at an end. The rebel strongholds fell before the Ducal troops, and the peasants, throwing away or concealing their arms, fled in every direction. What followed was but the blind slaughter of unresisting men. The day of vengeance had come; and fearfully did the peasants pay the penalty of their sedition. Terrible reprisals were made by the infuriated nobles, and the horrors of the massacres which for a long time followed

the defeat and dispersal of the peasants transcended all that had been previously enacted. Even when peace was restored, the exactions and persecutions of the nobles were in no way lessened or removed. On the contrary, oppression was increased, and the hapless peasantry were in worse bondage than before. Luther, whose indignation had been awakened by the fearful atrocities that had been wantonly committed by the rebels while the insurrection was at its height, had written, in his usual thorough and impetuous manner, letters in which he stated "I think that all the peasants should perish rather than the princes and magistrates, because the peasants have taken up the sword without Divine authority. No mercy, no toleration is due to the peasants; on them should fall the wrath of God and of man." Luther regarded the peasants as the most red-handed of murderers, who had brought into the conflict practices only to be found in savage warfare. But in the supreme moment of their utter helplessnes in defeat and starvation, when Duke George exercised the grossest severity, Luther relented, and pleaded the cause of mercy to the vanquished. He entreated the civil authorities to be "merciful to their prisoners lest the tables might be turned upon the victors." John, the new Elector, and Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, behaved with extreme leniency to their captives. Luther displayed Christian magnanimity to his fallen foe, Carlstadt, who dreading the punishment of his incendiary teachings, came to Wittenberg and threw himself at the feet of the Reformer. Luther's large heart was not large enough to contain a single vindictive feeling against his former friend; so he wrote to Duke John: "I

feel great commiseration for the poor man, and your grace need not be reminded that you should be kind and merciful towards the unfortunate, especially when they are not guilty in a moral point of view."

By Luther's influence, the Elector took a lenient view of Carlstadt's many grave misdeeds, and partially remitted the punishment. But he positively refused to re-instate him at the University, and Carlstadt in consequence fell into great distress. Luther relieved his necessities, and wrote a further letter to the Elector: "Dr. Carlstadt has urgently entreated me to intercede with your Electoral grace, that he may be allowed to inhabit the town of Kemberg; for he finds that his residence in a mere village is rendered disagreeable to him, and even dangerous, by the ill-will of the peasantry. Now, as he has kept himself quiet so far, and as, moreover, the provost of Kemberg can watch his proceedings for the future, I humbly beseech your Electoral grace to comply with his request. I admit that your grace has already done a great deal for him, and that you have even involved yourself in calumny and suspicion on his account, but God will amply repay you for all these things. As to the salvation of his soul, that is his affair, and I trust he will see to it; in the meantime, he has immediate need of being put in a way to gain his livelihood; and I think we should do this for him."

"Noble heart! brave in danger, divine in pity."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARRIAGE, AND HOME LIFE.

LUTHER had long been convinced of the evils arising from the enforced celibacy of the monastic life. In his work on "Monastic Vows," he had clearly shown that the obligations blindly and rashly taken by the monks and nuns, could be, with a good conscience before God, laid aside. The monks, taking advantage of the teachings of the Reformers, had disbanded in very considerable numbers; and it soon became evident that the nuns who, yielding to parental influence and authority, or personal and mistaken promptings, had in their early youth taken the rash vow, were beginning to exhibit feelings of resistance to the fetters which deprived them of their liberty; and yearned for the restoration of their natural rights, and participation in those social and domestic relations for which they, in common with the rest of their sisterhood, were designed and entitled.

To the south of Grimma, at no great distance from Leipzig, stood the Cistercian nunnery of Nimptschen, the occupants of which were principally females of noble birth. Luther, with Dr. Staupitz and Wenceslas Link, had visited Grimma in 1516, and again in 1519 he had spent some time at the place.

In 1520 the Reformation was introduced into Grimma, and reached the ears of the dwellers in the convent. The new light shed upon the institution of their monotonous and unsatisfying life, penetrated to the hearts of the poor nuns, and induced many of them to write to their parents and friends, begging to be released from their prison, and to be restored to their homes. But the almost universal regard with which the inviolability of the religious vow was regarded stood as a formidable obstacle to the release of the poor inmates. No relief came from their own kindred, and with a boldness in great part arising from the very extremity of their helplessness, they wrote to Luther; appealing to the sympathy and humanity of one whose words on behalf of the suffering and the oppressed they had read and believed. Luther was the very personification of Christian manhood. His heart was full of simplicity, tenderness, and sympathy. He, the fearless denouncer of Pope and cardinal, legate and inquisitor, was ever the champion of the poor and the down-trodden. The stern home-discipline, the hardships of school days, the trials and sufferings of religious life, the spiritual and temporal combats which he himself had experienced in all their bitterness, did not, as might have been expected, sour his nature, and make him insensible to the tale of human suffering. His personal sorrows only fitted him to fill with admirable effect the beautiful office of the friend of the oppressed. He listened to the petition of the poor nuns; and personally assuming all the responsibility of the bold step he was taking, despatched Leonhard Koppe, a distinguished and prudent citizen of Torgau, to

assist in their deliverance from an irksome captivity. The undertaking, independent of its extreme difficulty, was one involving immense peril. Although the people generally had received the enlightenment of the Gospel, and had partaken of the freedom derived from its inspired teaching, a considerable amount of superstition still clung about them. The daring act about to be attempted would arouse the fury of the priesthood to the fiercest pitch. Although both the towns of Torgau and Nimptschen belonged to the Elector of Saxony, they were situated about sixty miles apart, and the road lay through the territory of Duke George, Luther's bitter enemy. But Koppe was undaunted by the perils of his enterprise, and assisted by a nephew, devoted and stout-hearted as himself, and by a friend named Tommitsch, he reached Nimptschen on the 4th of April, 1523. That very evening saw the execution of the plan of deliverance. At midnight, the time agreed upon between Koppe and the inmates of the convents, the nine virgins descended from the window of Catherine Von Bora's cell, which was on the south side of the building, into the courtyard beneath. In her haste, Catherine left one of her slippers in the court. Koppe and his two companions were waiting close to the wall of the convent, and assisted the young women over the high wall which surrounded the house. A waggon containing empty barrels was drawn up close to the wall, and into these barrels the fugitives were placed, and covered over with some loose clothes. An old chronicle still preserved at Torgau relates that when a man, meeting Koppe and his associates driving the waggon on the road, asked him the

contents of the vehicle, he replied, "Barrels of herrings." The escape was successfully effected, and Koppe brought his strange load safely to Luther.

On the 8th of April, the Reformer, writing to his friend Link, says: "Yesterday (the 7th of April) I received from their state of captivity, nine nuns belonging to the Nimptschen convent, among whom were the two Zeschaus, and Magdalene Staupitz." Magdalene was the niece of Dr. Staupitz, who had ceased all active participation in the events then agitating the world, having retired to the seclusion of the monastery at Salzburg, where he remained until his death, which took place on the 28th of December, 1524. Luther also wrote to Spalatin, conveying the intelligence of the release of the nuns, adding, "But you will ask what I intend to do with them. First, I will inform their parents, and beg them to receive them into their homes again. If they will not do so, then I will see that they be otherwise provided for. I have already promises in respect to part, and I will get the rest married if I can. They need our compassion, in which we do service to Christ. Their escape is quite wonderful. I beg you to exercise your charity; and, in my name, beg some money of your rich courtiers for their sustenance for one or two weeks, until I can either deliver them to their parents, or others who have promised their assistance." This daring exploit, being the breaking away from convential life, and the temporary settlement of the fugitive nuns at Wittenberg, under the protection of the Reformer, produced the greatest excitement. The initiative once taken, similar desertions were not long in making their appearance.

Discontent reigned within the walls of many convents, and their inmates quickly followed the example set by the nuns of Nimptschen. The abbess of Zeitz, with four of the sisterhood, left their nunnery, to be followed by six nuns from another, eight from a third, and sixteen from one situated in the Duchy of Saxony, in the territory of Duke George. A loud outcry came from the Papists, who bitterly assailed the Reformer as the cause of these scandalous desertions. Violent speeches were delivered, and several books were printed in which he was denounced as the author of all the mischief. Luther quickly replied to the attacks of his assailants, and defended and justified his conduct. In vigorous language he depicted the inner life of a nunnery, illustrating his account by many instances of disorder and inhumanity. One example had particularly affected him. It was that of a nun named Florentina, of Upper Weimar, who had endured many painful sufferings before she had succeeded in escaping from the convent where she had passed some years of her life. At the age of six, she had been sent by her parents to the convent at Eisleben, Luther's birthplace, where she remained until she was eleven years of age; she was then forced to take the veil, and was treated with considerable cruelty. After a lengthened course of ill-usage, she complained to the abbess, who roughly replied that she must remain a nun, for better or for worse. The young nun contrived to write to Luther a letter, in which her sufferings were related to him; but the letter was intercepted, and, as a punishment for her daring disobedience, she was, during an inclement season, thrown into a cold cell, where she remained for

four weeks shamefully neglected. Unsubdued by this severe discipline, she contrived to write another letter, this time addressed to a relative; but, unfortunately, this letter, too, was discovered and taken to the abbess, who, assisted by four others, seized the poor sister, and beat her until they were compelled to desist from sheer exhaustion. But even this cruelty did not quench the desire for freedom which still dwelt in the mind of the poor, persecuted girl. A third letter was written, and this, happily, reached the Reformer. The cry of the oppressed awoke Luther's remonstrance. He wrote an appeal to the Count of Mansfeld, in whose dominions these abuses were practised, and very soon he had the satisfaction of knowing that, by the command of the Count, they had been removed.

Leonhard Koppe and his nephew were subjected to much petty persecution, on account of the part they had taken in the rescue. Luther wrote a letter of encouragement to the stout-hearted citizen, in which he said: "Our enemies will say that the fool, Leonhard Koppe, hath suffered himself to be caught by a condemned heretical monk; and that he then drove to the place, and carried off the nuns, aiding them in breaking their vows. Be comforted; I have made the matter known, for many good and sufficient reasons." At this time, Luther, personally, had no intention of following the recommendation he had given upon the question of the marriage of the priests. His own inclination did not point to that direction, although his opinion of the expediency and lawfulness of marriage by those holding the office of minister was firm and decided. Luther was expecting to fall a victim to the wrath

of his enemies. In a letter to Spalatin, written on the 30th of November, 1524, he says: "I am every day expecting death, as inflicted upon a heretic. I do not wish to obstruct God's work in me. I am in His hands, as a creature whose heart he may change and change again, whom he may kill or vivify at any hour, at any moment." In the April of the year 1525, Luther wrote in the following sportive strain to Spalatin: "Be not surprised that I do not marry; I who am *sic famosus amator*. And yet, perhaps, it is matter of wonder that one who has so constantly written in favour of marriage, should not himself, ere this, have been woman enough to marry. If you would regulate yourself by my example, here it is: I have had with me at one and the same time no fewer than three women, whom I loved, and whom I should have liked to marry, but I let two of them pass on and wed other husbands. The third is still with me, and I am holding on to her with my left hand; but, if I take not care, she too will escape from me." In another letter to Spalatin he says: "Had I become a lover before, I should have chosen Eve Von Schönfeld, but she has married a young student." This marriage turned out happily, and the student became a Royal physician.

On her arrival at Wittenberg, Catherine Von Bora was received into the family of a distinguished citizen, Reichenbach, who treated her with parental tenderness. Desirous of providing her with a suitable partner, Luther introduced to her a young theological student named Baumgärtner, from Nuremberg, who afterwards became a distinguished man, and deservedly enjoyed the confidence

of Luther and Melanchthon. But the friendship between the two young people did not lead to a closer union; and when Baumgärtner returned to his native city, the acquaintance ceased. Luther himself was insensibly drawn to love the friendless girl. For some time, however, he "thought she was proud and haughty," but this, upon more perfect acquaintance, appearing to his mind to be but refined modesty, combined with womanly dignity, he was induced to think of her as his wife. On the 13th of June, 1525, the marriage took place; Luther being in his forty second year, and Catherine in her twenty sixth. The ceremony took place in the house of Reichenbach, and was performed by Dr. Bugenhagen. There were present, Dr. Apel, Justus Jonas, Lucas Cranach and his wife. These were all of Luther's friends who were apprized of the wedding; and all publicity was avoided. Luther did not think it well to take many of his friends into his confidence in this most important matter. "It is not good," he wrote," to talk much about such things. One should ask counsel of God, and pray, and act as He directs." On the following day, when it became known that the union had taken place, the city authorities, according to custom, presented Luther with fourteen cans of wine of different kinds; and the wine cellar of the city was, for the space of one year, placed at the service of the newly-wedded pair. The ceremony of conducting the bride to her future home was marked by a festival, at which a large company of friends were entertained at dinner. In a letter of invitation written to his brother-in-law, Chancellor Ruhel, and two other Mansfeld coun

officials, Luther says: "According to the wish of my dear father, I have taken to myself a wife; and on account of evil-speakers, and that no hindrance might be placed in the way, I have hastened the act. It is my desire that the festive occasion of bringing my bride home take place a week from next Tuesday, and that I may enjoy your presence and receive your blessing. Since these are times of commotion and danger, I cannot urge your attendance; but if you have a desire to come, and can do so, and bring with you my dear father and mother, you can easily understand that it would give me great joy, and whatever you may receive from good friends for my poverty will be very welcome." In another letter, written by him to Dolzig, the marshal to the Elector, John, the brother and successor of Frederick the Wise, Luther playfully remarks, "No doubt the strange rumour that I have become a husband hath already reached you. Though it is a singular affair, which I myself can scarcely believe, nevertheless the witnesses are so numerous that I am bound in honour to believe their testimony; and so I have concluded to have a feast next Tuesday, for my father, mother, and other good friends, to seal the same, and make it sure. I therefore beg you to provide venison for me, and to be present yourself to help affix the seal with becoming joy." At this feast, Luther received many presents from his friends; amongst other things, the University of Wittenberg gave him a silver tankard weighing five pounds and a quarter; the city itself contributed several casks of beer; and a friend, whose name has not been preserved in history, presented a double-ring, being two

rings joined together, one having a diamond in the centre, with the initials M. L. D., and the other, containing a ruby gem, which bore the initials of the bride, C. V. B. On the inner surface of the two rings were combined the words "Was Got Zusamen fiegt Sol kein Mensch scheiden" (Those whom God hath joined together, shall no man put asunder).

Luther's marriage, although it gave great offence to his enemies, and was a matter of grave concern to many of his truest friends, was a source of great happiness to himself and to his wife. Although at the time his poverty was extreme, his life was blessed with an amount of peaceful comfort to which hitherto it had been a stranger. His salary as professor in the University was raised by the Elector John from 100 to 200 gulden, to which an additional 100 were added, some years afterwards, by John Frederick. His home in the convent at Wittenberg, given to him by the Elector, although humble and unpretentious, was full of love and calm rest and happiness. In Catherine, "his Lord Katie," he found a true and devoted wife. "Thank God," he wrote, "my marriage hath turned out well; for I have a pious and faithful wife, to whom one may safely commit his heart." In the August of the following year, Luther writes to Stiefel, "Catherine, my dear rib, salutes you. She is quite well, thank God;" adding, with a touch of his usual genial humour, "gentle, obedient, and kind in all things, far beyond my hopes. I would not exchange my poverty with her, for all the riches of Crœsus without her."

About this time, as a relief from the graver matters

which claimed his attention, Luther engaged in the occupation of turning. In a letter to Wenceslas Link, he begs his friend to purchase for him the necessary tools at Nuremberg. "If the world will not support us for the sake of the Word, let us learn to support ourselves by the labour of our hands; and since amongst us barbarians there is no man of art to instruct us in better things, I and my servant, Wolfgang, have set ourselves to turning; but as we cannot procure the necessary tools here, I herewith send you a guilder, for which you will have the kindness to get us some gimlets and other turning tools, as also two or three screws, which any turner will show you. We have a few instruments, but should like to get some of good Nuremberg manufacture. Now do show me this kindness; whatever you may expend further, I will repay gratefully." Luther returns his acknowledgments in a letter in which his characteristic gaiety of expression is apparent. "We have received the turning tools, the quadrant, the cylinder, and the wooden clock. We greatly thank you for the trouble you have taken. One thing, however, you forgot: you did not mention how much more you expended, for the money I sent could not have been enough. For the present, we have got all we need, except you could send us some new machinery, which will turn by itself when Wolfgang is lazy or sleepy. The clock suits me perfectly, especially for showing the time to my drunken Saxons, who look more to the bottle than to the hour, caring but little whether the sun, or the clock, or its hands show wrong." Wolfgang had been for some years in Luther's service, and remained with him throughout his

life. He was a worthy honest fellow, devotedly attached to his master, and possessed but one failing, a frequent propensity to go to sleep over his work. This unconquerable drowsiness was often the subject of Luther's mock complaint. The master, with his own immense capacity for work without much interval for rest, was amused by the dull, heavy somnolence of his honest *famulus*. On one occasion, Wolfgang built a floor, and upon it fixed a contrivance for catching birds. Luther, whose nature was loving and feeling as that of a child, did not approve of this plan to entrap the feathered songsters, and drew out a Birds' Indictment against their foe. The birds besought Luther's protection against Wolfgang, whose sleepiness, they said, maliciously, everybody knew, as he never left his bed until eight o'clock in the morning; they required that every evening he should spread grain for their morning meal, as they rose up hours before him; and that his attention throughout the day should be devoted to catching frogs, snails, daws, mice and other pests, whereby he would be enabled to gratify his destructive instincts, without endeavouring to ensnare the poor birds, whose songs fully paid for the little grain they consumed. The Birds' Petition, brimful of soft pleadings on behalf of one of the Creator's sweetest gifts to charm the ears of that lordly creature, Man, concluded with a threat that if Wolfgang, their enemy, did not mend his ways, they (the birds) would pray to God to cause fleas and other insects to crawl about him at night, and torment him beyond endurance.

Luther took great delight in the simple happiness to be gained in his garden, cultivating the flowers, listening to

the plashing of the waters of the fountain he had himself erected, to the singing of the birds, and to the gambols of the fish in a small pond. These small matters often took from his mind much of the trouble and anxiety inseparable from his position, and broke the hard intensity of intellectual and spiritual care.

Throughout his life, the Reformer, far away and beyond all the other leaders of the Reformation, exhibited intense sympathy with childhood and all its tender associations. He, the great Spiritual Leader of the great religious reawakening, who as a giant "wrestled not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places," could step from the stage of this Titanic strife, and bend down to the teachings of a child—fresh and pure from the hands of its Maker. With genuine reverence, following the example of his Master, who took a child in His loving hands, and taught wisdom therefrom to His hearers, Luther sought aid and comfort from the innocence of childhood. "I have often," he wrote, "in my tribulations, loved to talk with a child, in order to expel such thoughts as the devil possesses me with. I need one at times to help me, who, in his whole body, has not so much divinity as I have in one finger." The great Reformer knew the power of the children, and his warm, loving heart beat with sympathy for them. Germany to this day recognises this grand trait in the character of her Prince of men. His *Catechism*, although written for all ages and all classes, was principally directed to the receptive infant mind. Luther in compiling

it, became, indeed, "as a little child," and taught baby lips to utter words of prayer and praise. "His *Catechism*,' says a distinguished historian,[1] "is as childlike as it is profound, as comprehensible as it is unfathomable, simple, and sublime." Luther, the champion of regenerated Christendom, was also the Children's Friend!

God gave to him, in his own home, the objects he loved so well, and served so nobly. Children came, to bless and sanctify his marriage, and to fill his dwelling with light and joy. A child born to the house is as God's own sunshine specially sent to lift the soul from earthly gloom and disquietude.

> O thou bright thing, fresh from the Hand of God,
> The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
> By the unceasing music of thy being!
> Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
> Thou later revelation!

Six children in all were born to Luther. Hans, named after his grandfather, was born on the 7th of June, 1526; a daughter, Elizabeth, in 1527; Magdalene in 1529; Martin in 1531; Paul in 1534; and, lastly, Margaret in 1536.

Elizabeth, his second child, died in infancy. Luther was deeply affected by her loss. "My little daughter," he writes, with simple pathos, "is dead. I am surprised how sick at heart she has left me; a woman's heart, so shaken am I. I could not have believed that a father's soul would have been so tender towards his child."

In 1531, Luther's father died. Luther's letter to a

[1] Ranke.

friend shows that beyond the gloom of that great sorrow he saw the sunlight of greater joy. "I write to you under the depression of heavy sadness, for I have just received intelligence of the death of my father, that good old man whom I so loved. And though, by my means, he passed hence easily and happily into the bosom of Christ, and now, escaped from the monsters of this world, reposes in eternal peace, yet my heart is sad and agitated to think that he has gone from me, he who gave me life and nourished my early years." To Melanchthon on the same day Luther wrote: "I succeed to his name and place; it is I now who am old Luther. Presently it will be my turn, my privilege, to follow him through the jaws of death, to the kingdom which Christ has promised to all those who for His sake undergo misery and opprobrium upon earth. Oh! how I rejoice that the old man lived long enough to see and accept the true light of truth. Blessed be God for ever, in all His counsels and decrees."

But perhaps the greatest trouble wrought by death upon the Reformer was that caused by the loss of his daughter Magdalene. She was the most lovable of all his children; a gentle, bright, pious little creature; quietly nestling in the heart of her father. She was the sunshine of his home, and often in times of trouble, when the brave spirit of her father was worn and depressed beyond measure, brought peace and refreshment to his soul. Her health was always fragile, and, like an angel sent by God only to carry down to earth some of the glorious Heaven above, she was in His own good time, recalled to her Home before she had reached her fourteenth year. During her illness, when

her recovery was hopeless, and when her sweet pure life was waning away, the soul of her father was borne down by grief and solicitude. "I have loved this dear child too much," he said, bitterly; but presently he continued, "Yes, I love her well; yet, oh my God! if it be Thy will to take her hence, I will resign her, without regret, into Thy hands." As she lay in bed, he whispered to her, "My little daughter, my darling Magdalene, thou wouldest love to remain here with thy poor father, but thou wouldest also willingly go hence to thy other Father, if He calls thee to Him?" "Yes, dear father," replied the child, "as God shall please." "Dear child," said Luther, "'tis not with thee that the spirit alone is willing." He turned from the bed side, and walked up and down the room, repeating to himself, but half aloud, "Ah, I have loved her dearly!" In the night preceding her death, her mother had a dream; she thought she saw two beautiful youths come to her, and ask her daughter in marriage. When Melanchthon came the next morning, she told him her dream. Melanchthon, turning to those who were present, said; "The youths were a vision of the holy angels, who are about to carry away our dear virgin to the true nuptials of the heavenly kingdom." When she was in her last agony, her father fell on his knees at the bed side, and, weeping bitterly, prayed to God. The end came soon. Luther took her in his arms, and her spirit passed away. Her mother was in the room, and was utterly overwhelmed with affliction. Luther from time to time repeated "God's will be done! My daughter has still a Father in heaven." Turning to his wife, Luther, with his own heart torn by his

strong anguish, endeavoured to impart words of resignation and comfort to her. "Dear Catherine, console thyself; think where our daughter has gone; for surely she has passed happily into peace." The death of one so dearly loved and thus early lost seems like the infliction of a wound upon the heart, the scar of which can never be effaced. We cannot see the loving Hand nor comprehend the supreme wisdom of Him who with infinite loving kindness takes our treasure out of life's "fitful fever," to the assured safety and rest of His Home above. Luther quickly remembered that to die in the Lord is great gain. "Poor, dear little Magdalene," he said, when his child was put in her coffin, "there thou art; peace be with thee!" He stood looking upon her for some time, till he said: "Darling Lene, thou wilt rise again; thou wilt shine like a star—yea, as the sun. I am joyful in spirit, but oh! how sad in the flesh! 'Tis marvellous I should know that she is assuredly in peace, that all is well with her, and yet that I should be so sad." To those who came to offer sympathy, he replied, "Friends, be not grieved; I have sent a saint to heaven: Oh! would that we might have such a death. Could such a death be mine, I would joyfully die this moment."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

AT a convention held at Augsburg, in December, 1525, it was decided that a Diet should be assembled at Spires in the following May. This Diet, over which Ferdinand, brother of Charles V., presided, decreed that, in accordance with a resolution passed at a conference held at Nuremberg until a general council might meet, the Gospel alone should be preached. During the deliberations, Luther who, as a man under the ban of the Empire, could not be present at any of these memorable public gatherings, was disposed to think that no religious privileges were likely to arise from its conclusions. "The Diet," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "is sitting at Spires in the German fashion. They drink and gamble largely, and this is the substance of all they do." But in this he was mistaken; the great principle of liberty of conscience was successfully asserted; and a gain of immense advantage was secured to the adherents of the Reformation. A quarrel shortly afterwards broke out between Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. An expedition against Rome was entrusted to General Freundsberg. "Announce," said the Emperor, writing to his brother

Ferdinand, "announce that our army is marching against the Turks; every one will know what Turks are meant." The Imperial army was successful and Rome fell into their hands. The city was sacked, and its defenders were mercilessly slaughtered. Nothing was spared. Churches, convents, palaces, private houses: all were pillaged or destroyed. Even the tombs were profaned. One of the soldiers, a free lance named Guillaume de Sainte Celle, was arrayed in the robes of the Pontiff, and a triple crown was placed on his head. Surrounded by his companions, he gravely drank to the health of Clement VII.; the mock-cardinals, on their knees, following his example, and vowing that as pious dignitaries they would not promote persecutions and bloodshed as their predecessors had done. The scene terminated by the deposition of Clement VII., and the substitution of Luther as the new Pope. The humour and irony of the proceedings delighted the soldiery, who seized every opportunity to express their mockery of the Papal court.

A long season of rest followed the occupation of Rome. Germany, undisturbed by the Emperor, and unmenaced by the defeated Papacy, was left to her own progressive action. Luther and other reforming spirits were engaged in building up the grand edifice of the new church. The Elector John boldly and wholly devoted himself to the work. In answer to the Reformer's urgent prayer, he appointed a commission of which Luther was the leading mind, to visit the whole of his territories to inquire into the titles of church property, and enforce pure evangelical doctrine; to establish schools and churches, whereby the

secular and spiritual education and liberties of his people might be secured. The example of the Elector of Saxony was followed by many of the neighbouring princes, who in their turn found followers in countries more remote. Peace and progress were uninterrupted, until the Emperor Charles V., becoming reconciled to the Pope, recommenced his designs against the Reformation. A compact, signed on the 29th of June, 1528, was entered into by the Emperor and the Papacy, for the destruction of Gospel teaching; and the outcome of this agreement was the assemblage of a Diet again at Spires, in the following March. The Romish party here clamoured for the execution of the edict of Worms, formulated in 1521; while the friends of the Reformation demanded the maintenance of the concessions made to them at the Diet of Spires, of 1526. Seeing that it was impossible to obtain their demand in its integrity, the Romish party were content to secure a decree, by which they deprived the professors of the Reformed faith of the progressive privileges they had enjoyed since the former Diet. It was decided that in places where the Edict of Worms had been already enforced, it should continue in execution; but that where it had not been observed no further reforms should be attempted. Against this decree, by which the growth of the Reformation was arrested, a solemn protest was drawn by the Elector John, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Margrave of Brandenburg, the Prince of Anhalt, the Chancellor of Luneburg, and the representatives of the cities. The "Protestants" laid down the principle that human conscience, guided by

heavenly light, is above and beyond all earthly law; that Divine command as disclosed by the Word of God, is superior to all majorities in any Diet, or mandate issued by any human authority. Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is a command to which Christians dare not fail to render obedience. Christ alone is Head of the Church: and to His Word everything else is subordinate. Another argument was furnished by the city deputies. "It is to the decree of 1526," they said, "that we are indebted for the peace which the Empire enjoys; its abolition would fill Germany with troubles and divisions. We claim liberty of thought and independence of Faith as our right and our inheritance."

This majestic Protest was made without effect upon Ferdinand, the Emperor's representative. The Diet was closed by him, and the decree became the law of the Empire. The chief of the protesting party was the Elector John, whose son and successor, John Frederick, in the name of those in Germany whose faith had been declared by the famous Protestation, wrote to his father a letter of thanks, concluding in these words:—"May the Almighty, who has given you grace to confess freely and fearlessly, preserve you in like Christian firmness until the day of Eternity!"

The Protest at Spires led to the assemblage of another Diet at Augsburg, at which the Emperor Charles V. presided in person. Charles, now demonstratively reconciled to the Pope, was determined to provide a suitable antidote for the pestilential disease with which the German

nation was afflicted. The suppression and extermination of heresy was the task before him.

The supreme act of his exaltation, his coronation by Clement, took place at Bologna, in February, 1530, when he assumed the iron crown of Lombardy, and the golden crown as Emperor of the Romans. After the Imperial sceptre had been placed in his hand, the Pope presented him with a sword, with the command: "Make use of it in defence of the Church against the enemies of the Faith." "I swear," said the Emperor, "I swear to be, with all my powers and resources, the unceasing defender of the Pontificate, and of the Church of Rome."

The oath of the Emperor was scarcely uttered, before he directed his steps to Germany. A cry of alarm rang throughout the nation. The Avenger of the Papacy was on his way. The people flew to their arms. "Let us march on the Tyrol, and bar the passage of the Alps against the Emperor!"[1] Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, high-spirited and warlike, was the boldest in defiance; he appealed to the Elector to join him in opposing, by force, the designs of their Imperial ruler. The Elector John hesitated before he committed himself to this tremendous decision. Prudence held his hand. "To draw the sword," he thought, "is to perish with the sword." Civil war had but too recently convulsed the land. He turned to Luther for wisdom and instruction. Luther, full of fiery courage when the Faith was in question, now that resistance to a lawful ruler was suggested, was firmly opposed to any appeal to the sword. He counselled non-

[1] Seckendorf, ii. 150.

resistance. The authority of the Emperor in his temporal position as ruler of Germany was supreme. He was lord over his subjects, peasants and princes alike. "To resist the Emperor by arms," said Luther, "would be as though the burgomaster of Torgau arose against the Elector." The advice of the Reformer was taken; the appeal to arms was cast aside, and on the 3rd of April, the Elector, unarmed and accompanied by one hundred and sixty horsemen, set out from Torgau on his way to meet the Emperor at Augsburg. Luther, Melanchthon, Jonas, Agricola, and Spalatin were with him. When they reached Coburg, the Elector directed Luther to remain there. The ban of the Empire prevented his appearance at the Diet. Without hesitation Luther obeyed the command of his prince. He proceeded to the fortress of Coburg, where he remained during the time of the proceedings at Augsburg. The Elector with his followers reached Augsburg on the 2nd of May, and there awaited the arrival of the Emperor, which did not take place until the 15th of June. Luther, from the castle, wrote constantly to the Elector, to Spalatin, and to Melanchthon. The solitude and inaction to which he was constrained to submit were irksome and distressing. Writing to Melanchthon on the 22nd April he says: "I have arrived at my Sinai; but of this Sinai I will make a Sion: I will raise thereon three Tabernacles, one to the Psalmist, another to the Prophets, and, lastly, one to Æsop." He was at this time engaged in the translation of these fables. "There is nothing here to prevent my solitude from being complete. I live in a vast abode which overlooks the

castle; I have the keys of all its apartments. There are scarcely thirty persons within the fortress, of whom twelve are watchers by night, and two other sentinels, constantly posted on the castle heights." On the 9th of May he wrote to Spalatin an amusing account of the rooks and jackdaws, the denizens of the wood beneath the elevated part of the castle in which he lived. "I am here in the midst of another diet, in the presence of the magnanimous sovereigns, dukes, grandees, and nobles of a kind different to those at Augsburg. Mine confer together upon State affairs with all gravity of demeanour; they fill the air with unceasing voice, promulgating their decrees and their preachings. They do not seat themselves shut up in those royal caverns, which you term palaces, but they hold their councils in the light of the sun, having the heavens for a canopy, and, for a carpet, the rich and varied verdure of the trees, on which they are congregated in liberty; the only limits to their domains being the boundaries of the earth. The stupid display of silk and gold inspires them with horror. They are all alike, in colour as in countenance—black. Nor is their note different one from the other; the only dissonance being the agreeable contrast between the voices of the young and the deeper tones of their parents. In no instance have I ever heard them speak of an Emperor; they disdain with sovereign contempt the horse which is so indispensable to our cavaliers; they have a far better means of mocking the fury of cannon. In so far as I have been able to comprehend their decrees, they have determined to wage an incessant war during the present year against barley,

corn, and grain of all sorts; in short, against all that is most enticing and agreeable amongst the fruits and products of the earth. It is much to be feared that they may become conquerors wherever they direct their efforts; for they are a race of combatants, wily and adroit; equally successful in their attempts to plunder, by force or by surprise. As for me, I am an idle spectator, assisting willingly, and with much satisfaction at their consultations. But enough of jesting! Jesting which is, however, sometimes necessary to dispel the gloomy thoughts which overwhelm me." The clamour of the rooks and crows, by which, as in another letter he wrote, "they charitably intend to bring sleep gently to my eyelids," was not altogether successful in diverting his attention from the grave business of the Diet. His thoughts, too, often wandered back to his family at Wittenberg, and it was while at Coburg he wrote to his little son Hans, then four years of age. This letter is noteworthy, as showing the many-sided character of the man who, in the midst of absorbing spiritual anxiety, and of mental labour of the most severe and harassing kind, could yet lovingly linger over words of purest fatherly tenderness, conveying the ripened wisdom of age in language intelligible and attractive to the tender mind of infancy.

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy. I am pleased to know that thou learnest thy lessons well, and prayest well. Go on thus, my dear boy, and when I return I will bring you a fine present. I know of a pretty garden, where are merry children that have golden frocks, and gather nice apples and plums and cherries from the

trees, and sing and dance, and ride on pretty horses with gold bridles and saddles of silver. I asked the man of the place of the garden, and who were the children. He said, 'These are the children who pray and learn and are good.' Then I answered, 'I also have a son, who is called Hans Luther. May he come to this garden, and eat pears and apples and ride a little horse, and play with the others?' The man said, 'If he says his prayers, and learns, and is good, he may come, and Philip (Melanchthon's son) and Jost (the son of Jonas) may also come, and they shall have pipes and drums, and lutes and fiddles, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows.' He then showed me a smooth lawn in the garden laid out for dancing, and there the pipes and drums and crossbows hung. But it was still early, and the children had not dined; and I could not wait for the dance. So I said, 'Dear sir, I will go straight home and write all this to my little boy: but he has an aunt, Lene, that he would like to bring with him.' And the man answered, 'So it shall be; go, and write as you say.' Therefore, my dear little son, learn and pray with a good heart, and tell Philip and Jost to do the same, and then you will all come to the garden together. God Almighty guard you. Give my love to aunt Lene, and give her a kiss for me.

"Your loving father,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

The chief business of the Diet, after many delays, took place on the 25th of June, 1530, when the "Confession of Faith" was read before the Emperor and the assembled princes. The document, for several weeks, had occupied

the whole attention of Melanchthon, who was charged with its composition. The labour was most serious, and Melanchthon well nigh broke down from exhaustion and anxiety. The "Confession" was based upon the well-known principles which Luther had so long expounded and defended. Luther was consulted at every point, and the document itself was sent to him, before its presentation to the Emperor. Luther read the Confession, upon which he remarked, "I have received your Apology, and I am utterly astonished at your inquiry, as to what we ought to concede to the papists. As to the position of the Elector, and what ought to be permitted to him under contingent circumstances of danger, that is another question. With regard to myself, your Apology contains far greater concessions than were at all needful or proper; and if they are rejected by our opponents, I do not see that I can proceed further, unless, indeed, their reasonings and their writings shall hereafter appear to me much more forcible and convincing than I have hitherto found them. I work night and day in this matter; meditating, interpreting, discussing mentally, and diligently searching the Scriptures."

The Confession was read on the 25th of June. "It was," Luther wrote, "read aloud, by order of Cæsar, before all the princes and powers of the Empire. It is a joyful circumstance for me to have lived until this hour, and to know Christ preached by his confessors before an assembly such as that, and in so noble a profession of Faith." The Confession was signed by six electors, thirty ecclesiastical princes, twenty-three secular princes, twenty-

two abbots, thirty-two counts and barons, and thirty-nine free and Imperial cities. The chief of the subscribers were John, the Elector of Saxony, the Margrave George of Brandenburg, John Frederick, the younger, Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, Ernest and Francis, Dukes of Luneburg, Prince Wolfgang, of Anhalt, the towns of Nuremberg and Reutlingen.

Notwithstanding all the labour bestowed upon the Confession, and the lofty expectations that Melanchthon and others had entertained that through it a spiritual agreement between the Protestant and the Romish parties might be effected; the reply of the Emperor consisted of an imperious demand that the reformers should renounce their errors, under the penalty, if they refused, of being placed under the ban of the Empire. A refutation of the Confession had been prepared, and the Emperor pressed this refutation upon the Protestant princes, who unitedly refused to accept it. Luther throughout had anticipated no substantial agreement between the Reformers and their adversaries. "I am utterly opposed to any effort being made to reconcile the two doctrines; for it is an impossibility, unless, indeed, the Pope will consent to abjure papacy. Let it suffice us that we have asked for peace. Why hope to convert them to the Truth? To reconcile Luther with the Pope is impossible. The Pope will not be reconciled, and Luther refuses. Be mindful how you sacrifice both time and trouble. If you succeed, in order that the force of your example may not be lost, I promise you to reconcile Jesus Christ and Belial." "I am of good courage," he further wrote, "about the Cause, because I

am certain that it is the right Cause, and the Cause of Christ and God. If we fall, Christ falls with us. I would rather fall with Christ, than stand with the Emperor."

Charles V., at one time, seemed disposed to resort to violent measures. The gates of the city were closed, and the seizure of the princes of the Reformation seemed inevitable; but the Emperor hesitated to face the general uprising of the people, which such high-handed proceedings would have provoked. The Diet was dissolved, and each party prepared for the expected strife. The princes met together at Schmalkald, where, on the 31st of December, the famous League for the defence of spiritual liberty was signed. During the time of its promulgation, Luther was present, and preached to the assembled representatives. After the sermon, he was seized with a sudden illness, and his strength rapidly failing, his life was in perilous jeopardy. The doctors, who were hastily summoned, were hopeless of his recovery, and Luther prepared to die. One thing only he desired, and that was that he should be carried home. John Frederick, whose father the Elector John, had departed from Schmalkald, was present in the room, and promised his protection to the Reformer's wife and family. Melanchthon was utterly cast down by the danger that threatened the life of his great leader. "May God," said Luther, "fill you with His blessing, and stir your mind with undying hatred of the Papacy." On the following day some favorable symptoms were perceived. Luther was carried from his room, placed in a cart, and conveyed to Tambach. A most wondrous change came upon him; the violence of

the disease abated, and, as by a miracle, the life of the Reformer was snatched from the grave.

Foremost amongst the leading supporters of the Reformation, and one counted amongst its most valiant defenders, the Landgrave of Hesse occupied a distinguished position. His determination and courage at the Diet were notedly conspicuous, and tended to provoke the same virtues from his less fearless companions. It is a matter for profound regret that this very prince, who possessed many brilliant qualities, should bring serious discredit upon the Cause for which he expended many years of earnest, faithful service. The scandal attached to his second marriage, contracted during the lifetime of his first wife, whom he had put away on the totally insufficient grounds of unamiability of disposition and bodily infirmities, caused abiding grief to the Reformers, and, although scarcely directed by any logical conclusion, reflected infinite dishonour upon the cause they had so greatly at heart. The Landgrave used every endeavour to gain the consent of Luther and Melanchthon, the two great chieftains of the Church, to his bigamous contract. The prince himself was bent upon the project, and succeeded virtually in obtaining the permission of Melanchthon and even of Luther himself. There can be no possible question that both were wrong in the concession they weakly made to the wishes of the Landgrave. Melanchthon himself was a witness to the marriage, which took place on the 4th of March, 1540. Luther suffered grievously for the strained conclusion he had drawn, and the tacit consent and sanction given by him. His own convictions

may be gathered from the counsels he had before given, when a like subject was placed before him. "When Dr. Martin Luther was asked, what the ministers were to do, and how they should behave with regard to matrimonial causes, whether they might get rid of such vexations and troubles, he said, 'I advise, by all means, that we do not take such a yoke and burden upon us; first, because we have enough of other things to do in our office; secondly because marriage does not pertain to the church, but is out of it, a temporal, worldly thing; wherefore these questions belong to the magistrate; thirdly, because such cases are innumerable, very high, wide, and deep, and occasion great offence, which would tend to the shame and dishonour of the Gospel. For I know how often in these matters, we, with our counsel, have been put to shame, when we have allowed secret contracts, to prevent greater evils, on condition that they should be kept secret; so that they might not become precedents for others to follow. But people deal in an unfriendly manner with us, draw us into these miserable affairs; and, when they turn out ill, the fault must be all ours. Therefore, we will leave these matters to the civil magistrates and the jurists who understand them better. Ministers should merely counsel the conscience out of God's Word; but as to disputes, we will let the jurists and consistories fight them out and settle them."

Luther unflinchingly and manfully bore the brunt of the indignation produced by the Landgrave's action. However much his judgment was at fault, no reproach rested on his conscience; but, with Melanchthon the utmost oppression

and self-upbraidings followed; the torture in his mind led to a most serious physical sickness, by which he was at length brought to the very verge of death. Luther loved Melanchthon beyond all other men; and strove to impart comfort in this their mutual time of trouble. The strong mind comforted the weak. In a letter written in June, 1540, the Reformer thus endeavours to console: "You know, my dear Philip, it was told us in that matter, that it was a case of extreme necessity, to which a law does not apply, or which, at least, requires a modification of it. Wherefore, I beseech you for Christ's sake, be of a calm and quiet mind; and let them whose concern it is do something, and bear their own burdens, and not throw the whole weight on us, whom they know to be candid and faithful, and whom they cannot charge with any crime, except compassion or a too indulgent facility." But the counsels of the greater mind did not remove the grief which affected the delicate, sensitive soul of Melanchthon. He was quite crushed by the reproach he had fastened to his conscience. "No words can explain to you," wrote Melanchthon to his friend Camerarius, "what horrible pangs I have suffered, and which sometimes revive. I saw that our teacher, Luther, was in an agony of mind; but he repressed his grief, lest he should increase mine; and he tried to raise me up with the greatest magnanimity, not only by comforting me, but often by reproving me severely. Unless he had come to me, I should have died." Luther, although fully conscious of the error he had committed, did not give way to useless self-upbraidings and self-inflicted torments. "Why are we killing our-

selves to no purpose," he wrote to Melanchthon, "and by our sadness disturbing our knowledge of Him who is the conqueror of death and of every sorrow? We are not in David's condition, whose cause was far more desperate; yet he did not fall: nor shall this Cause fall. Why then do you torment yourself? Since our ultimate Cause is sure to stand, that is, Christ's Victory, although our formal and intermediate cause is somewhat disgraced by this scandal. We, who love you sincerely, will pray for you diligently and effectually. Farewell in Christ; and be not fearful or anxious; *cast all your care upon Him.* Be cheerful and calm, I beseech you, as we seek to be, yea, as our Lord commands us to be." But Melanchthon could not calmly follow the example of his robust chieftain. His conscience was weighed down by the consent he had given to the Landgrave's deadly sin. His sickness increased, until it reached the very point of death. From this condition he was restored to life in an almost miraculous manner, through the intensely fervent prayers, and the energetic friendly comfort, and kindly rebukes of Luther. The Reformer in all things and at all seasons was a man of prayer. Throughout his wonderful career he was sustained by this one vital aid. His life and work teach one long lesson of the grandeur and efficacy of supplication to the Maker and strength of all. Times beyond number prayer had brought deliverance, when all other help had failed. The wrath of powers and potentates fell harmlessly upon him, sustained and shielded, as assuredly he was, by the Arm of that Almighty to whom he now uttered his cry for aid.

SUPPLICATION

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> Prayer ardent opens Heaven; lets down a stream
> Of glory on the consecrated hour
> Of man, in audience with the Deity.

In this instance, Luther in spirit went direct into the presence of God, the Help of the helpless, and begged the gift of Melanchthon's life! When the friends of the sick man had exhausted all imaginable endeavours to re-quicken his life, they summoned Luther to his bed-side. The Reformer upon his arrival, found Melanchthon in pitiable condition. His eyes were sunk, his senses gone, his speech stopped, his hearing closed, his face fallen in and hollow, and, as Luther said, *facies erat Hippocratica.* He knew nobody, ate nothing, drank nothing. When Luther saw him thus prostrate, he was alarmed above measure, and said to his companions, "God forfend! how has the devil defaced this Organon!" He then turned to the window, and falling on his kness, prayed fervently, and with overmastering faith, to God. "Then," said Luther, speaking the deep conviction of his heart, "Our Lord God could not but hear me; for I threw my sack before His door, and wearied his ears with all His promises of hearing prayers, which I could repeat out of Holy Writ; so that He could not but hear me, if I were ever to trust in His promises." Luther grasped Melanchthon by the hand. "Bono animo esto, Philippe; non morieris. God has reason to slay, yet He willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and live. He has pleasure in life, not in death. If God called and received the very greatest sinners that ever were upon earth, Adam and Eve, again into favour, much less will he reject thee, my

Philip, or let thee perish in sin and despair. Therefore give no place to the spirit of sorrow, and be not thine own murderer; trust in the Lord, who can slay and make alive again, can wound and bind up, can smite and heal again." Luther well knew the burden resting on his heart and conscience. Melanchthon awoke from his deathly stupor, but for awhile could say nothing. Turning his face straight upon Luther, he besought him, for God's sake, not to detain him any longer; that he was now on a good journey; that he should let him go; that nothing better could befall him. "By no means, Philip," returned Luther, "thou must serve our Lord God yet longer." Melanchthon, by degrees, became more cheerful, and allowed Luther to order him something to eat; Luther brought it to him himself; but Melanchthon refused it. Luther's characteristic determination and authority came into play. "Hark, Philip," he said, "thou must eat, or," assuming a terrible air, "I excommunicate thee." The strong will of the Reformer triumphed. Melanchthon was soothed and calmed. The vigour of the Reformer-chief was infused into the less powerful mind of the disciple. Melanchthon gathered power and determination to battle with his trouble. He took a little food, and renewed by Hope,

The Captive's freedom, and the sick man's health,

his strength gradually and surely returned.

"When the desire cometh, it is a tree of Life."

CHAPTER XX.

LUTHER AND CHURCH SONG.

FROM the earliest period of the World's history, Music has maintained close and harmonious relations with Religion. The union between Worship and Music was formed in primeval times. Jubal, the "father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," saw the consummation and immediate effects of this alliance.

> When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
> His listening brethren throng'd around,
> And, wondering, on their faces fell
> To *worship* that celestial sound;
> Less than a *God*, they thought, there could not dwell
> Within the hollow of that shell,
> That sung so sweetly and so well.

The first prophetic utterances of the Old Testament are not only poetical in quality, but often rythmical in expression. Instrumental music and songs, "little dew-drops of celestial melody," as Carlyle describes them, were employed as important aids in the solemn and sacred services of God. Amongst the Greeks, and other nations of antiquity, the heroic songs of the great dramatists formed no inconsiderable feature of their religious

institutions, and affected in no unimportant degree, the formation of the national character. But, in the divinely-chosen people of Israel we find the fullest exhibition of the power of

"Music's melting, mystic lay."

Throughout the observances and ceremonies by which the devotional and every-day life of the Hebrews were surrounded, Music, both instrumental and vocal, held a prominent and heavenly-appointed position. In all seasons of their history this institution clung to their national life. From the time of their deliverance from the bondage in Egypt, when Moses and the people sang their triumphal Song of Praise;

'I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.
The Lord is my Strength and Song, and He is become my Salvation;
He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation;
My Father's God, and I will exalt Him;"

and when Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, answering the joyous invocation, "took a timbrel in her hand, leading all the women after her with timbrels and with dances:

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously,
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea;"

this musical tendency was exhibited throughout their national existence. An attentive study of the Psalms, and of some portions of the writings of the Prophets, clearly disclose the spirit of prayer and praise running throughout the glorious songs of the Temple. Even when the disastrous episode of the Captivity threatened the partial close of

their history as a nation, their Harp was, indeed, hung in silent sadness on the trees beside the waters of Babylon; but, at the Restoration, the spirit of Music and of Song leapt into renewed life and vigour. When the wall of Jerusalem was solemnly dedicated to the Lord, the ceremony was observed with "gladness, and with thanksgivings, and with singing, with cymbals, psalteries, and with harps"; and at the foundation of the second temple, the priests were set "in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites, the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David, King of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was raised." In all the subsequent tribulations of the chosen people, Music and Worship were never wholly disunited or forgotten.

Music, however, and Sacred Song, as the term is now understood, did not exist in early times. The cultivation and extension of Sacred Song for which Luther laboured so zealously and successfully had not previously gained much attention. Ancient song was homophonic, and confined almost entirely to what is now denominated as Melody. In the early Christian Church the form of praise was most probably that which had been employed by the Jews in their national worship. Christianity invoked a new song, and gave to it a form more expressive and nobler than the world, before the advent of Christ, had ever known. From out of the dim light of antiquity, ages before the birth of the great Reformer, two or three

bright examples in the history of Church Music may be discovered. Pliny, as early as the year 111 A.D., in a letter to the Emperor Trajan, says: "The Christians assembled before daybreak to sing alternate hymns to Christ as God." During the reign of Constantine, 312, A.D., Eusebius wrote, "There was one common consent in chanting forth the praises of God. The performance of the service was exact; the rites of the Church decent and majestic; and there was a place appointed for those who sang psalms; youths and virgins, old men and young."

Rather more than fifty years afterwards, the first great revival of Christian Church Song took place. In the year 386, St. Ambrose was appointed Bishop of Milan, and to him we owe the introduction of the "Cantus Ambrosianus," or the Ambrosian Chant. His great disciple, Augustine, speaks in eloquent language of the effects of this music upon himself; and says that it wrought so powerfully upon the feelings of the Gentiles, drawn by curiosity into the church where music was impressively rendered, that the people were often induced to receive instruction, and even to submit to the rite of baptism before they quitted the sacred fane. For more than two hundred years, the Ambrosian Chant was the only form of praise in the Christian Church. The Hillel or Hallelujah songs of the Psalms, and strains like the "*Te Deum Laudamus*," formed the rich staple of church song in these early ages.

A great impulse to Christian praise was given by Gregory the Great, during his occupancy of the Bishopric of Rome, from 590 to 604. Gregory himself was a

proficient in the music of his age. Like Religion, Music had fallen into sad degeneracy. Profanity in words; and loose and frivolous execution on the part of the celebrants were its distinguishing features, before his reforming work was undertaken. Gregory earnestly endeavoured to amend and purify the music employed in the services of the church. John Diaconus, in his life of Gregory, shows that the Pontiff established a school at Rome, for the purpose of teaching his new method of chanting, and for the training of orphan children as choristers. Before his time, church music consisted entirely of simple strains of melody, unsupported by Harmony. The higher pitch of the voices of the women and children rested for a foundation on the deeper tones of the men. The only Harmony was found in the echoes of the resounding aisles, shedding in faint and mystic tones, the hidden soul of song.

Church music received another powerful impetus from Pope Vitalian, who, in 671 A.D., introduced the organ into the church at Rome. From this date the development of music was rapid. Boniface brought the chant into Germany; and it was shortly afterwards, carried to the land of the Franks. From the eleventh century till the time of Luther, the science and systematic culture of Music constantly advanced. Guido, a monk of Arezzo, founded the present system of notation by points. Franco, of Cologne or of Paris, for there were two men of that name, established rules respecting musical Rhythm, and in a deeply religious spirit laid down many occult musical laws.

This slight sketch will suffice to indicate how gradual but important had been the preparation for the great work destined to be accomplished by the founder of Protestant Church Song. Accustomed as we are to regard Luther as the unbending and athletic Religious Reformer, we are apt altogether to forget that he was also a trained and enthusiastic Musician. With much wisdom, the present Archbishop of Canterbury fully endorses the words of a great authority when he says: "While it is true that the English Reformation was accomplished in a different manner from the Reformation in Germany and other countries, it is nevertheless true that the possibility of a religious Reformation in any part of Europe, sprang in large part from the *intense personal conviction* and contagious faith of one man—Martin Luther."

All religious revivals, even those of modern times, are marked by outbursts, new and often of excellence, of sacred song. No man ever felt more deeply than did the Saxon Reformer the value and power of Music for the promotion of private and public service, and the worship of God; and no man laboured with more devotion and success in the diffusion of his personal convictions, ceasing not until the great bulk of his countrymen, fired by his strong enthusiasm, and led captive by his resistless mental force, adopted his teachings into their national habits and life.

For the purposes of this chapter, it may be well briefly to revert to a few of the incidents in the childhood of the Reformer. On the top of the hill at Mansfeld, overlooking the Thalbach, or Valley-brook, stood the village

school-house. Martin, at the age of seven, was sent to this school. Without doubt the boy possessed an innate love for Music, and was favoured with a fine voice from "childhood to old age." At school, Martin showed considerable musical talent, and this, with his bright soprano voice, gained him admission to the school choir, which brought not only musical tuition, but part of the means of existence. School choirs, known as *Currende*, were instituted many years prior to the Reformation, and were attached to most churches in Germany. The *Currende* consisted of a number of boys who, led by a cantor or precentor, joined in the congregational hymns, and frequently assisted the regular choir at certain church services, morning and evening prayer, baptisms, marriages and burials. As a general rule, the *Currende* boys were of the poorest ciass, and gained a scanty pittance by street singing in all weathers. Sometimes, by desire, they sang outside the houses of wealthy citizens, their reward being money, provisions, or, in winter, a cup of warm drink. Luther had often stood with others of his youthful companions in the streets of Mansfeld and Magdeburg, in the bitter frost and snow, singing for the scanty reward of a piece of bread and a cup of warm drink.[1] In after-life Luther often recalled the hardships of these early days, designating the time as one of joyous trouble. Upon his attending a funeral procession as a singing boy, he received each time a *groschen*, or about three halfpence of our money. Martin, at Mansfeld, in addition to being taught a little monkish Latin, with some Terence and

[1] Praeger, Hist. Mus., p. 445.

Plautus, as the readiest mode of acquiring colloquial Latin, received the usual elementary musical instruction. At Magdeburg his musical education continued, and he there attained no inconsiderable knowledge of the divine art of song.

Although Luther did not become a professed musician, he nevertheless possessed knowledge and talent sufficiently adequate to enable him to promote and direct a great revolution in Church Song, and to establish customs now firmly and ineradicably rooted in the every-day life of his countrymen.

However much the Protestantism of the Reformation may be denounced on the ground of mere negation, by those who close their eyes to the grand revival of the authority of the Divine Word, the restoration of the Songs of the Temple, with their adoption by the great mass of the German people, remains as a positive addition to the spiritual life and welfare of the Church of God. This revival, or rather this new institution of Church singing, was undoubtedly the work of Luther and those immediately associated with him.

Spangenberg, in his preface to the *Cithara Lutheri*, published in 1541, says: "One must certainly let this be true, and remain true, that among all the Master-singers from the days of the Apostles until now, Luther is and always will be the best and most accomplished: in whose hymns and songs one does not find a vain or needless word. All flows and falls in the sweetest and neatest manner, full of spirit and doctrine, so that his every word gives outright a sermon of his own, or at least a singular

reminiscence. There is nothing forced, nothing foisted in or patched up, nothing fragmentary. The rhymes are easy and good, the words choice and proper, the meaning clear and intelligible, the melodies lovely and hearty, and *in summâ*, all is so rare and majestic, so full of pith and power, so cheering and comforting, that, in sooth, you will not find his equal, much less his master."

The Church of Rome well knew the value of Music; but it was not until the Council of Trent that she was induced to withdraw her hostility to Sacred Song; and to modify her condemnation of the people who indulged in its performance, independent of the purely professional and clerical aid of the church ecclesiastics and their surroundings. It was not until the year 1563, that Palestrina, at the command of the Council and of Pius IV., undertook to compose three Masses, which on their being performed before a commission, won for their composer the highest honours. The simplicity, beauty, and grandeur of Palestrina's reforms are unquestionable; but the great Italian, who, upon his decease, was buried with all the pomp of a cardinal's obsequies, did not take the lead in this musical reform. This honour undoubtedly belongs to the great Reformer. "Let him who deserves it, bear the palm."

Luther was fortunate in his musical contemporaries, and the distinguished men who immediately preceded him. Jusquin des Près (1440-1521) was the contemporary of Johannes Ockenheim, a great musician, who has been called the Sebastian Bach of the 15th century. Des Près was the founder of the fugal and canonic style. As a

composer, he was possessed with something of the daring originality of the great musician Wagner. Beginning his musical career in the Pope's chapel at Rome, he afterwards became chapel-master to Louis XII. of France. Among the pupils of Des Près were Arcadelt, Willaert, Goudimel, and Clemens non Papa. This period was great in musical composers; and stood upon the very threshold of a new musical epoch, of surpassing importance, as well as upon a profoundly religious revival.

Well did Luther understand, and highly did he value, the attainments of the various musical masters of his time; and he readily availed himself of their assistance in his great reforming work. He clearly discerned the important value of Church Song, wedded to psalms and hymns, in the promotion of scriptural and vital religion. The readers of the "Table Talk" will remember how often and with how much warmth and interest he refers to the subject of Music. His last evening before entering the cloister was devoted to musical and social pleasures. This element in German student life is of time-honoured institution, and has survived until the present day. The love for music sheds a lustre upon student and social life in Germany. After a close day's work, the German student of our time soothes his mind, not with roystering, impure songs; but with lays that touch his heart, or inflame his patriotism. When he sings of the death of Frau Werthin's daughter, there is nothing but tenderness in view of the pale maiden. There is no cold hard-hearted mirth in the solemn presence of death. The youth in the University sings of the beauty and happiness of student

life; his ardour for the Fatherland is aroused; whilst his songs of humour and of friendship early redeem the young mind from the frivolous, frenzied, and immoral roundelays of the Franks.

The revival of the songs of the people, as well as the Canticles of the Church, dates from the time of Luther. As the graver work of the Reformation advanced, Luther made very earnest practical efforts to improve the service of worship. His first attention naturally was directed to the services in the parish church at Wittenberg, and he composed some hymns with musical settings, in which he received the assistance of the composer, John Walther. The Word of God was read aloud to the people, who, as a congregation, joined in the singing—a valuable innovation in the service. Luther found very few hymns in German; of those that existed, nearly all were in Latin. He translated and altered some that were already in use, and wrote entirely new ones. Many of these hymns were set to music; some few by himself, and others by professors of ability. The Elector gave him the services of two able musicians from Torgau. One of the earliest of his hymns, written probably in 1523, shows his own rejoicing over deliverance from hard bondage, the result of conscious guilt, and his entrance into pardon and liberty. The hymn commences,

Dear Christians, one and all, rejoice,
With exultation springing,
And with united heart and voice
And holy rapture singing,
Proclaim the wonders God hath done,
How His right arm the Victory won
Right dearly hath it cost Him!

This hymn gained a large circulation, and reached places where Luther's name and doctrines were but little known; and, by God's Providence, proved itself a means of conversion to hundreds. It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of a good hymn; and many of the Reformer's hymns possessed a powerful influence in strengthening and maintaining the new life of the spiritually enfranchised people. His glorious hymn commencing:

> Come, Holy Spirit, Lord and God,
> And pour Thy gifts of Grace abroad;
> Thy faithful people fill with blessing,
> Love's fire their hearts possessing;

was a favourite hymn with the people. This hymn is not original, but Luther's amplification of a much earlier German hymn; and this itself is but a translation of the Latin *Antiphona, de Spiritu Sancto.* The original consisted of but one verse; Luther added two others; and the whole became widely known. The people sang it everywhere. In the Peasants' War it was their favourite war-song. On the terrible field of Frankenhausen, where several thousand men were slaughtered, this hymn came from the lips of the poor fanatics. With death, horrible and indiscriminate, all around; in the midst of carnage and horrors untold; when even women shared the deadly massacre; these devoted people sang this noble hymn of Peace and Love! In 1527, when Leonard Kayser was burned at Passau, the people, most of whom sympathised with the martyr, sang this hymn; and as the flames rose high, and the smoke shut out the martyr from their view, his voice could be heard rapturously exclaiming, "Jesus, I am thine; save me."

In the year 1524, Luther published his first Hymn-Book, with music by Walther; and this book was but the forerunner of many other collections. A republication from the "Eight Songs" of Wittenberg, 1524; from the "Enclundin," Erfurt, 1524; from Walther's Gesangbuch, 1525; from the German Mass, 1526; and other selected works, has been recently published in an useful form.[1] In this valuable and interesting work the four Prefaces, written at different periods, are reproduced. After informing us that the "Spiritual, little singing book was first printed at Wittenberg, by Peter Shöffer, in 1525, Auctore Joanne Walthers," and enforcing the duty of Christian praise from the Word of God, the Reformer goes on to say: "Accordingly, to make a good beginning, and to encourage others who can do it better, I have myself, with some others, put together a few hymns, in order to bring into full play the blessed Gospel; which by God's Grace hath again risen; that we may know, as Moses doth in his song (Exodus xv.) that Christ is become our praise and our song; and that whether we sing or speak, we may not know anything save Christ our Saviour." This was but the forerunner of many other collections. Within twenty years from the time of its publication, one hundred and seventeen collections of Hymns, by Luther and his associates, were printed. Referring to these hymns, Luther says in the Preface already cited:—"These hymns are set to music in four parts, for no other reason than because of my desire that

[1] "Hymns of Martin Luther, with Music." Published by Hodder and Stoughton

the young, who ought to be educated in music as well as in other good arts, might have something to take the place of worldly and amorous songs, and so learn something useful, and practise something virtuous as becometh the young." And then he adds:—"I would fain see all the arts, and music in particular, used in the service of Him who hath created and sustained them." This early Hymn book was deemed a great curiosity, and having been reprinted in 1840, came again very generally into notice. A distinguished writer on the music of the Protestant Church observes:—"Luther was what to day would be described as a profound connoisseur in music, and at the same time a practical musician. To his natural musical gifts, and these were of a rich order, we must add an erudite and philosophical culture, an extensive knowledge of men and things, and, above all, a large heart, and the intuitive perception of a genius. It was this universal knowledge that enabled Luther to enter into the high mission of the art more thoroughly than the average musician. His enthusiasm and his suggestions had the greatest influence in the development of the music of his period and the new church he had founded. He undoubtedly possessed sufficient musical knowledge to enable him to judge, as an expert, of the construction and artistic merit of canonic writings."[1]

Heine, in an article written in 1834, says:—"Not less remarkable, not less significant than his prose works, are Luther's poems, those stirring songs which escaped from him in the very midst of his combats and his necessities,

[1] E. Naumann, Hist. Music, p. 453.

like a flower making its way from between rough stones, or a sunbeam gleaming amid dark clouds." Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in noticing the wide popularity of his hymns amongst his countrymen, writes:—"In Germany the hymns are known by heart by every peasant; they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the church praises God like a Christian, with words which are natural and yet sacred to his mind."

A striking instance of the power exerted by sacred Song stands on record in the history of the city of Hanover. It appears that the Reformation was first introduced there, not by the voice of the preacher, nor by the reading of religious treatises, but by the hymns of Martin Luther. These the people sang with delight, and the saving truths they taught touched their hearts.

> Thou strong Defence, thou Holy Light!
> Teach us to know our God aright,
> And call Him Father from the heart,
> That we may love not doctrines strange.

Luther's grand version of Psalm 130,

> "Out of the Depths I cry to Thee;
> O Lord God, hear my crying;
> Incline Thy gracious ear to me,"

has proved of comfort to thousands in temptation and trouble, in sickness, and in death. The Reformer, at the castle of Coburg, during the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, when his faith and patience were sorely tried by Melanchthon's tendency to make concessions, for the sake of peace, to the Romish party, and when he himself was failing in health and strength, fell fainting from his seat. On

reviving presently, he said to his servant, "Come, let us praise God and defy the devil, by singing Psalm 130, '*Out of the Depths I cry to Thee.*'" When Frederick, the Elector, was buried at the old Castle church at Wittenberg, "Out of the Depths to Thee I cry," was sung by the assembled people. And this same hymn, when the corpse of the great Reformer himself, borne from Eisleben where he died, to Halle, where it remained in the church all night, was sung by the people who crowded about the doors. A good hymn is almost equal to a good text; it is indeed nothing but the singing version of the Word of God itself.

And though it linger till the night,
  And round again till morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
  Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O, ye of Israel's seed,
  Ye of the spirit born indeed;
Wait for your God's appearing.

. . . . . .

'Tis through Thy Love alone we gain
  The pardon of our sin;
The strictest life is but in vain;
  Our works can nothing win

The very first martyrs of the Reformed church were Henry Voes and John Esch, who were burnt at Brussels on July 1st, 1523. These young Augustine monks had received their education at Wittenberg. Luther lamented, with sorrowful humility, that martyrdom had not overtaken the master rather than the pupils. He wrote a Hymn, in narrative form, to their memory, commencing:

"By help of God, I fain would tell
A new and wondrous story;
And sing a marvel that befel
To His great praise and glory;"

concluding in this manner;

"So we'll thank our God to see
His Word returned at last.
The summer now is at the door,
The Winter is o'erpast;
The tender flowers now bloom anew,
And He, who hath the work begun,
Will safely bear it to the end."

In his "Vermahnung zum Gebet wider den Turken," (Admonition to Prayer against the Turks), published in 1541, Luther says:—"I am delighted to have the 79th Psalm, 'O God the Heathen are come.'" He adds, "Let one sweet-voiced boy step before the desk in the choir, and sing alone the sentence; and then let another boy sing in response; followed by the whole choir singing on their knees, *Adjuva nos Deus* (God help us), just as it was in the fasts, for it sounds and looks very devotional."

Long before this time, Luther had written to Spalatin in the following terms:—"I wish, after the example of the Prophets and the ancient fathers of the Church, to compose German Psalms for the people. I mean sacred hymns, so that the Word of God may dwell among the people also by means of song."

Besides writing hymns, and having them set to the best music by the ablest men (he even, with admirable boldness, wrote to an enemy in the Faith, to oblige him by setting one of his hymns to music), Luther induced the great

Princes who favoured the reform, to provide funds. He says, "Some of the nobles and courtiers grudge the three thousand florins a year that my gracious master so judiciously expends upon Music; while they readily aid him to expend in things worse than useless ten times the amount."

Luther was not only a religious Reformer: he was a great social Teacher; a hater of shams and inconsistencies; a lover of the poor and the oppressed. His great heart throbbed quickly for all suffering. All God's creatures in pain and travail, won his large, generous, single-hearted devotion. He never failed to speak out his thoughts, even when they were against his adherents and friends. "Pope, Cardinal, Emperor," says a modern writer, "were to him only men. Well might Carlyle say of him, 'His was the bravest heart then living.'" Notice his outspoken complaint: "Duke George," who was Luther's bitter and persistent foe, "the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Elector of Saxony, John Frederick, used to have each an establishment of musicians, vocal and instrumental. Now, it is the Duke of Bavaria, the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, and the Emperor Charles."

"How is it," he sagely asks, "that we have such a number of fine things in secular minstrelsy, when our spiritual music is poor and cold?" After saying these words, by way of illustration, he sang one or two German songs, and one or two of the hymns in ordinary use; when he had finished singing, he said, heartily, "As for those who despise music, the dreamers and mystics, I despise them."

Luther's hymns became scattered in many collections. Travelling schoolmasters carried them through the countries they visited, reading and singing them, until his enemies declared that Luther had destroyed more souls by his hymns than by his writings and sermons.

On the 4th of October, 1530, Luther wrote to Ludwig Sienfel, a musician attached to the court of Bavaria, and one of the most distinguished Roman Catholic composers of his age, to set to music for him, the *In pace in id ipsam.* "The love of music," says Luther, "has enabled me to surmount the fear of being repulsed, when you see at the foot of this request a name which is doubtless odious to you. The same love for, the same faith in music, also inspires me with the hope that my correspondence will not involve you in any trouble or annoyance. The Turk himself could not make the receipt of a letter from me upon such a subject matter of reproach against you. Except Theology, there is no art which can be placed in comparison with music, and in affording peace and joy to the soul. My heart, which is full to overflowing, has often been solaced and refreshed by music, when sick and weary." Respecting the merits of the *In pace in ad ipsum,* he says:—"The melody of this song has been a joy to me from my youth, and that joy is intensified now that I am capable of understanding the full meaning of the text. I do not know whether there exists a part setting of this antiphon. Verily I think my life is drawing to a close. The world hates me," continues Luther, with touching pathos, "and will not suffer me. Therefore I begin oftentimes to sing this antiphon, and would much like to have it

arranged for several voices, but as I am not sure that you have it by you, I send it written down in notes. Our Lord Jesus be with you for ever. Pardon my free speech. My respectful greetings to the whole of the choir." Luther's love of good music led him to express the highest admiration for the motets of Sienfel. At a social dinner given by Luther on the 17th of December, 1539, to several singers, who after dinner sang some of the graceful motets of the Catholic master, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "If I tore myself asunder, I could not compose one motet like any of these; but then Sienfel cannot preach a sermon as I can; verily the gifts of the mind are manifold, like the joints of the body."[1]

That he was no mean judge of music may be gathered from the fact that his favourite composers were Des Près, of whom Luther was wont with truth to say, that he was "master of notes, while others were mastered by notes," and Sienfel, already mentioned. Sebaldo Haydn in the preface to his work "On the Art of Singing," calls Sienfel, "The prince of musicians in all Germany;" and Luther practically acted upon this view of the ability of the Bavarian court composer.

Scattered up and down his writings, we find Luther making many references to music and singing; as for examples:—"I have always loved music; whoso has skill in this art, is of good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they

[1] Naumann, p. 439.

have been well exercised in music." "The young should be constantly exercised in this art, for it refines and improves men. Singing is the best of arts and exercises; it is not of a worldly character, and is an antidote for all contentions and quarrels. Singers are merry and joyful, and sing their cares away." "There can be no doubt that in minds which are affected by music, are the seeds of much that is good; and those who are not affected by it, I regard as stocks and stones." "Music is one of the best arts; *the notes give life to the text;* it expels melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Kings and princes ought to maintain music; for great potentates and rulers should protect good and liberal arts and laws; though private people have desire thereunto and love it, yet their ability to maintain it is not adequate. We read in the Bible, that the good and godly kings sustained and paid singers. *Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind;* by it the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace."

It has been well observed:—"Noble words, closely wedded to noble music, severely simple yet never trivial, Luther's hymns seem to be an echo of the Reformer's own great spirit; and sound even now as true and grand as when they first stirred Germany to its very soul." Several hymns have been ascribed to Luther without any adequate proof; but there is one undoubtedly written by him, and not likely ever to be forgotten in the Fatherland. The date of its composition is somewhat uncertain; but it was probably just before the time of the Confession of Augsburg, in the year 1530. In the British Museum there is a medal struck to commemorate the First Jubilee of the

Confession of Augsburg. This Confession was drawn up by Melanchthon, under the supervision of Luther. The medal bears, on the reverse, a legend, "*Turris Fortissima Nomen Domini*," (The Name of the Lord is a strong Tower); words nearly identical with the beginning of Luther's famous Hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." This hymn has been called the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation. It is infinitely more. The French song rouses fierce passion of the melo-dramatic kind; the German hymn moves the deepest and divinest feelings of the soul. The French song incites to revenge and to deeds of blood; it has a certain progress, or rather tramp and fling, but it is the truculent swing of the turbaned Turco, reckless of his own life and of the lives of others. The German hymn gives expression to the deep religious feeling of the age and of the nation, and assures the confessor in danger, and the soldier preparing for the shock of arms, that whatever else may fail, "the City of God remaineth." It is thus beautifully and exactly rendered into English by Carlyle:

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-trodden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore
Not they can o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grieved as e'er he will
He harms us not a whit.
For why? His doom is writ!
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all;
The City of God remaineth.

The words of Carlyle contain a master's conception of the force and power of the musical genius of the Reformer. "Luther's love of music and poetry, is one of the most significant features in his character. But, indeed, if every great man is intrinsically a poet, an idealist, with more or less completeness of utterance, which of all our great men,

in these modern ages, had such an endowment in that kind as Luther? He it was, emphatically, who stood based on the spiritual world of man, and only by the footing and power he had obtained there, could work such changes on the material world. As a participant and dispenser of divine influence, he shows himself among human affairs a true connecting medium and visible messenger between heaven and earth; a man, therefore, not only permitted to enter the sphere of poetry, but to dwell in the purest centre thereof, perhaps the most inspired of all teachers since the Apostles. Luther's poetic feeling did not so much learn to express itself in fit words, that take captive every ear, as in fit actions, wherein, truly under still more impressive manifestations, the spirit of spheral melody resides and still audibly addresses us. With words he had not learned to make music; it was by deeds of love or heroic valour that he spoke freely. . . . It is evident enough that to this man all popes, cardinals, emperors, devils, all hosts and nations, were but weak, weak as the forest with all its strong trees might be to the smallest spark of electric fire."

The able words of a living critic must form the close of this chapter. "Luther lived under the spell of the infinities and the eternities; he heard the inaudible; he saw the invisible; he handled the intangible; and so, according to the old proverb, 'he turned men's ears into eyes.' He knew that Religion must *sing* as well as work its way among men, and so he gave to the nation that had been silent and songless in its worship for centuries, hymns and tunes which were seized with avidity, and which are still full of life and power."

CHAPTER XXI.

TABLE TALK: OPINIONS AND INCIDENTS.

THE "Tischreden," or Table Talk, consists of notes of discourses, of opinions, judgments, casual remarks and incidents, collected by friends and disciples during the lifetime of the Reformer. There were many such collections published; one of which contains the following passage from the pen of the editor: "Certainly, if the personal character of any individual deserves to be dwelt upon, it is that of Luther. In no other instance have such events depended upon the courage, sagacity, and energy of a single man; nor can there be found a more profitable study than the temper and peculiarities of one, who, by his sole and unassisted efforts, made his solitary cell the heart and centre of the most wonderful and important commotion the world ever witnessed; who, by the native force and vigour of his genius, attacked, and successfully resisted, and at length overthrew, the most awful and sacred authority that ever imposed its commands on mankind." Perhaps the most complete work was that first published at Eisleben, in 1566, just twenty years after Luther's death. It was edited by Dr. John Aurifaber, who was singularly qualified for the task of collating and arranging the

materials at his disposal. Amongst those who contributed to the collection, were many who had enjoyed the closest friendship with the Reformer. Viet Dietrich, who, for a long time, lived with the Luther family at Wittenberg, and who acted as Luther's secretary; Lauterbach, a daily guest there and a personal friend; Dr. Bugenhagen, by whom Luther was married, and who continued one of his closest friends throughout his life; John Mathesius, the historian, who during two periods remained as a student at Wittenberg, and was constantly invited to table; and Melanchthon, who was scarcely ever absent from the house, and knew more of the mind of the Reformer than any other person; all these men supplied most of the subject matter of the book. With the exception of certain portions of doubtful authenticity, the work of a strange hand, and which might with advantage be eliminated, the memorials form a valuable record of Luther, his friends, and the times in which they lived. In the freedom of his own home, surrounded by his wife, his children, and by those friends who were privileged to share the genial and instructive society of the chief of the Reformers, many important illustrations of the talents, the disposition, the thoughts, the manners, the undress life, if such a term may be admitted, of the man who is justly regarded as the Apostle of the Reformation, may be gathered. Information, interesting alike to the scholar, and to the followers and admirers of the great Reformer, will be found in this valuable and interesting record.

As the first Theologian of his age, Luther wisely gave the foremost place to the Word of God. In all his utter-

ances, public and private, the Scriptures were the principal subjects of his teaching and his thoughts. The Word of God was the one unfailing weapon in his armoury; without it he never appeared in conflict. Armed with the Sword of the Spirit, Luther was unassailable and secure. The first grand doctrine he preached was an intelligible Scripture: an open Bible; and his proudest and most imperishable renown rests upon his successful efforts to bestow this blessing upon his countrymen, and upon the entire world. To open the Bible was to his mind like the opening of the windows of Heaven, and the display of the glory of glories to human eyes. The most lowly student of God's word, with but one page of the Bible locked up in the storehouse of his memory, is richer by far than the profoundest philosopher without this saving knowledge, even though he may be borne to earth by the weight of the world's choicest lore. One knowledge is of surpassing value, and imperishable; the other, like the fashion of the world, is but vain and passeth away.

> Within this awful Volume lies
> The mystery of mysteries.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the Prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.[1] "There is no book upon which we can rest in our dying moments but the Bible."[2] Luther appreciated this truth; the Word of God, to his mind, was the first and chief thing on earth. In giving a few examples of the wisdom and experience of

[1] Milton. [2] Selden.

the man whose Table Talk now engages consideration, this topic may appropriately form the initial subject for reflection.

The Holy Scriptures, said Luther, are full of divine gifts and virtues. The books of the heathen taught nothing of Faith, Hope, or Charity; they present no idea of these things, they contemplate only the present, and that which man, with the use of his material reason, can grasp and comprehend. Look not therein for aught of hope or trust in God; but see how the Psalms and the Book of Job treat of Faith, Hope, Resignation and Prayer; in a word, the Holy Scripture is the highest and best of books, abounding in comfort under all afflictions and trials. It teaches us to see, to feel, to grasp, and to comprehend Faith, Hope, and Charity, far otherwise than mere human reason can; and, when evil oppresses us, it teaches how these virtues throw light upon the darkness, and how, after this poor miserable existence of ours upon earth, there is another and an Eternal life.

He who has made himself master of the principles and text of the Word, runs little risk of committing errors. A theologian should be thoroughly in possession of the basis and source of Faith; that is to say, the Holy Scriptures. Armed with this knowledge, it was that I confounded and silenced all my adversaries; for they seek not to fathom and understand the Scriptures; they run them over negligently and drowsily; they speak, they write, they teach, according to the suggestion of their heedless imaginations. My counsel is, that we draw water from the true source and fountain; that is, that we diligently search the Scrip-

tures. He who wholly possesses the text of the Bible, is a consummate divine. One single verse, one sentence of the text, is of far more instruction than a whole host of glosses and commentaries, which are neither strongly penetrating nor armour of proof.

Let us not lose the Bible, but with diligence, in fear and invocation of God, read and preach it. While that remains and flourishes, all prospers with the state; it is the head and empress of all arts and faculties. Let but divinity fall, and I would not give a straw for all else.

Dr. Justus Jonas, at Luther's table, once remarked, "There is in the Holy Scriptures a wisdom so profound, that no man may thoroughly study it, or comprehend it." "Ay!" said Luther, "We must ever remain scholars here; we cannot sound the depth of one single verse in Scripture. Who can so exalt himself as to fully comprehend this one line of St. Peter: 'Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings.' Here St. Peter would have us rejoice in our deepest misery and trouble, like as a child kisses the rod. No greater mischief can happen to a christian people, than to have God's Word taken from them, or falsified, so that they no longer have it pure and clear. God grant we and our descendants be not witnesses of such a calamity."

Dr. Jonas told Luther of a noble and powerful Misnian, who, above all things, occupied himself in amassing gold and silver; and was so buried in darkness, that he gave no heed to the books of Moses, and had even said to the Elector, John Frederick, who was discoursing with him upon the Gospel, "Sir, the Gospel pays no interest." "Have

you no grains?" interposed Luther; and then he told this fable:—"A Lion making a great feast, invited all the beasts, and with them some swine. When all manner of dainties were set before the guests, the swine asked: 'have you no grains?' Even so," continued Luther, "in these days, it is with our Epicureans; we preachers set before them, in our churches, the most dainty and costly dishes, as everlasting Salvation, the remission of sins, and God's grace; but they, like swine, ask for guilders: Have ye no grains?"

"A fiery Shield is God's Word; of more substance and purer than gold, which, tried in the fire, loses nothing of its substance, but resists and overcomes all the fury of the heat; even so, he that believes God's Word overcomes all, and remains secure everlastingly against all misfortunes; for this Shield fears nothing, neither hell nor the devil."

"Heaven and earth, all the Emperors, Kings and Princes of the world, could not raise a fit dwelling place for God; yet, in a weak human soul that keeps His Word, He willingly resides. Isaiah calls Heaven the Lord's seat, and Earth his footstool; he does not call them His dwelling-place. When we seek after God, we shall find Him with them that keep His word. Christ says, 'If a man love Me, he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' Nothing could be simpler or clearer than these words of the Saviour, and yet He confounds herewith all the wisdom of the worldly-wise. If I had to teach a child, I would teach him in this way."

I admonish every pious Christian that he take not offence

at the plain manner of speech of the Bible. Let him reflect that what may seem trivial and vulgar to him, emanates from the high majesty, power, and wisdom of God. The Bible is the book which makes fools of the wise of this world; it is understood only of the plain and simple-hearted. Esteem this book as the precious fountain that can never be exhausted. In it thou findest the swaddling-clothes and the manger, whither the angels directed the poor, simple shepherds; they seem poor and mean, but dear and precious is the treasure that lies therein.

Luther often said that the man whose troubles had been light and few, had never realised the exquisite blessings of deliverance. "I did not," he said, "learn my divinity at once, but was constrained by my temptations to search deeper and deeper: for no man, without trials and temptations, can attain a true understanding of the Holy Scriptures. St. Paul had a devil that beat him with fists, and with temptations drove him diligently to study the Holy Scriptures. I had, hanging on my neck, the Pope, the Universities, all the deeply-learned, and the devil; these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I sedulously read: and thereby, God be praised, at length attained a true understanding of it. Without such a devil, we are but spectators of divinity; and, according to our vain reasoning, dream that so and so it must be, as the monks and friars in monasteries do. The Holy Scripture of itself is certain and true: God grant me grace to catch hold of its just use."

"The student of theology," said Luther, "has now far greater advantages than students ever had before. First,

he has the Bible, which I have translated from Hebrew into German, so clearly and distinctly, that anyone may readily comprehend it: next he has Melanchthon's *Common-place* Book, which he should read over and over again, until he has it by heart. Once master of these two volumes, he may be regarded as a theologian whom neither devil nor heretic can overcome; for he has divinity at his fingers' ends, and may read and understand whatsoever else he pleases." Luther's translation of the Holy Scriptures was indeed a marvellous work. It was a veritable masterpiece. Having overcome the difficulties of Hebrew and Greek, Luther, by prodigious and patient industry, in a certain sense created the German language. Taking as a basis, a form of diplomatic German, bold and meagre, he set himself the task of its enrichment and expansion. To the spiritual vocabulary of a former age, he added an enriched form of the ordinary speech then in use. He listened to the children at their play, and the common people at their work; and in translating, he succeeded in bringing the sense of the Word home to the intelligence of the people. His reward was in proportion to the conscientious toil he expended on the work; and, at this time, Luther's translation of the Holy Scriptures is recognised as splendid and unapproachable.

In speaking of the mystery of creation, Luther said, "All the works of God are unsearchable and unspeakable. No human sense can find them out; faith only takes hold of them, without human power or aid. No mortal creature can comprehend God in his majesty, and therefore did He come to us in manner most simple, and was made man,

with man's weakness, and finally endured the death of a man. No one can tell how God creates and preserves all things, and makes them grow; neither can we conceive how the eye sees, or how intelligible words are spoken plainly, when only the tongue moves and stirs in the mouth; all which are natural things, daily seen and acted. How then, should we be able to comprehend or understand the secret counsels of God's majesty, or search them out with our human sense, reason or understanding? Shall we then admire our own wisdom? I, for my part, admit myself to be but foolish, and yield myself captive to the wisdom of the Creator. How should God deal with us? Good days we cannot bear, evil we cannot endure. Give he riches unto us? then are we proud, so that no man can live by us in peace; nay, we will be carried upon heads and shoulders, and will be adored as gods. Give He poverty unto us? then are we dismayed, impatient, and murmur against Him. God only, and not wealth, maintains the world; riches merely make people proud and lazy; and do not promote the security of the state. The greater God's gifts and works, the less are they regarded. The highest and most precious treasure we receive from God is, that we can speak, hear, see; but how few acknowledge these as God's special gifts, much less give God thanks for them. The world highly esteems riches, honour, power, and other things of less value, which soon vanish away; but a blind man, if in his right wits, would willingly exchange all these for sight. The reason why the corporal gifts of God are so much undervalued is, that they are so common, that God bestows them also upon

brute beasts, which as well as we, and better, see and hear. Nay, when Christ made the blind to see, drove out devils, and raised the dead to life, He was upbraided by the godless hypocrites, who gave themselves out for God's people, and was told that He was a Samaritan, and had a devil. Ah! the world is the devil, whether it goes on, or stands still; how, then, can men acknowledge God's gifts and benefits? It is with us, as with young children, who regard not so much their daily bread as an apple, a pear, or mere toys. Look at the cattle going into the field to pasture, behold in them our preachers, our milk-bearers, butter producers, cheese and wool bearers, which daily preach unto us faith in God, and that we should trust in Him, as in a loving Father, who cares for, and will maintain and nourish us."

Scarcely a small proportion of the earth bears corn, and yet we are all maintained and nourished. This is a wonderful thing, in which we perceive the beneficient care of God in providing that and other blessings for our use. Our loving Lord God wills that we eat, drink, and be merry, making use of His creatures, for therefore He created them. He wills not that we complain, as if He had not given sufficient, or that He could not maintain our poor bodies. He asks in return only that we acknowledge Him as our God, and thank Him for His gifts. Could a man make but a single rose, we should give him an empire. God gives to us these beautiful gifts freely: we think nothing of them. Things that are in themselves worthless, we admire, if they be but rare. One night, when he was sitting in his garden, a bird flew into its nest in a tree.

"That little bird," said Luther, "will sleep soundly, safe in God's care."

"I was," said Luther, "once sharply reprimanded by a Popish priest, because with much passion and vehemence I reproved the people. I answered him: 'our Lord God must first send a sharp, pouring shower, with thunder and lightning; and afterwards cause it mildly to rain, as then it wets finely through. I can easily cut a willow or a hazel with my trenching knife; but for a hard oak, a man must use the axe.'"

"As lately I lay very sick, so sick that I thought I should have left this world, many cogitations and musings had I in my weakness. Ah! thought I, what may eternity be? What joys may it have? However, I know for certain that this eternity is ours, through Christ it is given and prepared for us, if we can but believe. There it shall be opened and revealed; here we shall never know what a second creation of the world will be, seeing we understand not the first. I hold that the name Paradise applies to the whole world. Moses describes more particularly what fell within Adam's sight before the Fall: a sweet and pleasant place, watered by flowing rivers. After he had sinned, he directed his steps toward Syria, and the earth lost its fertility. Samaria and Judea were once fruitful lands, worthy to be Paradise, but they are now arid sands, for God has cursed them."

Luther's worldly wisdom was most extensive, and many of his observations discovered surprising penetration. "The god of the world is riches, pleasure, and pride, wherewith it abuses all the creatures and gifts of God. There is not

a more dangerous evil than a flattering, dissembling counsellor. While he talks, his advice has hands and feet, but when it should be put in practice, it stands like a mule, which will not be spurred forward. The world seems to me like a decayed house; David and the Prophets being the spars, and Christ the main pillow in the midst, that supports all. As all people feel they must die, each seeks immortality here on earth, that he may be had in everlasting remembrance. Some great princes and kings seek it by raising huge columns of stone and high pyramids, magnificent churches, costly and glorious palaces. Soldiers hunt after praise and honour, by obtaining famous victories. The learned seek an everlasting name by writing books. With these, and such like things, people think to be immortal. But as to the true, everlasting, and incorruptible honour and eternity of God, no man thinks or looks after it. Ah! we are but poor, silly, miserable people. If the great pains and labour I take sprang not from the love, and for the sake of Him that died for me, the world could not give me money enough to write only one book, or to translate the Bible. I desire not to be rewarded and paid of the world for my books; the world is too poor to give me satisfaction; I have not asked the value of one penny of my master, the Prince Elector of Saxony, since I have been here. A man that depends on the riches and honours of this world, forgetting God and the welfare of his soul, is like a little child that holds a fair apple in his hand, of agreeable exterior, promising goodness, but within it is rotten and full of worms. Where great wealth is, there is also all manner of sin; for through wealth comes pride;

through pride, dissension; through dissension, wars; through wars, poverty; through poverty, great distress and misery. Therefore, they that are rich, must yield a strict and great account; for to whom much is given, of him much will be required. Riches, understanding, beauty, are fair gifts of God, but we abuse them shamefully. Yet worldly wit and wisdom are evils, when the cause engaged in is evil, for no man will yield his own particular conceit. Much better is it that one be of a fair and comely complexion on the face, for the hard lesson, sickness, may come and take that away; but the self-conceited mind is not so soon brought to reason. A covetous farmer, well known at Erfurt, carried his corn to sell there in the market, but selling it at too dear a rate, no man would buy of him, or give him his price. He being thereby moved to anger, said: 'I will not sell it cheaper, but rather carry it home again and give it to the mice.' When he had come home with it, an infinity of mice and rats flocked into his house, and devoured all his corn. And, next day, going out to see his grounds, which were newly sown, he found that all his seed was eaten up, while no hurt at all was done to the grounds of his neighbour. Surely this was a just punishment; a merited token of God's wrath."

Melanchthon related the following apologue one day at Luther's table: "A peasant passing through a wood, came to a cavern in which there was a serpent. A great stone which closed the entrance prevented the creature from coming out. He entreated the peasant to roll away the stone, promising him for his compliance a handsome reward. The peasant, induced by this prospect, released

the serpent and then asked for his reward. To which the serpent replied that he would give him the same reward that the world always bestowed upon its benefactors: that he would kill him. The peasant begged and prayed for mercy, but the only concession he could obtain was that they should submit the point to the first animal they met, and abide by his decision. This happened to be an old horse, all skin and bone. His reply was: 'I have spent all the strength I had in the service of man; as my recompense, after starving me almost to death, he is now about to kill me for the sake of my skin.' The serpent consented to refer the matter to one more arbiter. This was an old dog, whose master had just broken half the bones in his body. He gave his decision most emphatically against the peasant. The serpent was then about to kill his benefactor, but the latter induced him to accept one more judge, whose award was to be final. Soon afterwards, they met a fox. The peasant run up to him, and whispered him that if he would get him off, he would give him all the poultry in his yard. The fox having heard both parties, said that before he pronounced judgment, it was essential for him to see how things had previously stood, and that the serpent must return into the cavern. The animal consented to this, and as soon as he was in, the peasant rolled the stone back to its former position, and there the serpent was fast. The fox came next night to the peasant's to take the poultry that had been promised him, and the peasant killed him for his pains." When Melanchthon had finished his story: "Ay," said Luther, "that is just the image of what we see in the world. He whom we have saved from the gallows puts

the rope round our neck. If I had no other example of this, that of Jesus Christ would suffice, who after having redeemed the whole world from sin, death, and hell, was crucified."

One day, as Luther was coming out of the chapel of the castle at which he had been preaching, a man came up to him, and complained to him of the manner in which the devil constantly assailed him with temptations and threats of carrying him off through the air. While he was stating his case, Doctor Pomer, who was passing by, came up and assisted Luther in giving comfort and hope to the poor man. "Do not despair," said they; "despite all these temptations of the evil one; we clearly perceive that you are not one to fall into his clutches. Our Lord Jesus Christ also was tempted by him, but He triumphed over im by the aid of the Word of God; do you defend yourself in like manner by the Word of God, and by prayer." Luther added: "If the devil should again assail you, and threaten to carry you off, address him thus, in a firm tone: I belong to Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour, in whom I believe, and with whom hereafter I shall be eternally; and He has assured me that no power can tear away Christians from His protecting hand."

Luther himself suffered great temptations from Satan. "When I wake up in the night, the devil immediately comes to me, and disputes with me, and gives me strange thoughts, until at last I grow enraged beyond all endurance and give him ill words. Sometimes he has thrown me into such despair, that I even knew not whether there was a God, and had doubts about our dear Lord Christ. But the Word of God has speedily restored me."

The faith of the Reformer in the mercy and protection of God was boundless, and he constantly taught those about him the same comforting truth. Unquestioning dependence on God is finely enforced in the following beautiful illustration: "I have lately," he said, "seen two signs in the heavens. I was looking out of my window in the middle of the night, and I saw the stars, the whole majestic vault of God, supporting itself, without my being able to perceive the columns upon which the Master rested it: yet it fell not. There are men now-a-days who insist upon finding out these invisible columns—nay, who insist upon touching them with their own hands, and because they cannot achieve this, tremble, and lament, and beat their breasts, and fear the firmament is about to rush down upon them. The heavens will not stir any more for their groping. In the morning, I saw huge, heavily-laden clouds floating over my head, like an ocean. I saw no pillars supporting the enormous masses; yet they fell not, but, saluting me gloomily, passed on; and as they passed on, I perceived beneath the curve which had sustained them, a delicious rainbow. It was very slender, very delicate, and some might have trembled lest the heavy clouds should destroy it, yet this slight aerial line was strong enough to bear all that weight, and protect us from danger. We have among us too many who fear the clouds, and distrust the rainbow; they would fain ascertain, by some experiment of their own, what the exact force of the rainbow is; and as they cannot do this, they are all alarmed lest the clouds should break, and overwhelm them in their fierce waves. The clouds are heavy, say they, your rainbow is very slight. But time will show its strength."

Although his own poverty was often most embarrassing, Luther's charitable hand was never stayed, and the impulses of his sympathetic heart were never checked. He almost literally obeyed the command, "Give to him that asked thee;" justifying his liberality in this manner: "Give," said he, "and it shall be given to you: this is a fine maxim, and makes people poor and rich; it is that which maintains my house. I would not boast, but I well know what I give away in the year. If my gracious lord and master, the Prince Elector, should give a gentleman two thousand florins, this would hardly answer to the cost of my housekeeping for one year; and yet I have but three hundred florins a year, but God blesses these, and makes them suffice. There is in Austria," he continues, "a monastery, which, in former times, was very rich, and remained rich so long as it was charitable to the poor; but when it ceased to give, then it became indigent, and is so to this day. Not long since, a poor man went there and solicited alms, which were denied him; he demanded the cause why they refused to give for God's sake? The porter of the monastery answered: We are become poor; whereupon the mendicant said: The cause of your poverty is this: ye had formerly in this monastery two brethren, the one named *Date* (give), and the other *Dabitur* (it shall be given you). The former ye thrust out; the other went away of himself."

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUDING YEARS AND DEATH.

FROM the time of the Confession of Augsburg, Luther wrote upwards of thirteen hundred octavo pages of letters, nearly all of which relate to public transactions. These letters form, for that period, not only a faithful record of his own life, but present a complete history of the times in Germany and no inconsiderable account of the events that were occurring in Christendom generally. Probably no other public man, in any age, ever left behind him a fuller or more perfect record of the wonderful fertility of the human mind and the unwearied application by which important thoughts were traced by the pen and preserved for the world. Luther's letters are like a true mirror, in which may be seen without distortion not only his own mind and life, but also the mind and life of his age.

Luther's mother died in 1531. He was unable to be present at her bedside; but to confirm her faith, and to prepare her mind for the change that awaited her, he wrote her an affectionate letter, concluding: "All the children and my Katie pray for you. Some of them weep, and some of them eat, and say 'Grandmother is very sick.' The Grace of God be with us all!"

In the year 1532, the Elector John, the Constant, died. He had gone to Schweinitz, his summer-palace residence, situated a few miles east of Wittenberg, to indulge in the pleasures of the chase. He was taken suddenly ill, and a fatal termination was but too correctly anticipated. Luther, Melanchthon and Schurff arrived a short time only before his death. With touching words, Luther writes: "Alas! how a great prince dieth here alone, without the presence of a son, a relative, or a friend, to witness his departure! The physicians say that he died of cramp. Just as children are born without sorrow, and die without sorrow, so will our dear prince, at the last day, come to himself, as if fresh from the chase in the Lochau Forest, and will not be conscious of what happened to him." The Elector was succeeded by his son, John Frederick, then in his 29th year. He followed in the footsteps of his father, and proved himself the resolute and constant friend of the Reformation. As the leader of the Reforming princes, whose rallying cry was "The True Religion and the Freedom of Germany," John Frederick for many years upheld the sacred cause against all the designs and assaults of its enemies, until he was defeated by the Emperor Charles V. at the battle of Mühlberg in the year 1547. John Frederick was then deprived of the Electorate, which was conferred upon his cousin, Prince Maurice.

In January, 1537, Luther wrote to his son Hans, who was then at school, a letter, exhibiting the same paternal anxiety, although the terms of his letter were less playful, which he had shown when Hans was but an infant. "Thus far, my dearest son, your studies and the letters you have

written please me. If you go on thus, you will not only gratify me, a tender father, but you will chiefly benefit yourself in not becoming degenerate. Therefore proceed diligently as you have begun. For God, who commandeth children to obey their parents, promises blessings to obedient children. See that you regard this blessing only, and that you do not allow yourself to be misled by bad examples; for the same God threateneth disobedient children with cursing. Fear God, then, Who blesseth and curseth, and Who, though He delay His promises and threatenings to the destruction of the wicked, fulfilleth them soon enough for the salvation of the good. Fear God, and take heed to the counsels of your parents, who desire nothing but your good, and flee 'base and evil conversation.' Your mother heartily saluteth you, as also Aunt Lene, with your sisters and brothers, who also all look forward to your happy career and the end of your studies. Your mother biddeth you salute your preceptor and his wife. If they wish to come with you this carnival, very well, although I shall be from home. Aunt Lene desireth it very much. Farewell, my son, learn and follow the counsels of good men. The Lord keep you."

When Luther heard of the death of his old school-fellow, John Reinecke, who went with him, when a boy, to the school at Magdeburg, and who had shared many early hardships with him. he wrote: "It is strange how carefully all my friends and relations concealed from me the death of John Reinecke, my oldest and best friend. Neither my brother Jacob, nor my wife, were willing that I should know anything of it in my sickness. Yet I rejoice that he

died so happily and piously, though I hear with great sorrow of the loss of such a man." In the same year that Luther's daughter, Magdalene, died, the wife of his friend Jonas also died. Luther wrote to Jonas: "What I send I know not, so suddenly hath your calamity stricken me down. We have all lost one of the dearest of companions. She was not only beloved by me, but her countenance was always pleasant and full of consolation; so that we had all our joys and sorrows in common: bitter, indeed, is the separation. I hoped she would have survived me, as the best and first comforter among women for my wife and children."

In the later years of his life, Luther suffered greatly from physical disease and mental distress. These not unfrequently were but the preludes to intense spiritual tribulation. In the important work of the permanent establishment of that Reformation in religion which had been effected mainly through his exertions, he encountered many disappointments and countless trials of Faith. The great quality of Patience was not conspicuously apparent in the Reformer. His heart was cast down by the want of complete success. The Reformation, great and commanding, as undoubtedly it was, had not accomplished all that he had expected. It did not wholly and perfectly reform the lives and character of the people. Herein Luther experienced many bitter and abiding griefs. He saw the people, emancipated from the slavery of Papal domination and tyranny and brought within the glorious freedom of the Gospel, carelessly relapse into habits of evil living, their condition being aggravated by the additional light

they had received from the open Word of Life. He did not understand that all moral and spiritual movements are marked, not by continuity of progression, but by intervals of retrogression as well as by periods of advance. Saddened and depressed beyond endurance, he wrote and spoke with impatience and sometimes with despondency. When death, in its most terrible form, threatened to come upon him, Luther was the very incarnation of boldness and resolution; but his character did not contain that calm endurance which can with patience submit to the seeming destruction of laboriously prepared plans and the frustration of strongly cherished hopes. Like his great prototype, the Prophet Elijah, Luther had his seasons of spiritual prostration and longing for release from profitless and painful toils. Heart-sick like the impetuous Prophet of Horeb, Luther sometimes retired into the wilderness of despair, and wearily sitting beneath the juniper tree, uttered the despondent and pathetic prayer: "*It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers.*" In a letter, written on the 9th of February, 1543, Luther says: "My head is so weak and so unsteady that I can neither read nor write, especially when fasting." In another letter, written in the following month, he says: "I am feeble and weary of life; and would fain bid adieu to the world, which is now given over to the evil one." Luther never feared death. During his public career, he had often sought and defied the worst fury of his enemies, and his stout heart had never quailed before the prospect of Death. In this present time of despondency, when the deep desire of his soul was disappointed, the great and last Enemy was, to him, the

eagerly welcomed Friend. Still later in the same year he writes: "I take it that my malady is made up, first of the ordinary weakness of advancing age; secondly, of the results of my prolonged labours and habitual tension of thought; thirdly, above all, of the blows of Satan; if this be so, there is no medicine in this world will cure me." To his life-long friend, Spalatin, on the 30th of January, 1544, he wrote: "I confess to thee, that in my whole life, throughout our whole struggle, I have never spent a more unhappy year than the last has been to me. I have found in those whom I regarded as devoted friends to the church, most bitter enemies. I am indolent, weary, indifferent; in other words, old and useless. I have finished my journey, and nought remains but for the Lord to re-unite me to my fathers and give the worms their due. I am weary of life, if this can be called life. Pray for me, that the hour of my departure may be pleasing to God and salutary for myself. I think no more about the Emperor and the Empire, except to recommend the one and the other to God in my prayers. The world seems to me to have reached its last hour; to be grown old like unto a garment, as the Psalmist express it; 'tis time it were changed."

The evil signs of the times; the wickedness everywhere about him; filled the heart of Luther with impatience and something almost akin to hopelessness. Like the fugitive Prophet of Israel, in truest rendering of the thoughts that possessed him, Luther might well say: "*I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars,*

and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away." In 1545, only one year before his death, Luther grew dissatisfied, not without reason, as he had often been before, with the people of Wittenberg. The place was given up to luxury and pleasure; and Luther, in sore distress, resolved to quit the city and pass the remainder of his life in some place where he might make a home. He travelled to Löbnitz, and from thence passed through Leipzig, where he preached: to Merseburg and to Zeith, where he met his old friend Dr. Amsdorff, who had been appointed to the Bishopric. While at Zeith, a pressing letter from the Elector and the University reached him. Luther was lovingly urged to return to Wittenberg. After considerable conflict in his mind, the Reformer consented to the prayer of the letter, and returned to the city. One work was here completed. "The Commentary on Genesis," his last book, upon which he had laboured diligently for upwards of ten years was finished. The concluding words but too sadly tell the story of their author: "I am weak, and I can do no more. Pray God that He may grant me a peaceful and happy death."

But God had instruments other than Luther, ready to work His will, and carry forward His Cause. Although the Reformer was stricken with despondency, God at this time, as at all others, had strong and faithful teachers left to proclaim and sustain His Word. "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." Elisha was anointed to succeed Elijah. As the

hands of Luther grew feeble; as his eyes waxed dim; as his spirit fell weak and fainting, God, in profoundest wisdom, provided for the defence and continuance of His Cause. Its protection came from above; beyond human power and human perversion. That Cause was Divine.

On the 17th of January, 1546, Luther preached his last sermon in the church at Wittenberg. The Counts of Mansfield had been for several years in conflict with their subjects respecting certain rights in the mineral furnaces. For a long time these matters had furnished engrossing topics of difference, and an appeal was made to Luther to act as arbitrator in composing the disputes. Luther, although such matters were scarcely within his office, out of love for the Counts and the people of his birthplace, consented to endeavour to settle these differences; and for that purpose, on the 23rd of January, with his three sons, he set out for Eisleben. When the party had reached Halle, they proceeded to the house of Justus Jonas, with whom they stayed three days, as the waters of the river were swollen, and their passage was thereby impossible. While with Jonas, the Reformer wrote a letter to his wife. It was directed to "My friendly, dear Kate Luther at Wittenberg; for her own hands." "Grace and Peace in the Lord! Dear Kate, we arrived to-day at eight o'clock in Halle, but could not proceed to Eisleben, for we met a great Anabaptist, with billows of water, and cakes of ice, covering the country and threatening us with baptism. For the same cause we could not return again on account of the Mulda, but were forced to remain at Halle, between the waters. Not that we thirsted to drink

of them. We took, instead, good Torgau beer and good Rhenish wine, and comforted and refreshed ourselves with the same, while we waited till the Saale should have spent her wrath. For since the people and the coachmen and we ourselves were fearful, we did not wish to venture into the water and tempt God. The devil is our enemy, and dwelleth in the water, and prevention is better than complaining, and there is no need to give the Pope and his officers occasion for a foolish joy. For the present nothing more, except to bid thee pray for us, and be good. I think if thou hadst been with us, thou wouldest also have counselled us to do as we have done. Then, for once, we had followed thy counsel. Herewith be commended to God. Amen. Halle, on the day of St. Paul's Conversion, 1546,

MARTIN LUTHER."

Luther arrived at Eisleben on the 28th of January, and was received by the Counts of Mansfeld, who were accompanied by more than one hundred horsemen, who escorted him with every mark of honour into the town. Luther felt great exhilaration of spirits at again beholding his native place, and freely indulged in pleasant conversation; but at the same time, he was suffering from severe illness. He endeavoured to quiet the alarm of the anxious friends around him, who could not fail to remark his physical condition, by assuring them that these fits of sickness often came when any great business was before him. Resolutely struggling against his illness, Luther at once proceeded to the object of his visit. He took a leading part in the various conferences; preached four times; and drew out

a plan for the revision of the ecclesiastical management of the territory of Mansfeld.

On the 6th of February he wrote to his wife, playfully addressing her as "The very learned and deeply profound dame, Kate Luther, my most gracious spouse."—"Dear Kate, we are terribly annoyed here in one way and another, and would willingly return home, but I think we shall have to remain a full week longer. You may tell Master Philip (Melanchthon) from me, that he would do well to revise his notes on the Gospel; for he does not seem, in writing them, to have rightly understood why our Lord in the Parable, calls riches thorns. This is the school in which we really learn these things. The Scripture throughout menaces thorns with the eternal fire; this at once alarms me, but gives me patience with the ills of life, for I must exercise my utmost powers in settling this matter, by God's aid." On the following day, he again wrote to his wife, saluting her thus: "Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ, to my gracious wife, Kate Luther, my dear spouse, who is tormenting herself quite needlessly. Dear Kate, thou shouldst read St. John, and what the Catechism says respecting the confidence we ought to have in God. Thou afflictest thyself just as though God were not all-powerful, and able to raise up new doctor Martins by dozens, if the old doctor Martin were to be drowned in the Saale, or perish in any other way. There is One who takes care of me in His own manner; better than thou and all the angels could ever do: He sits by the side of the Almighty Father. Tranquillise thyself, then. Amen. I did intend this very day to depart in my anger;

but the affliction in which I see my native place involved, still detains me. Would you believe it? *I am become a lawyer!* I doubt, however, whether I shall do much good in that line; they had much better let me exercise my own profession. It were a great blessing for these people, if I could succeed in humbling their arrogant pride. They speak and act as though they were gods, but I fear they will rather become devils, if they continue in their present course. They should bear in mind that it was by pride the angels fell. Hand this letter to Philip; I have no time to write separately to him."

Day by day, his illness increased, but Luther struggled against the prostration of strength, and laboured at the business before him without intermission. On the 13th of February, it had, happily, been brought to a conclusion; and he wrote to his wife the last letter she ever received from his hand. "To my sweet wife, Catherine Luther von Bora. Grace and Peace in the Lord. Dear Catherine, we hope to be with you again this week, if it please God. The Almighty has manifested the power of His Grace in this affair. The lords have come to an agreement upon all the points in dispute, except two or three; and, among other great ends achieved, Counts Gebhardt and Albert are reconciled. I am to dine with them to-day, and will endeavour, before we separate, to make them once more brothers. They have written against each other with great bitterness, and during the conferences, have not as yet interchanged a single word. Our young nobles are all for gaiety now; they drive the ladies out in sledges, and make the bells of the horses jingle to a pretty tune. God

has fulfilled our prayers. I send thee some trout that Countess Albert has given me. This lady is full of joy at seeing peace re-established in her family. There are disquieting rumours here, about the advance of the Emperor. Let them go on with their novelties, true or false, it matters but little: we await in patience God's declaration of His will. I commend thee to His protection.—Martin Luther."

This beautiful letter, so fraught with love, so full of manly strength and intelligence, was doubtless the last ever written by him. The 14th February happened to be Sunday, when Luther preached his last sermon, the concluding words of which were: "Much more might be said about the Gospel; but I am ill, and too weak to say more; we must leave off here." On the 17th, he was so unwell that the Counts entreated him to remain within the house. At supper, on the same day, he spoke a good deal about his approaching death, of which he felt assured. In reply to an inquiry, from some one, whether we should recognise one another in the next world, Luther said, he thought we should. When he retired to his bedroom, accompanied by his two sons, Martin and Paul, he engaged for a long time in silent prayer. Jonas and Aurifaber then came into the chamber. Luther turned to them, and said: "I feel very weak, and my pains are worse than ever." He felt great oppression in his chest, and much difficulty in breathing. A draught was given to him; warm cloths applied to his chest, which was rubbed with the hope of moving the pain. Count Albert now entered the room; Luther turned to him, saying, "If I could but manage to sleep, I

think it would do me good." He fell into a slumber, which lasted about an hour and a half. About eleven, he awoke, and saw several of his friends in the room. "Are you still here?" he said, adding, "Go, dear friends, and rest yourselves." They assured him they would remain with him. Turning his face, Luther began to pray with great fervour, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit: Thou has redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth." When his prayer was concluded, he turned to his friends, and said to them: "Pray all of you, dear friends, for the Gospel of our Lord. Pray for the extension of its reign; for the Council of Trent and the Pope both menace it with destruction." He then fell into a troubled sleep, which lasted about an hour. When he again opened his eyes, Jonas, who was at his bedside, asked him how he felt. "I am very ill," said Luther, feebly, "My dear Jonas, I think I shall remain here at Eisleben; here, where I was born." The weight at his chest increased; he grew restless, and could not remain in bed. He walked up and down the room two or three times, and then lay down again. Some more clothing was then placed over him, with the hope that perspiration might relieve his anguish. Two physicians, with the Count and his wife, now entered the chamber. Luther turned to them, "Friends, I am dying; I shall remain with you here at Eisleben." Jonas held his hand; "Dear Jonas, I feel a cold, dry sweat; and grow worse every instant." He then began praying again: "O, my Father, Thou, the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, Thou the source of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed unto me Thy well beloved Son, in whom I believe,

whom I have preached and acknowledged, and made known; whom I have loved and celebrated, and whom the Pope and the impious persecute. I commend my soul to Thee, O, my Lord Jesus Christ. I am about to leave this terrestrial body, and to quit this life, but I know I shall abide eternally with Thee." Thrice he repeated the words: "Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth." While repeating this the last time, his eyes closed, and he slept again. As signs of reviving appeared, Jonas whispered to him: "Reverend Father, dost thou still stand by Christ, and the doctrine thou hast taught?" Luther opened his eyes and looked at his friend fixedly. "Yes," he said, clearly and firmly. He fell back and slept. Gradually his face grew paler and paler; his hands and feet were cold; his breathing came more slowly and faintly; and with a prolonged sigh, the Reformer peacefully passed from Death unto Life. Released from the troubled night,

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Let in Heaven's light through chinks which Time had made,"

and his liberated spirit sped to the mansion of its Heavenly Home, where

> "God unfolds His presence,
> And shines eternal day!"

In the library of Lichfield Cathedral there is preserved a small quarto volume, in MS., written by St. John Gwyllym, the son of the distinguished herald of that name. It contains a record of six Solemn Funerals. Among them is an authentic statement of the ceremonies which

followed the death of Luther, together with a full account of the obsequies at Wittenberg. For many reasons the MS. is most interesting, being compiled, to use the language of the author, from "letters sente me from Persons of good Note and Creditte, who were eye Witnesses of the Solemnization." By the courteous permission of the Rev. John G. Lonsdale, Chancellor and Librarian of Lichfield Cathedral, the account is here given, *verbatim et literatim.*

The Pompous Solemnizing of the Interrmente of that Reverende and Learned Doctor of Divinitye Martyn Luther: Performed at Eyslebium within the Dukedome of Wyrtemberge in Germanye Anno Domini 1546. Accordinge to the Relation of Balthazer Menzia, a Saxon. As followeth. The Inscription graven upon his Grave Stone.

Martini Lutheri S: Theologiæ D: Corpus. H: L: S: E: Qui Anno Christi. 1546. 12 Call: Martii Eyslebii in Patria S: M: O: C: V: An: lxiii: M: 11: D: X.

As concerneinge the Funerall Pompe wherewith the Corpes of That famous and Learned Doctor Martyn Luther was Interred wee have (sayeth the sayd Balthazer) Received this Intelligence (worthye of Creditte) from the Fathers & Teachers. In sorte ensewinge. Doctor Martyn Luther deceasinge yelded upp the Ghoste moste joyfully in the Lorde, the verye daye of the Agreement concluded at Islebyum.

The nexte daye followinge Att Two of the Clocke in the Afternoone, a Christian funerall was Performed with greate Solemnitye, and extraordinarye singeinge of Ecclesiasticall Persones, and so conducted to the Churche of St. Andrewes, the chiefeste Churche of that Place.

His Corpes was accompanyed by Princes & Earles Amongste whom was That Illustrious & Famous Prince Volfangus Prince in Andhalte, and with them many Gentlemen Lordes & Earles, viz. Phillippe John & George all Brethren; Volradus, John & Volfangus Brethren allso; and Lorde Albert, All Countes of the familye of Mansfielde. Allso the Count Gebhardus with his Two Sonnes George & Christopher, and many other Peeres, with a frequent multitude of Noble Matrons. And to be shorte a huge multitude of Common People.

In the Churche, Doctor Jonas made a funerall Sermone, whose Theame was taken out of the fourth Chapter of the Epistle of St. Pawle to the Thessalonians. The Sermone ended, the Assembly brake upp & departed, Leavinge the Corpes of the defuncte In the Churche, and committed the Charge thereof to Twelve Citizens, to watche therewith all Nighte. And notwithstandeinge the Countes Mansfielde were desyrous to Retaine the Bodye of Luther, & to have the same Buryed in therye Territorye, Neverthelesse when Fredericke Duke Ellector of Saxonie made Requeste That the Corpes mighte be broughte backe againe, To doe hym a Pleasure, they yelded to his demaunde.

Therefore on the Satturdaye followeinge the Birth of St. Vallentine, beinge the 20th daye of Februarye, Mr. Michaell Cœlius did make a Mourneinge Sermone, uppon that sayeinge of Essaye 56. The Righteous Perishe & No man Regardeth it. Then presentlye after xij of the Clocke, The before mentioned Princes, Counts, & Noble Matrons, and with them a greate Multitude of the Vulgar Sorte, Assembled togither, And with like Pompe & Solemnitye

(as they hadd used before) did bringe the Bodye out of the Churche, and Accompanyed the same without the Gates; not without much Sorrowe and Lamentacion—Which done, They Conveyed the Bodye the same daye to Halam. The husbandmen of the Cuntrie Townes and villages adjoyneinge (togither with theyre wyfes & Children) came flockeinge at the Tollinge of the Bells In greate multitudes to meete the Corpes, And to manifeste the Inwarde Sorrowe & unfeyned Griffe of theyre mindes That they hadd conceived for his deathe.

Afterwardes about 5 of the Clocke in the Eveninge, when they drew neere to the Towne, Manye Citizens & Matrons came alonge the Stonye wayes to meete the Funeralle. When they Came to the Gate of the Towne, The Preachers came to meete the Corpes. After them followed the greatest parte of the Aldermen of the Towne.

Next in order followed The Schoolemaster with all his Schollars (as the Manner was) Singeinge Lamentable & dolefull Songes.

The Confused Multitude of vulgar persons received the Corpes at the uttermoste Gate in greate Nombers: The wayes to the Cittye were so besett with multitudes of Peopell and so Straighted with theyre Passage of Waggons (especiallye That waye that the Corpes of Luther was carryed) That they were oftentymes enforced to make a stande, In so muche as they coulde hardely come to the Churche of our Ladye, halfe an hower after 7 of the Clocke wherein the Psalme of De Profundis was not so muche songe of the Assemblye, as it was by them uttered in wordes, Interrupted with Sobbes & Pessions of Griffe & Sorrowe.

It was purposed That a Sermone shoulde have bin made to the Multitude: But that it then fell out to be so verye late, where uppon the Bodye was conveyed into the Jestrie forthwith, and Certaine appoynted to watche with the same.

The Sondaye then nexte followeinge, which was the 21st of Februarye, at 6 of the Clocke in the Morninge (what tyme the Bodye was to be borne againe from thence) The Aldermen, Preachers, & Schollars, Broughte the Corpes out of the Cittye with the same Ceremonyes & Solemnityes, That they used in Receivinge It the daye before.

The same daye about Noone when they came to Bitterfielde, Lord Erasmus Spiegell (the President or Governor of Wyrtemberge) Gaugoltus ab Heilinger, Diabensis, Theodoricus à Faubenheyme Brenensis: beinge purposely sent by the Duke of Saxonye Ellector: John Fredericke received the Defuncte in the Confines of That Jurisdiction, with all dew Reverence and Christian Ceremonyes. As allso the Lordes, Counts, and the Reste of them which followed the Defuncte.

After Dynner they conducted the Corpes to Kemburge. These Counts were generous Noblemen, Lo: John, Lo: John Heierus, both of the noble race of the Mansfields: who with Armed Horsemen, to the number of 45, accompanyed the defuncte to Iskebia.

And the next daye followinge, beinge Mondaye the 22th of Februarye, they Conveyed hym to Wyrtemberge. When they came to the Elistra Gate (so named of the River) They founde there assembled togither (by the commandement of the Prince Ellector) John Fredericke the Lo: Governour, Associated with Doctors, Masters and the whole

multitude of the Universitye, with the Aldermen and People in generall.

Forthwith the Preachers of the Ghospell with the Schollars Lead the waye, accordinge to the accustomed use and Ceremonyes; Singeinge all the waye before the Corpes; from thence to the Churche of the Castell.

Next before the Bodye did Ride the Governors & Presidents formerlye mencioned to be sent by the Prince to meete the same.

Then followed the Waggon whereon the Corpes was borne.

Next to That followed another waggon of meaner sorte; wherein his wife Catheryarto togither with his Daughter & some other Matrons.

Then followed his three Sonnes, John, Pawle, & Martyne: Allso James Luther a Citizen of Mansfielde, George & Syriacke, kinsmen, of the same Cittye, his Sisters Sonnes & others of his kindred.

After them went the Magnificent Lo: President of that ffamous Universitye; and certaine Sonnes of Princes, Counts & Barrons, that came Thither to be Trayned upp in Learneinge.

After whome followed Mr. John Potanus, Mr. Phillippe Melanchton, Mr. Justus Jonas, Mr. Pomeranus, Mr. Casparus Curcigerus & other Auncient men of that Rancke.

Then the residue of the Doctors & Masters.

Then all the Aldermen.

Then after them the whole florisheinge multitude of Students & Schollars, together with the whole Assemblye of Citizens.

Lastely followed a verye greate Nomber of Matrons, Virgines, and Children, which did all mourne with Lamentable Voyces, deploringe the deathe of this worthye & famous Man.

It is Incredible to Reporte, what a huge multitude of Peopell now assembled togither in so shorte a tyme; And how they flocked together, & Thronged in the Markett Place, & in every Streete: Manye have Affirmed, That They never in theyre Lives sawe suche an Assemblye & so greate of peopell in Wyrtemberge.

The bodye of Luther beinge now broughte to the Castell Churche, It was placed on the Right side of the Pulpitt. Then (after certaine Funerall Psalmes songe) the Reverende Pastor Doctor Pomeranus wente upp into the Pulpitte and made (before certaine thousandes of Peopell then present) a moste Sweete and Godly Sermone.

This Sermone beinge ended Phillippe Melanchton made a Funerall Sermone; As well to expresse his owne Griffe for the Death of this worthye man: As to mittigate and appease the Sorrowe and Griffe of the Churche or Congregation.

These thinges thus accomplished certaine Learned men & Masters of Artes (purposely chosen to that Ende) did laye the Bodye in the Grave to Reste.

Thus was the Corpes of that Renowned Father Doctor Martyne Luther (a speciall instrumente of the holye Ghoste) broughte to the Grave, with Pompous Solemnitye, & Interred in the Churche of the Castell, neare to the Pulpitte: wherein so manye excellent & holy Sermones have been made in the Presence of the Dukes Ellectors of Saxonye,

& of the whole Churche and Congregation. He Lyeth there, Sowen in weakness; that he maye in the laste daye, Rise in strengthe; As the Apostle sayeth 1 Corinth. 15.

This Description of the Solemnitye of the Funerall Pompe & Progression to the Interrment of Doctor Martyne Luther have I received by Letters sente me from Persons of good Note & Creditte, who were eye Wittnesses of the Solemnization. Which (sayeth He) I have thoughte good to sett down. As well to Notefie the Pietye & Gratitude of this Age, towards this moste worthye Instrument of god; As allso for this more speciall purpose, that there might remayne to All future posterities a memorable Testimonye, of a trew, sownde, & manifeste Refutacion of those Lyes which the Papistes & Jesuittes (enemyes of the sayde Sacred Trewthe) have moste Impudentlye forged & spread abroade againste hym: And without all Shame Published in theyr Bookes & Wrighteings."

The Will of the Reformer, dated the 6th January, 1542, is in the following terms:—

"I, the undersigned Martin Luther, Doctor of Divinity, do hereby give and grant unto my dear and faithful wife, Catherine, as dower to be enjoyed by her during her life, at her own will and pleasure, the farm of Zeilsdorf, with all the improvements and additions I have made thereto; the house called *Brun*, which I purchased under the name of Wolff; and all my silver goblets, and other valuables,

such as rings, chains, gold and silver medals, etc., to the amount of about one thousand florins.

"I make this disposition of my means, in the first place, because my Catherine has always been a gentle, pious, and faithful wife to me, has loved me tenderly, and has, by the blessing of God, given me, and brought up for me, five children, still, I thank God, living, besides others who are now dead. Secondly, that out of the said means she may discharge my debts, amounting to about four hundred and fifty florins, in the event of my not paying them myself before my death. In the third place, and more especially, because I would not have her dependent on her children, but rather that her children should be dependent on her; honouring her, and submissive to her, according to God's command; and that they should not act as I have seen some children act, whom the devil has excited to disobey the ordinance of God in this respect, more particularly in cases when their mother has become a widow, and they themselves have married. I consider, moreover, that the mother will be the best guardian of these means in behalf of her children, and I feel that she will not abuse this confidence I place in her, to the detriment of those who are her own flesh and blood, whom she has borne in her bosom.

"Whatever may happen to her after my death (for I cannot foresee the designs of God,) I have, I say, full confidence that she will ever conduct herself as a good mother towards her children, and will conscientiously share with them whatever she possesses.

"And here I beg all my friends to testify the truth, and to defend my dear Catherine, should it happen as is very

possible, that ill tongues should charge her with retaining for her own private use, separate from the children, any money they may say I left concealed. I hereby certify that we have no ready money, no treasure of coin of any description. Nor will it appear surprising to any who shall consider that I have had no income beyond my salary, and a few presents now and then, and that, yet, with this limited revenue, we have built a good deal, and maintained a large establishment. I consider it, indeed, a special favour of God, and I thank him daily, therefore, that we have been able to manage as we have done, and that our debts are not greater than they are.

"I pray my gracious lord, Duke John Frederick, Elector, to confirm and maintain the present deed, even though it should not be exactly in the form required by the law.

Signed, MARTIN LUTHER."

"*Witnesses*, MELANCHTHON, CRUCIGER, BUGENHAGEN."

THE END.

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